THE RHINE

FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA

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TRANSLATED

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FROM THE GERMAN OF

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WITH

FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE great rivers of the world must have added a charm to Nature even in the first era of Creation. The summits of mountains are dumb, and icy repose ever dwells in their heights; but in the flowing tide there is endless change, and the dashing water suggests strength and eternity. It was a sublime moment in the world's history when man for the first time subdued the stormy wave, and compelled the current to carry far and wide his power and his thoughts. The rivers were the original boundaries of nations, and their beds were sacred; within their depths dwelt gods, and the destinies of mankind were determined on their banks. Thus have rivers become, as it were, the fundamental lines of the world's history, and the guides of every great hero. The poet, however, looks deeper, and makes the river the symbol of life. He watches it as it struggles forth, the rivulet of youth, emerging gradually into the broad energy of manhood, and finally losing its individuality in the ocean of the community. He sees in it the image of turbulent passion, and of the thousand obstacles which bar the road of life between the beginning and the end.

> "A life lived loveless to its end,
> Is like a stream in sandy ground,
> Spent and dried up before it found
> The sea, that goal to which streams tend."

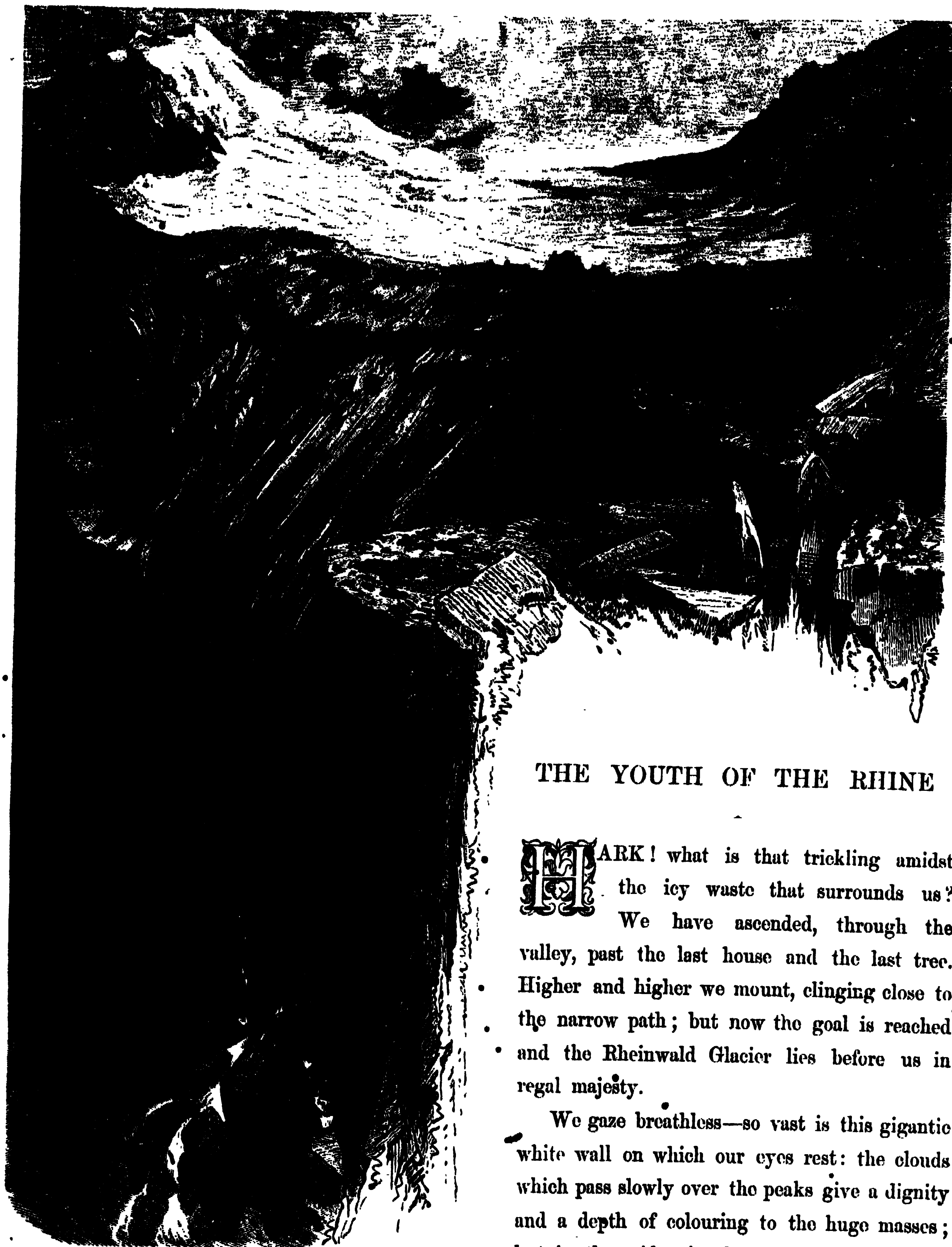
Foremost among rivers is the Rhine, which, even two thousand years ago, was a watchword among nations. Its banks were impressed with the footprints of Cæsar's legions and Attila's cavalry, and centuries later, accompanied by a rejoicing people, King Conrad descended the Rhine to Mainz for his

coronation. Legend also has grown even as luxuriantly as History on the banks of the Rhine. As the ivy clings to the old castle walls, so do traditions fasten themselves to actual events. On the Rhine stood the Castle of the Niebelungen, and on the Rhine the Lorelei sang. What country can compare in richness to that through which the Rhine flows, from the snow-clad Alps down to the very sea in which it is lost?

Here lay the cities of the old empire and the great seats of ecclesiastical pomp, which lavished as recklessly as they grasped all that came within their power. Both wished to proclaim afar their magnificence; and to do so minsters and cathedrals were built, so that when the traveller towards evening dragged on his weary way, he would see from afar the slender tower, and cry with joy to his companion, "Yonder is Strasburg!" Out of the morning mist also, the mariner, who had come down the Rhine overnight, would see the dark mass of the Cathedral of Cologne rise before him like a ship, but built with stone flanks and stone masts.

Indeed, who does not feel the wealth that lies in the words "The Rhine," the wealth of Nature and of Art, of History and of Legend, of old and new life?




THE RHEINWALD GLACIER.

THE YOUTH OF THE RHINE

HARK! what is that trickling amidst the icy waste that surrounds us? We have ascended, through the valley, past the last house and the last tree. Higher and higher we mount, clinging close to the narrow path; but now the goal is reached and the Rheinwald Glacier lies before us in regal majesty.

We gaze breathless—so vast is this gigantic white wall on which our eyes rest: the clouds which pass slowly over the peaks give a dignity and a depth of colouring to the huge masses; but in the midst, in the wall of the glacier, is a small fissure, and from it a slender thread of water breaks forth, white and foaming; and leaps joyously to the earth. This is the Rhine. Now that it has seen the warm light which never penetrates to the depths of the glacier, now that it has

once touched the blessed soil of Mother Earth, it will stay and wander for hundreds of miles, until from the recesses of the mountains it returns to the bosom of the sea.

The Rhine, as is well known, is formed of two principal arms, the Upper and the Lower Rhine, which unite at Reichnau. A third and smaller arm, which rises at Lukmanier and empties itself at Dissentis, is described as the Middle Rhine. Whilst the course of the last is without any great importance, that of the two former offers a picture which captivates us equally from an artistic as from an historical point of view.

We will begin with the Lower Rhine. It has its source close by where we stand. What an heroic future has its birth here; what an amount of life hangs on this silver thread! This rivulet, the future Rhine, has torn itself free from its lonely home. It will glide farther and farther, while,



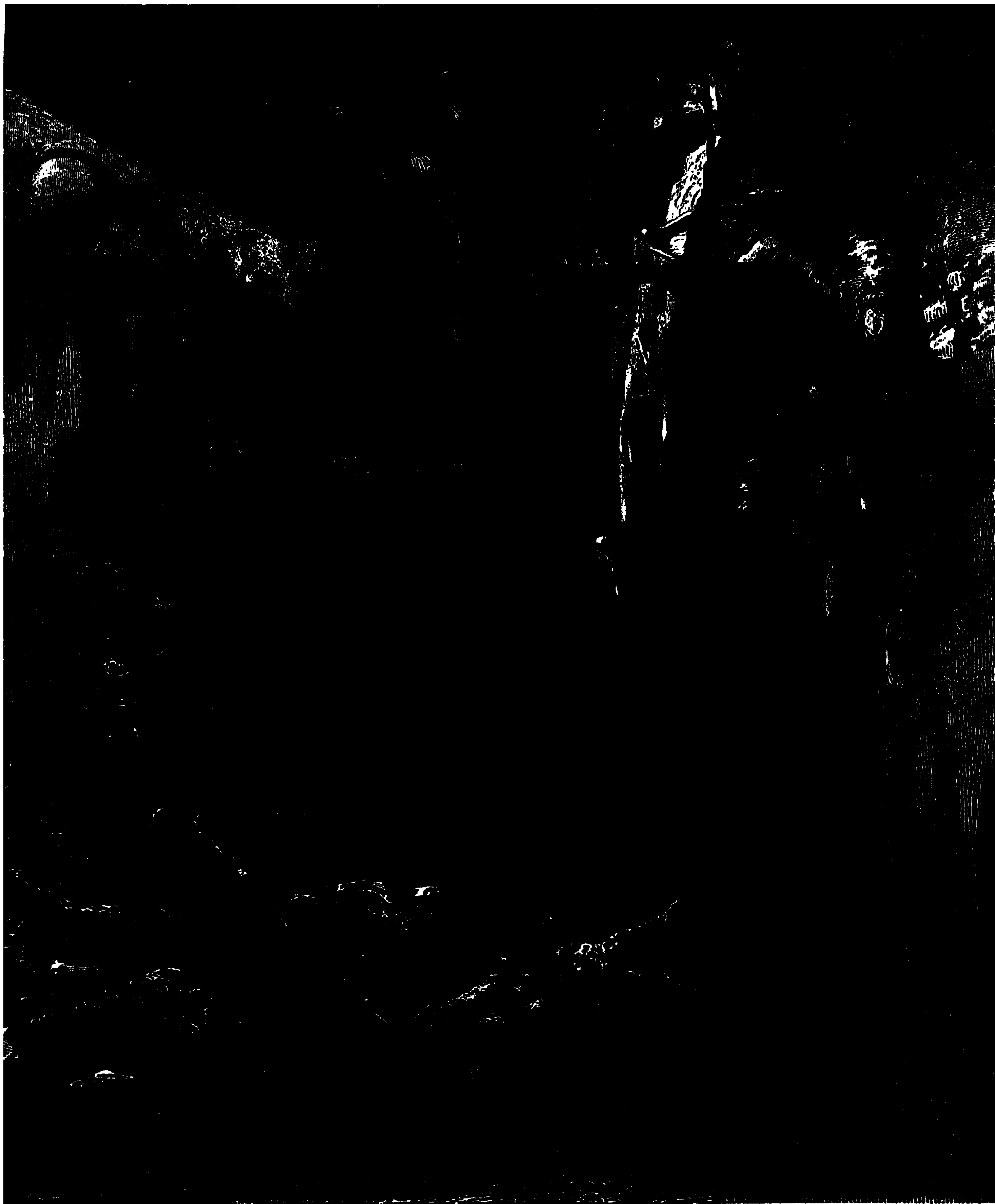
ZILLIS.

in mute silence, the giant mountain gazes after it as it flows away. The cleft in the glacier-side gapes like a wound in its breast through which its life is ebbing.

The enigma of birth, of the pain of parting and the rapture of freedom, are embodied here on this solitary plain.

The course of the Lower Rhine is altogether as wonderful as its origin; its path is, perhaps, the wildest that ever led from the mountains to the valley. Who does not know the sombre name of the *Via Mala?*

In Holland, where this same river flows broad and majestic, it is the custom to ask a young man who is a candidate for an office, or an aspirant for a maiden's hand, whether he has "sown his wild



VIA MALA.

oats," and, when this question is answered in the affirmative, it is taken as the security for an earnest, active life. And thus it is with the Rhine: a wild, stormy youth precedes the wonderful, active work which it accomplishes for the culture of mankind—its course through the ravine of the Grisons is not a journey, but a torrent, a cataract—it is "sowing its wild oats."

At the very beginning of its course, scarcely half a mile distant from its source, the battle of the young stream with the old boulders may be seen in very earnest; the river is hurled precipitously into an abyss of yawning depth; the rocks cover it, it has vanished, it is buried—choked. It looks almost as if the rocks would imprison it anew, just when it has escaped. The thunder of its roar echoes above as it wrestles for life and for freedom. But it cuts its way victoriously through; and, as the infant Hercules strangled the two snakes, so has the Rhine in its cradle conquered the two great powers that endangered its existence, namely, Ice and Rock. Its



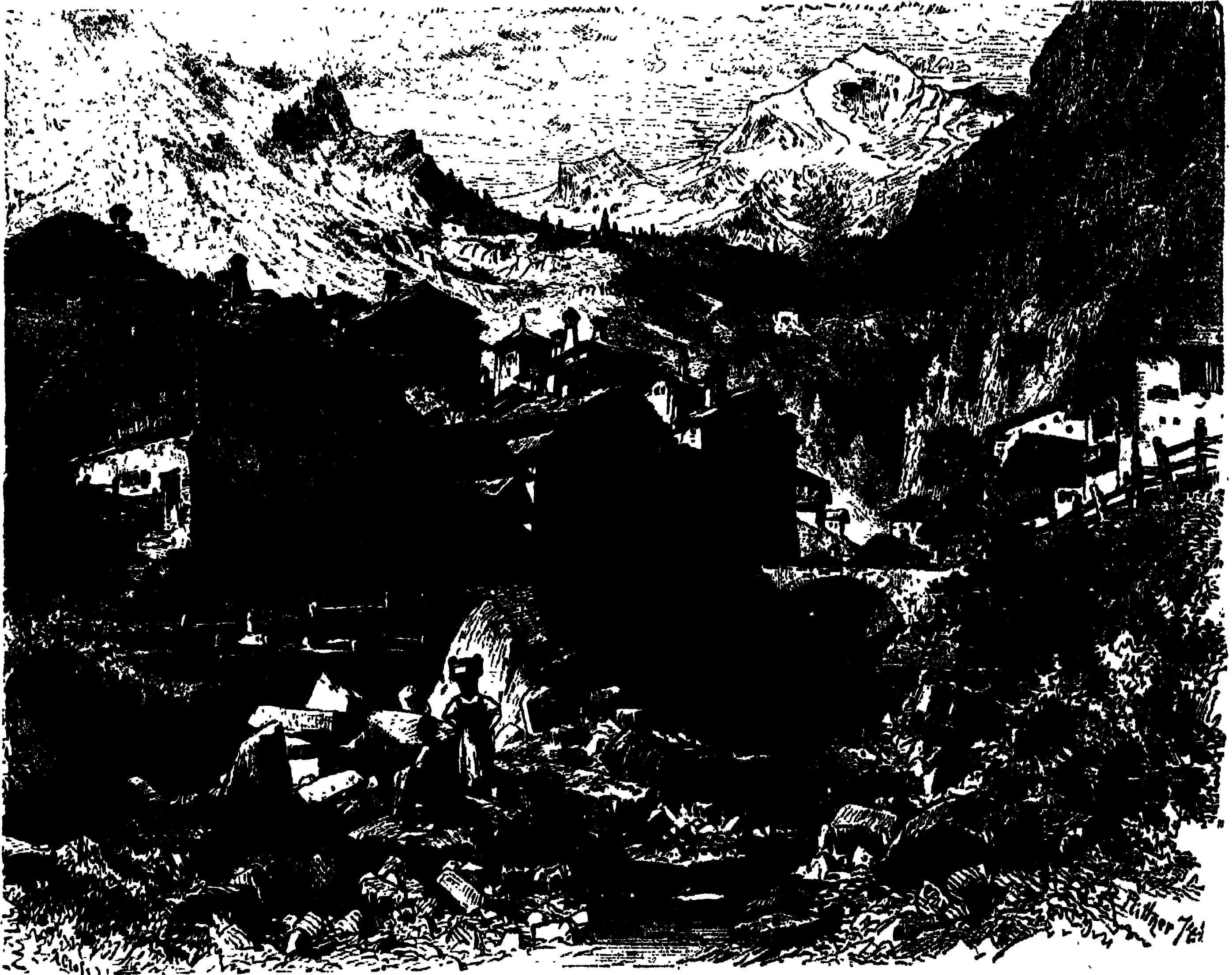
THE VILLAGE OF HINTERRHEIN.

childhood is an augur of its giant future. Even the names which accompany its origin have a mystic grandeur, for the mountain plain which lies opposite the source of the Lower Rhine is called "Paradise" and the abyss into which it falls is called "Hell."

The first elevated plain through which the Rhine flows is called the Rheinwald Valley, and the first village we meet with bears the name of the young stream. In spite of the lofty and rugged situation, we are surrounded by the most beautiful woods of fir and larch. The inhabitants are descended from the time of Barbarossa, who colonised the valley with Germans, in order to guard the old military road over the Alps. But much more remote traces of human life are found, for in places where the earth has been washed and worn away by the elements, primitive household utensils have been found, and in one spot which is more fully exposed a Roman temple must have stood. In fact it is believed that the glacier in the Rheinwald Valley has considerably increased in the course of centuries, and

that the climate was formerly much milder than it is now. There have been found nests of birds which have not built there within the memory of man. Swallows and jays have migrated for ever; only the sparrow-hawk, grey as the rock on which it builds its eyrie, circles in fitful flight high over our heads; only the rock-falcon pecks and flits and skims shyly away when it becomes aware of the presence of man.

Out of this solitude we step on to the next lower plateau into the Schamser Valley, through which the celebrated Splügen Pass leads from Chur to Chiavenna. It was opened in 1822; the most



THE VILLAGE OF SPLÜGEN.

remarkable point in it is the ravine, which reaches from Andeer to Rongella. Here the ominous words *Via Mala* become a reality.

The powers of Nature which were active enough here centuries ago to tear a yawning cleft in the close wall of rock, inspire us, even at the present day, with thoughts of terror. The stone walls rise precipitously for two thousand feet, and sink perpendicularly an equal distance from the road; the space between is so narrow that it seems as though the rocks on either side could be grasped by the hand. This gaping slit reaches for miles, going straight through the mountain mass, and is the


ORTENSTEIN.

only footpath for those living on either side. The sky hangs heavy above, the river foams beneath. For four centuries men wearied themselves with seeking an answer to the question as to how a road was to be made through this rugged pass. The rocks were blasted, the river bridged, and, wherever avalanches threatened, substantial galleries were built, under which, at the present time, the heavily-laden mail rushes with its jingling team. The one yawning gap is visible; but what immeasurable, invisible gaps lie between the past and the present? Formerly intercourse was carried on almost entirely by means of pack-horses, four hundred of which often came through the village of Splügen in the course of a week. Then small carts with low broad wheels were built; but more than one of these broke through the slender handrail and were hurled into the abyss.

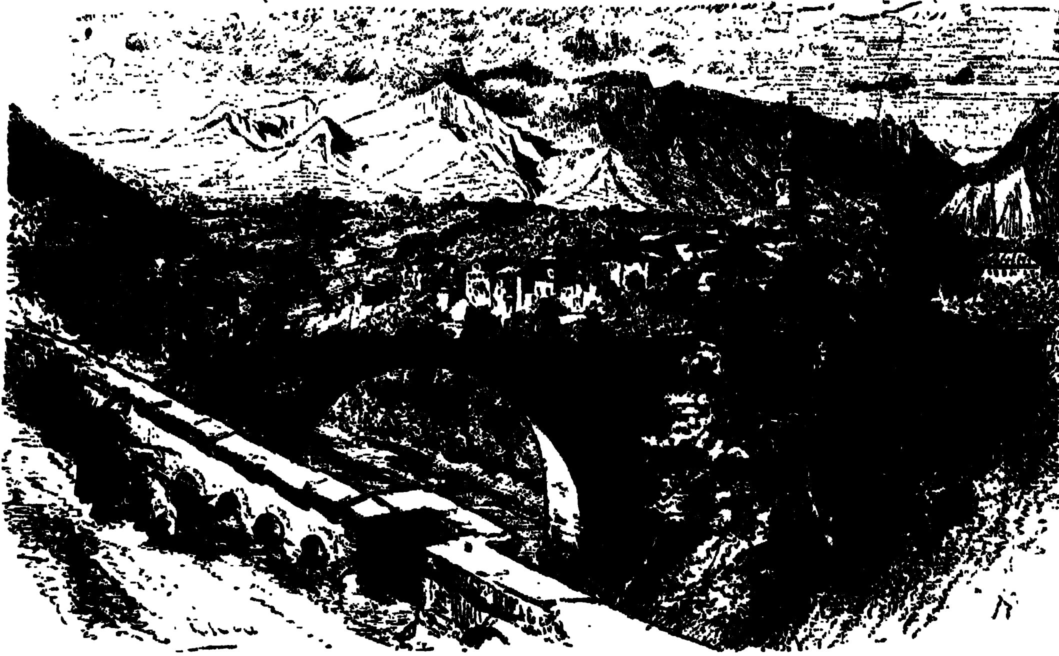
Fancy runs riot on this dismal road, and we unwillingly give belief to the dark fables which surround it. Often, indeed, they have an historical foundation in the mortal struggles with which the Grisons strove for their independence. The castle ruins that look down from the mountains are witnesses of this.

At the Rongella ravine we have passed Zillis, and the end of the *Via Mala* is near. The tunnel, through which we pass hurriedly, is called the *Verlorenes Loch* (the lost hole); then we look down on Thusis, which lies smiling in the valley below, with the Heinzenberg towering above it. As soon as we have passed through the huge gate of the *Via Mala* we reach a fresh stage of the road, lying on a lower level, for the whole course of the Lower Rhine resembles a colossal terrace of three gigantic steps, namely, the Rheinwald Valley, the Schamser Valley, and the Domletscher Valley.

Through the last the road inclines downward, and is rich in artistic beauty as well as in historical associations; for just here especially are crowded together those proud castles which were reared by ecclesiastical and worldly power for the domination of the oppressed people. Here raged at its maddest that struggle for possession which included not only the property but also the liberty of the subject. Full twenty castles crown the heights round this lovely valley; castles among whose ruins lies hid the history of a century. The monastery of Katzis, which stands high up on the mountain, was founded as early as the year 680,

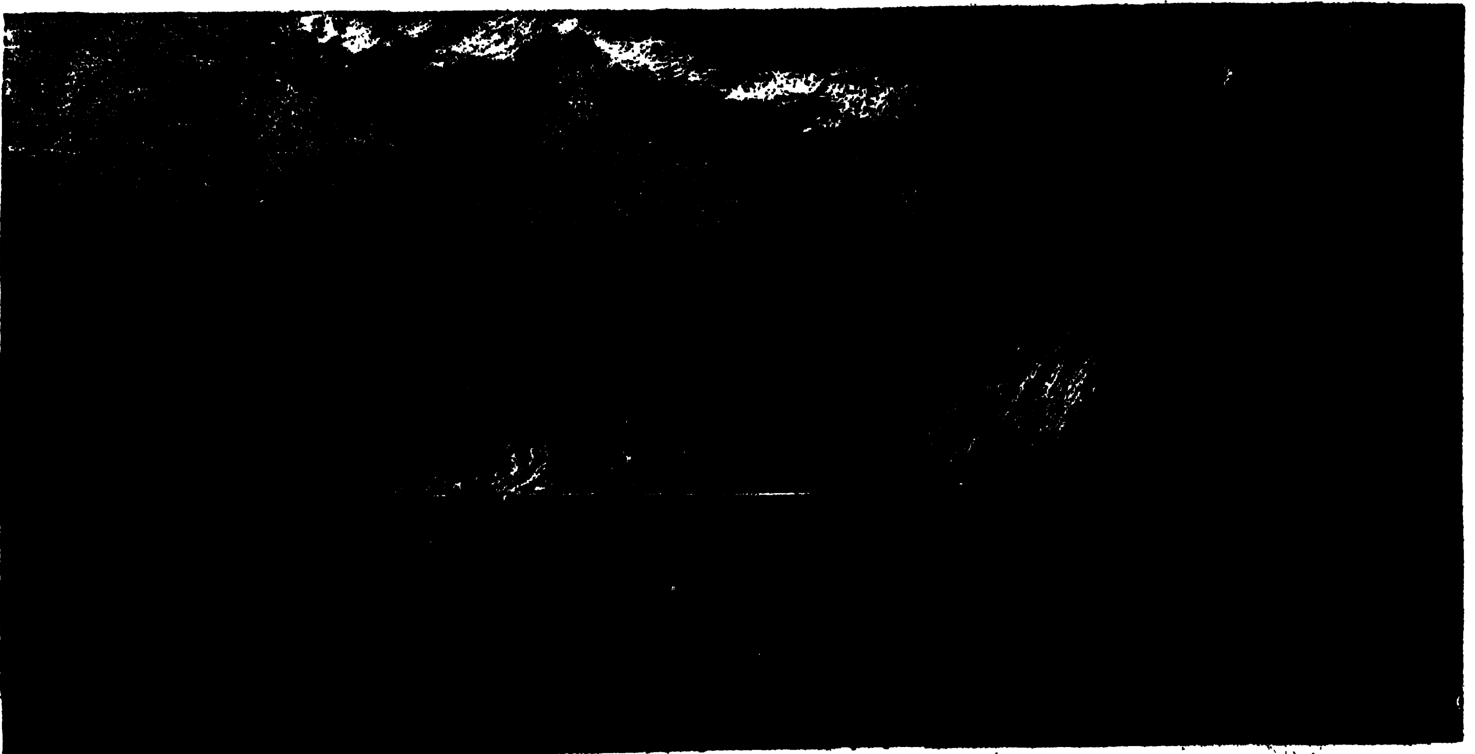

JUVALTA.

by a Countess of Realta whom tradition gives as wife to the Bishop of Chur. Realta itself carries its origin back as far as the sixth century before Christ, when it is said to have been built by the



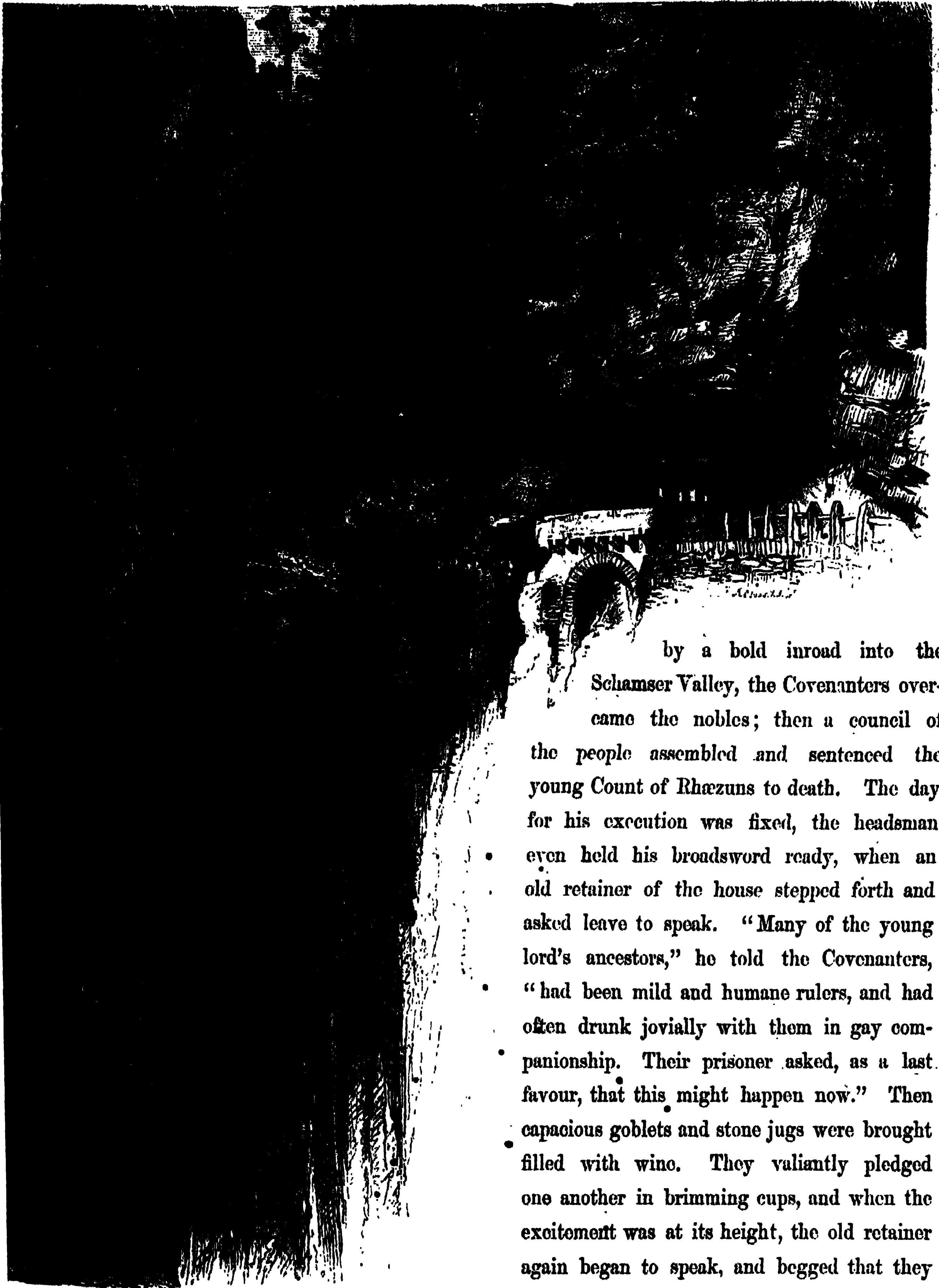
THUSIS.

Tuscan prince Rhætus. How boldly all these names sound in our ears, Ortenstein and Juvalta, and above all, Rhæzuns, which rises from the bare wave-washed rock! This last was for a long time the most hated bulwark against the liberty of the people; for the lords of Rhæzuns who had been



LAKE TOMA.

ennobled by the Emperor Sigismund were members of the "Black League" formed by the nobles in opposition to the "Grey Covenant" (Grisons). The feud between these two parties raged long, until,



THE FORLORN HOLE.

by a bold inroad into the Schamser Valley, the Covenanters overcame the nobles; then a council of the people assembled and sentenced the young Count of Rhæzuns to death. The day for his execution was fixed, the headsman even held his broadsword ready, when an old retainer of the house stepped forth and asked leave to speak. "Many of the young lord's ancestors," he told the Covenanters, "had been mild and humane rulers, and had often drunk jovially with them in gay companionship. Their prisoner asked, as a last favour, that this might happen now." Then capacious goblets and stone jugs were brought filled with wine. They valiantly pledged one another in brimming cups, and when the excitement was at its height, the old retainer again began to speak, and begged that they would spare his young master's life, as he was willing to join the "Grey Covenant," and would defend the liberty of the people. His prayer was granted, and the young lord of Rhæzuns kept his word.

At the point of the road which we have now reached, the character of the landscape surrounding us grows softer. The distant heights still lower over us, and dark pine woods cover the mountains; but in the valley there stirs a warm air, in which the finest fruits ripen, the fields are heavy with golden grain, and substantial white houses stand about the green meadows.

The contrast on emerging from the ravine of the *Via Mala* is truly striking, and we become sensible of a feeling of relief. There the awful solitude, the sombre colours, and the barren rock almost oppressed us; whilst here we have a peaceful, blessed path, sublime without wildness, and rich in lovely details without losing itself in insignificance. Through the midst of this verdure the Rhine flows on, becoming deep and strong, though still in every sense a mountain stream—for no boatman would venture on it—but its bed has become broader, and over its youthful vigour there lies a certain repose and dignity. It has passed through that period of struggle from which no important life is exempt; that time full of storm and affliction, when all the life powers are whirled round in the



RHÆZUNS.

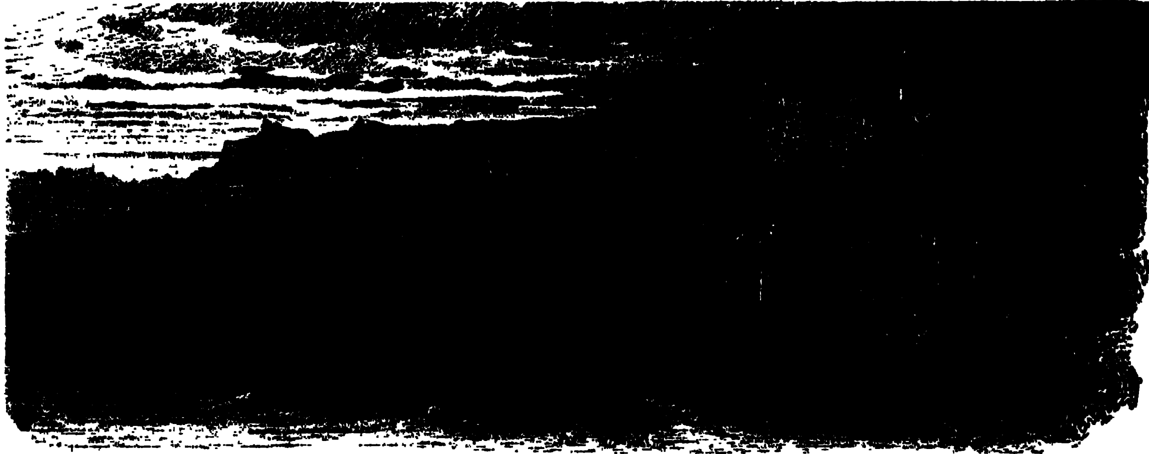
circling eddy. What the period of struggle is to the life of a great man, so is the *Via Mala* to the course of the young Rhine. This is the turning-point in its history, where it is permitted, with superhuman effort, to bear itself over all obstacles. It is the deep psychological influence which holds us spell-bound before this landscape.

The course which the Lower Rhine travels from its source to its junction at Reichnau, does not amount to more than fifteen miles, but the height through which it falls within that distance, over the three huge valley steps, shut in by the ravine, is nearly four thousand feet. A comparison of these figures will give the best idea how turbulent the youth of the great stream is, and what mighty powers are at work here.

The origin and course of the Upper Rhine, which we will now notice, are less solemn but still of exquisite loveliness. Once more deep solitude surrounds us, grey boulders are scattered about, and the grass sprouts sparsely between the mighty masses. No human footfall, no sound of life, no ray of

sunlight greets us, and only by straining the eye forward and upward, can the deep blue of the distant sky be distinguished.

And yet there springs out of this deep, dead solitude a life which none other equals in greatness—we hear it gently murmuring—that murmur is the cradle-song of the Rhine. Here again, we stand



CHAPEL AT TRÜNS.

beside its source. The country in which we find ourselves is the Grisons, the wildest canton of Switzerland, where, even at the present time, the eagle soars and the bear crawls through the clefts. We are in the midst of that rocky mountain-chain over which the St. Gothard towers. The glaciers are ranged around, covered with eternal snow—Crispalt and Badus, and, in the distance, Furka. It



DISSENTIS.

is the original watershed between the stormy, dark North Sea and the smiling Mediterranean. It is one of those wonderful places where Nature hides her mightiest work in solitude.

Three streamlets form the source of the Upper Rhine. One comes straight down from the crag, the second flows timidly along the earth, the third forces its way through the impenetrable rocks. The small basin where they first unite is called Lake Toma. Its length is scarcely more than three hundred paces, and its breadth scarcely two hundred, its depth also is inconsiderable; but the dark

mirror stands out in wondrous beauty of colour, and from the clefts an Alpine flower peeps, here and there, among the snow.

Here the waters gather quietly, and prepare, as it were, for a rush down over the stony mountains to Chiamunt and Selva, until the Middle Rhine flows into them at Dissentis. The village itself lies deep in the valley; the sound of the vesper bell comes down from the chapel which stands up among the green meadows. The peasant of whom we ask our way looks wonderingly at us. The language in which he gives us information is a *patois*, and only fragments of it are intelligible. The countenance of this solitary man is of a harsh, rough character, but still not wanting in truthfulness. When we are seated in the little circle of the village inn, we hear for the first time all that has happened here in the olden times.

Dissentis was not always so lonely as it is at the present day. For a whole century after Attila,



VIEW ON THE FLIMSER LAKE.

the Great Scourge of God, had been carried to his grave, dispersed bands of his nomadic army hung about the neighbourhood, until the Rhætians conspired against them and exterminated them to the last man. On the hills which surround the village the disciples of St. Benedict built themselves a dwelling-place, which they inhabited for more than a thousand years, hidden among the peaceful mountains, far away from the stream of time and history. Then time came to them in the shape of the wild soldiers of the Republic, with their flapping tricolours, who burnt down their village and destroyed their cloisters.

Although the Rhine does not always run beside us on the path which now leads us from Dissentis to Ilanz, it is still our guide, for, even where we cannot see it because of the fir woods and rocks which hide it from our view, we, nevertheless, hear close beside us the roar with which it beats out its foamy path. On the road we meet with little villages, often composed of only a few weatherbeaten cottages—

at one a mountain stream rushes down from the hills, and at another the beat of a forge hammer rings through the silent depths of the wood. We may mention that trout is very fine here, fish weighing as much as twenty pounds being caught at times.

Just before we enter the village street of Trüns there stands the trunk of a renowned old tree; it was once a maple with rustling boughs, under which, more than four hundred years ago, assembled the founders of the "Grey Covenant," who gave their name to this part of the country (the Grisons). The little chapel which stands just above is consecrated to its memory. Whatever relics of that time

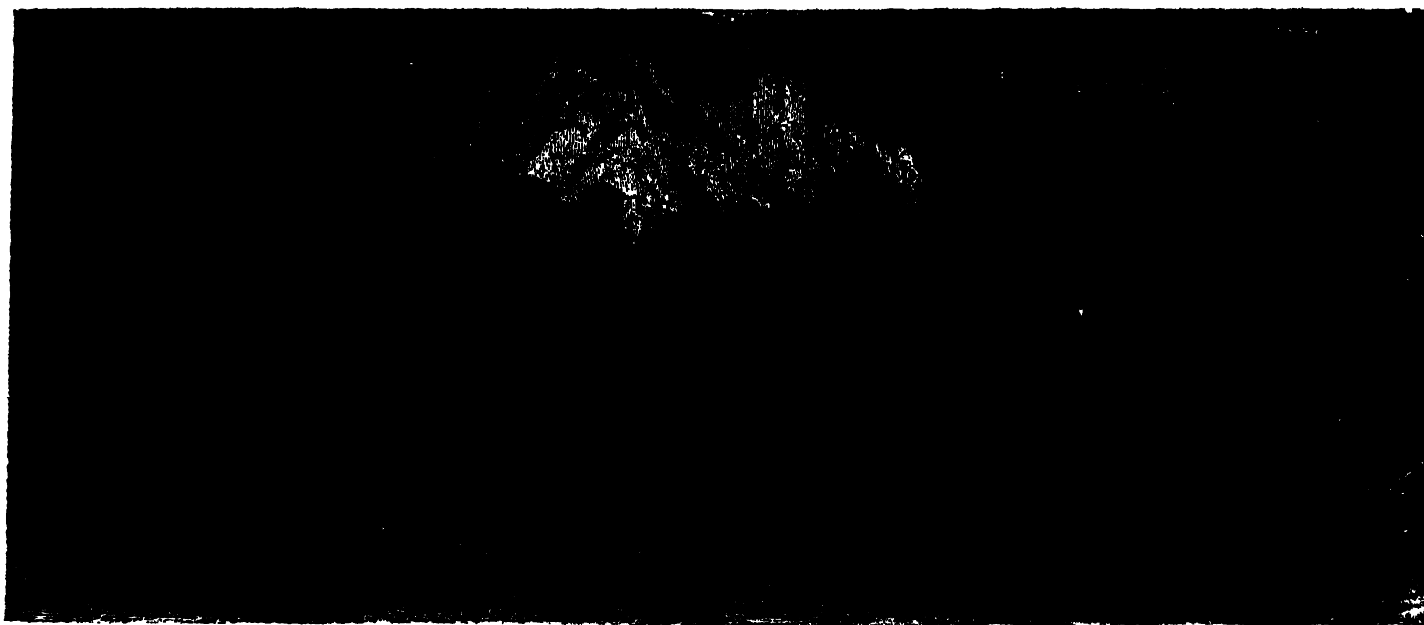


UPPER TRÜNS.

remain in the way of records and treaties are preserved in the old courthouse at Ilanz, the first town on the bank of the Rhine.

The road has already lost much of its former roughness; it leads over broad, green meadows studded with thick alder-trees, and even the hamlets that lie away from the road have a sweet charm that induces us to loiter. The little village that stands near the so-called "Forest Houses," where the road takes a wide sweep to the left, is called Flims; on every side are murmuring streams running to the Rhine. Before us lies the Flimser Lake, with its pale green water—a sunny idyl, where the herdsman lies dreaming in the rich grass, with his charges pasturing lazily beside him. But the river lies away to the right; we can hear the sound of its ripple coming over the summit of the wood, whilst now and then an island covered with trees rises out of the stream, or the ruins of a fallen castle look down on us from the heights.

Here also we meet more than once with witnesses of a cruel period of oppression. Prominent among them is Hohen Trüns, the history of which reaches back to the time of the Merovingians. The village lies deep below the castle, leaning as it were timidly on the slope of the mountains. And now the landscape again begins to change. The broad masses of wood are drawn thickly together on the banks of the stream, and it is veiled in sombre colour. We no longer wander through the open valley, as at Ilanz, shaded by hazel and maple boughs, but a dark pine wood environs us, and through the side valleys which open up right and left of us runs that rugged character peculiar to the great mountain-chains. Even the waves partake of this character, for they rush forward with new power, with fresh impetuosity, as though approaching a long-desired goal, as though longing for a speedy reunion. Already a strange, exciting element mixes its darker waves with the light transparent green peculiar to the waters of the Upper Rhine. We are near the mouth of the Lower Rhine, and the back-flow of its waters reaches far up the other stream. The noise of the waves grows louder, and from out the



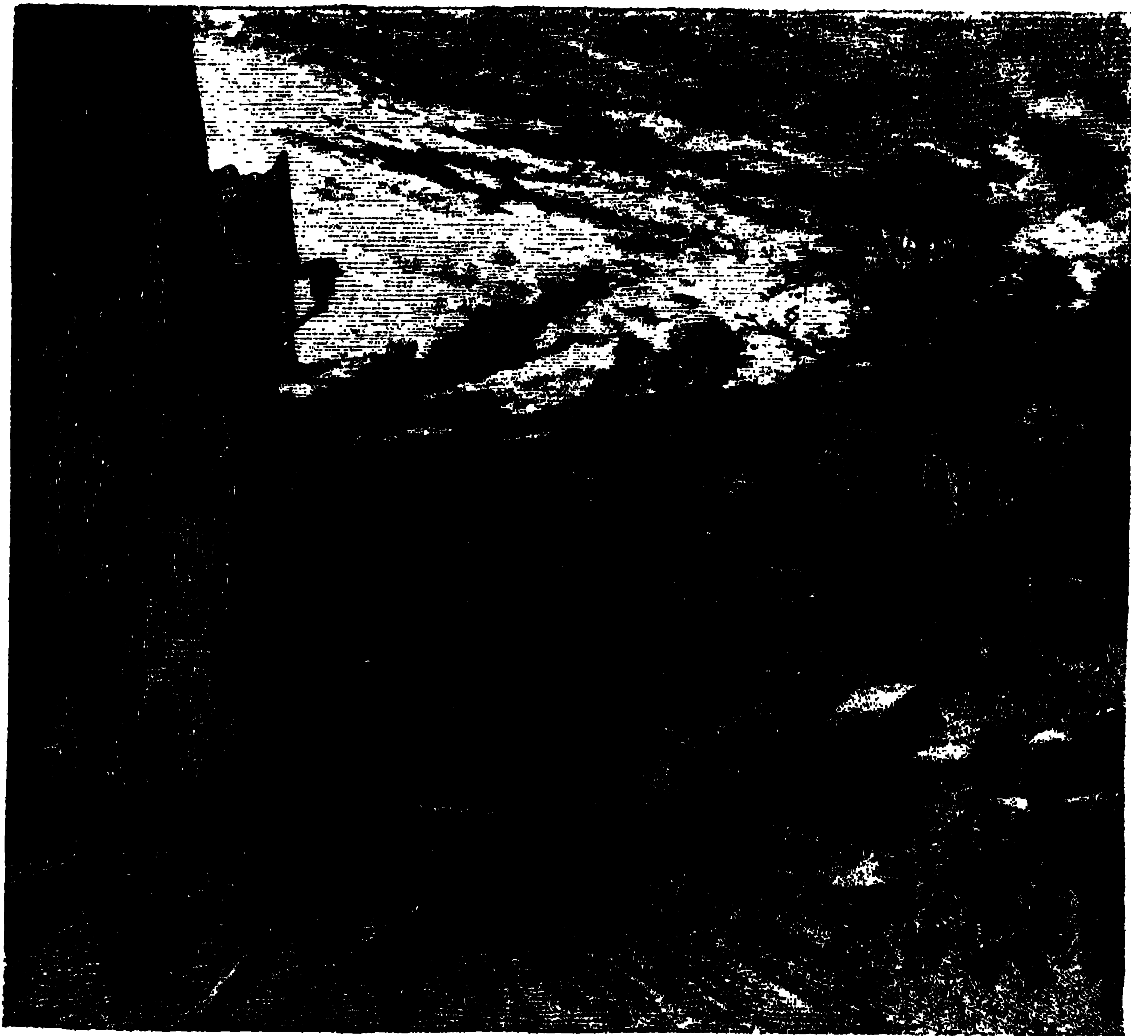
THE BRIDGES OF REICHENAU.

surrounding verdure peeps a castle with proud battlements. Pressing on, the waters reach the two bridges of Reichenau, the first of which, a quaint wooden structure, from which wheels and footsteps echo like thunder, spans the Upper Rhine only; whilst the second lies farther down, where the two streams have already joined: the one, light, green, and clear—for its course was serene; the other with a darker tide—for its path, the *Via Mala*, was one of strife and storm. But now it is over; they are two brothers who, after long separation, meet and recognise each other. Now they will go through life united—henceforth the world has but one Rhine.

The Bishops of Chur were once the Lords of Reichenau, and it was they who built the old castle, which afterwards became the property of the Lords of Planta. If we visit the beautiful thickly-grown garden, we stand opposite the junction of the two arms of the Rhine. The walls of the castle have offered a shelter to many renowned guests. In the college such scholars as Benjamin Constant were educated, and amongst the teachers has been found even a crowned head—he who was afterwards the

citizen-king, Louis Philippe. His appointment happened in a curious way. Herr Chabaud, to whom it had been awarded by the principal of the establishment, was unexpectedly absent; so the young fugitive took his name and his office, after having successfully passed a difficult examination. The departments he undertook were history, geography, mathematics, and the French language. His salary amounted to only 400 francs; but, poor as this life appeared here, it was Paradise as compared with France, for there the king but a few months before had mounted the scaffold, and in the palace of Versailles, where he had once seen only slaves bowing before him, the bold Jacobins now kept watch.

But the firebrand of 1789 did not remain confined to the hearth that kindled it; its glare fell

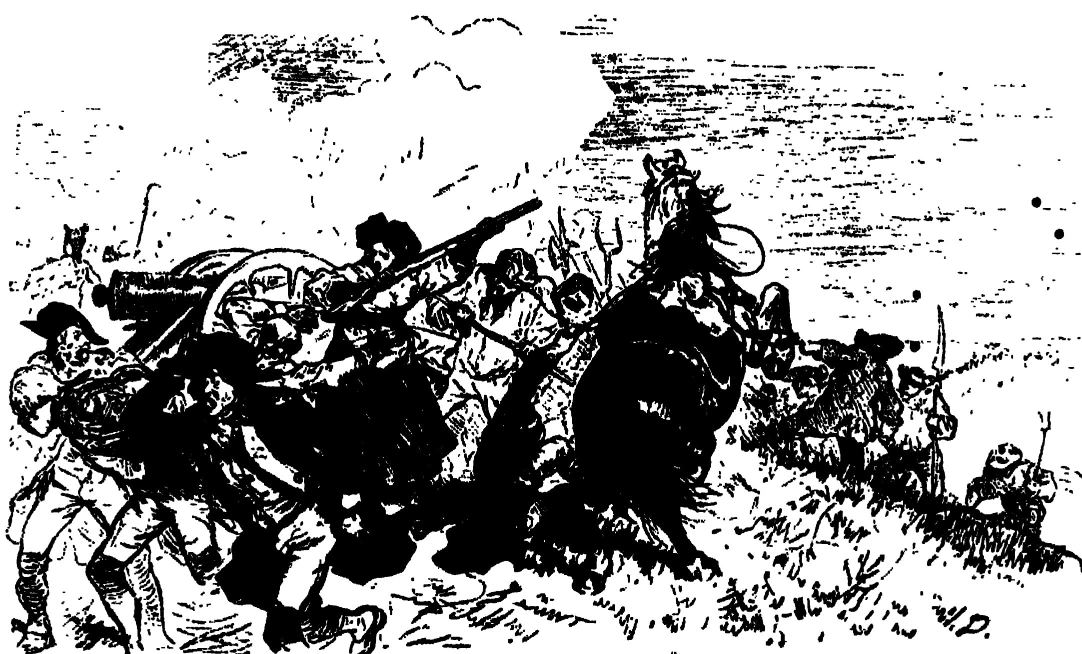


CITY GATE OF ILANZ.

even over the quiet, solitary valleys of Switzerland—even there were felt the convulsions of that death-struggle. It had exhausted itself in excess and despotism, and now it gathered all its weary powers together for a last act, for a new redemption of the human race. But the act soon became powerless, and the fruit of the Revolution was not the universal peace that had been looked for, but universal war. It was a fearful time: the century drew its last breath weltering in blood; even to the banks of the young Rhine, where the pathway scarcely offered a footing for the weary pack-horse, armies penetrated—foreign armies, who knew neither the road nor the language. The Russians were ranged under Suwarrow, the wild darling of the Cossacks. Massena led the soldiers of the Republic, with their

fluttering tricolours, to the sound of the Marseillaise—"Allons, enfants de la patrie;" and opposed to him stood the Archduke Charles, with his motley array from Austria. This leader was greeted with cheers in varied tongues as he rode down his closely-packed ranks. What a whirl, what contempt of death, what lust of war had the age given birth to, to bring half the nations of Europe together to battle in this perilous corner of the earth!

At Martinsloch the Russians refused to obey the word of command; it seemed impossible to penetrate the huge masses of ice and snow. When Suwarrow, who was in the rear with Prince Constantine, heard the ominous news, he dashed forward to the head of the troops. It was supposed he would shoot down the mutineers by hundreds, but instead of that, with knitted brow, he abruptly directed them to dig a deep grave in the snow. The old soldiers obeyed him in silence, and when the grave was ready, he tore off his cloak, and in his rough way gave the following order: "Throw me in—bury me on the spot. You will no longer be my children, and I am no longer your father. What



EPISODE IN THE BATTLE OF THE COVENANTERS AT EMS, 1779.

can I do but die?" This speech acted like an electric shock on the old guard, who, with a wild shout, surrounded their general, and swore to follow him faithfully wherever he might choose to lead.

The inhabitants of the country themselves were sometimes stirred both in heart and arm by such instances as these, and Ems, which we reach just beyond Reichnau, is associated with a somewhat rare deed of heroism. In March, 1799, Massena took possession of the Lucienstieg pass, which was regarded as the single stronghold of the Grisons, and the exasperation at this misfortune was increased by the insolence of the conquerors. The feeling of revolt spread like lightning through the whole valley of the Upper Rhine, until at Ems it came to an open conflict. There the French had placed their guns in a strong fortified position, and all idea of capturing them seemed so hopeless that men shrank from the attempt. A woman, however, effected that which daunted the stronger sex. Anna Maria Buhler, a girl of twenty-one years of age, placed herself at the head of the besiegers, advanced on the French,

and took the first piece. With Herculean strength she seized the horses by their bridles, and with a cudgel unhorsed the young officer who had command of the battery. This example took effect, and almost the whole of the French artillery was destroyed.

Thus at the very source of the Rhine stands that gloomy word War, and we become more and more



MARKET-PLACE OF CHUR.

familiar with it the farther the river's course leads through the broad plain; indeed, we are reminded of the fairy tale where the good fairies all surrounded the cradle of the infant-king, and each laid in it her gift; but a wicked fairy also appeared, and added a curse. So, as the course of the Rhine extends, a hundred blessings of greatness and renown are presented to our view; but that curse, namely War, which Fate laid also in its cradle, is constantly appearing before us as a dreadful reality.

Just beyond Ems is Chur, the capital of the canton of the Grisons, a "grey" weatherbeaten mountain town. We see before us old Roman towers with enigmatical names, a church that has stood for more than a thousand years, narrow streets over whose stony pavements the heavy mail rumbles, and, towering over all, is the lofty Kalanda. Foreign sounds greet our ears on every side, for here is the centre where all the roads of the Grisons meet, here is the gathering-point of all that immense traffic which goes over the Splugen and St. Bernard to the south.

The history of the town is as gloomy as its walls, which in the time of the Romans bore the name of *Curia Rhætorum*. The Emperor Constantine set up his winter quarters here, which first led to the



EXCURSION TO THE FELSENTHOR AT RAGATZ.

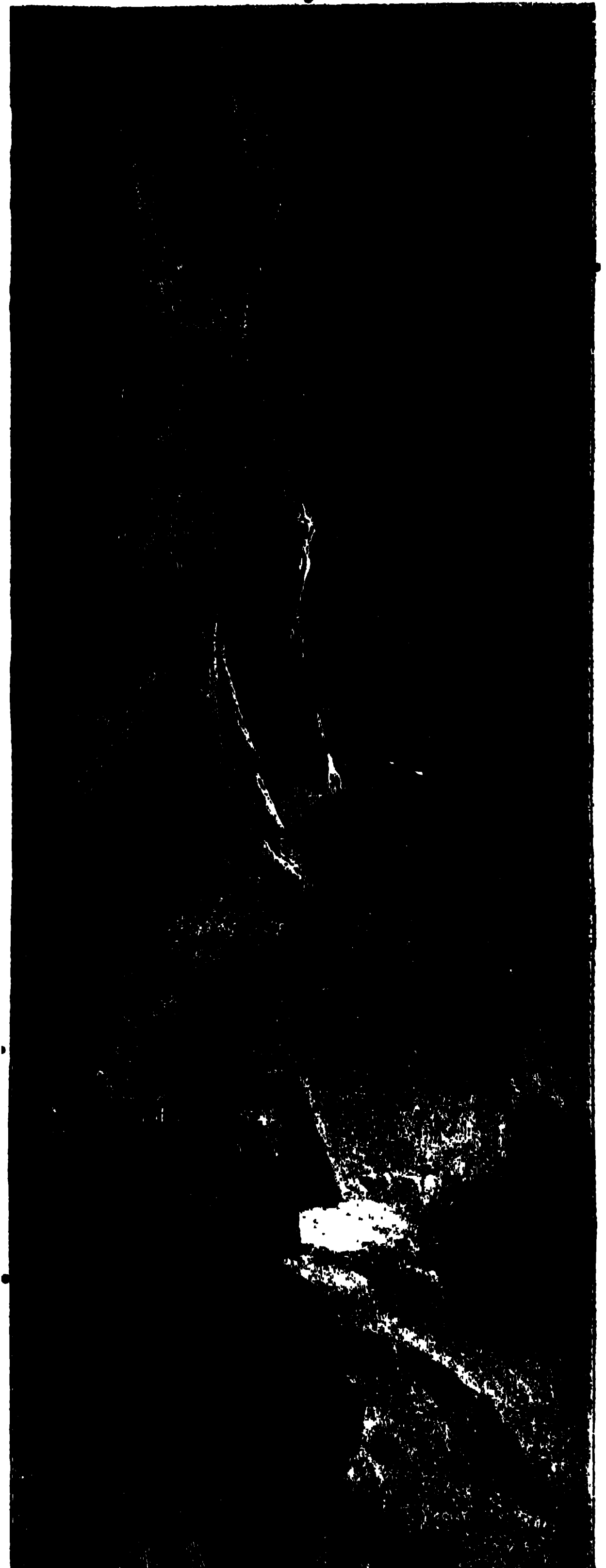
enlarging of the city; and here, as early as 451, Christianity was established. The Bishop's Palace stands high, and, together with the Cathedral and the buildings belonging to it, has almost the appearance of a bold fortress. In the quarter of the town which surrounds this priestly stronghold the Catholics still preponderate. In the lower town—which is rich in original architecture, in pointed gables and dark archways—active, arduous life abounds, and the houses reach far into the valley, out of which the river Plessur rushes to the Rhine. The population, which two hundred years ago was exclusively Roman, the town being called not Chur, but Quera, is now considerably changed, and a large industrial trade is carried on, though sometimes it may be thought that the stubbornness of the soil is reflected, as it were, in the character of its people. This may readily be accounted for, for a national character

which springs out of free unmolested action forms itself differently from one which is the outburst of oppression.

Beyond Chur we meet as before with witnesses of the period of national tyranny; lonely castles, whose very names announce the hardness and insolence which dwelt in them—Krottenstein, Haldenstein, Leichtenstein—frown on us as we quietly follow our path along the valley, thinking here of a song, there of a beautiful maiden who once looked down from those balconies. Passing on, however, we soon find ourselves in quite a different scene, and with quite a change of thought; we are in the midst of the "vortex of fashion," the high life of the present day, when crowds surround us with rustling silk and busy hum. We are at the baths of Ragatz, which in the summer season of the year are the fashion, and they have within the last ten years attained a European reputation.



BATH-HOUSE OF PFAFFERS.



THE TAMINA.

The warm spring which rises at Pfaffers, and whose water is conveyed in iron pipes for nearly half a mile to Ragatz, was discovered by a huntsman about the middle of the thirteenth century. It belonged to the renowned order of Benedictines, who were enthroned high up on the mountain in one of the strongest and oldest abbeys in the kingdom. For a long time the spring was enclosed in a little frail hut, similar to those depicted as bath-houses of the Middle Ages, and the sick crowded to it from all quarters to be healed. About a hundred and fifty years ago the abbot raised a new building in the expansive style peculiar to the time, and especially popular with the cloister. Now, however, that the whole institution is the property of the State, gigantic palaces stand in the usual splendour of the modern Spa, and the rheumatic of all nations are drawn in wheel-chairs along its promenade.

But there is, beside this outward comfort, a beauty of Nature, which also silently exerts its healing power. The Flascherberg, covered here and there with dark woods amidst cloven rock, looks down into the valley through which the Rhine rushes hastily; and above the rock, the snowy summit of the Falknis shines with silver brightness. That deep cutting over which the road leads to Bregenz, fortified with a strong bulwark, opposite the imperial frontier, is the St. Lucienstieg; the two castles whose ruins peep down from among the bushes are Freudenberg and Nidberg. The latter is particularly rich in legends, one among them being especially known by its gloomy fascination and the passion which it reveals. The Knight of Nidberg was dreaded far and wide; his towers seemed to be inaccessible, and his



PFAFFERS.

strength invincible, whenever an enemy attempted to besiege him. But that which valour had not been able to achieve was accomplished by the treachery of a woman, driven to revenge by outraged love. She well knew his chamber and his deep slumbers; and she led the foe by a secret path up the steep castle hill, till they stood opposite the battlements. There they could see into the open chamber, where the invincible knight lay sleeping; the gentle breeze played in at the window, and the full moonlight fell on the closed lids and heaving breast. It was scarcely five paces across, but neither bridge nor hand stretched over the yawning abyss which parted the sleeper and his foe; but the arrow has wings, and will find neither the abyss too deep nor the way too long. "Fix your arrow, and aim true," whispered the enraged woman in the foeman's ear. For a moment he stood half terrified on the edge

of the rock, so powerful was the form of the sleeper; but then the whirring bolt sped through the window: it struck its aim, and the knight passed from life to death.

If Ragatz with all its splendour makes a delightful impression on us, the grandeur which we meet with in its wildest form as soon as we have passed Pfaffers does so still more. Here the Tamina, which falls into the Rhine at Ragatz, has worn itself a path through an awful ravine; and *here*—not outside, in the smiling landscape—lies the secret of the old healing spring. Dark walls of rock which



RAGATZ.

rise precipitously on either side confine the rushing torrent, and have an inexpressibly gloomy appearance, even at summer noon. The narrow overhanging path, washed by the restless flood, clings painfully to the left. In about three-quarters of an hour we reach the bath-house which the monks have erected here, a long dark building in whose passages the rays of the sun fall but sparely. There is accommodation here for more than three hundred guests, for it was the only asylum for strangers before Ragatz had developed into a bathing-place.

But we have not yet seen the most impressive part of the ravine, for Heaven still casts its blue gaze down on us, and though confined, we are yet in open Nature. Behind the bath-house, however, where the path continues for about five hundred steps, we pass right into the interior, into the very bowels of the rock. Here the ravine becomes a chasm, and even if the July sun be shining outside, it is damp and dark within. On every side we are surrounded by rocks, which appear to threaten us with approaching destruction. We proceed timidly along the wooden path, till suddenly a steaming vapour rushes towards us and it seems as though it must stifle and kill if we step within the forbidden circle. Not destruction, however, but blessing, rises out of these obscure depths; for here lies the beneficent spring to which thousands owe their restoration to health and life.



VADUZ.

Truly, it is marvellous! The deepest creative powers of Nature have not their origin on the bright sunny soil, but, as it were, in the darkness, and drag themselves through to the light with supernatural struggle. Who does not think involuntarily of the great minds of the human race? One of them stands especially near to our memory in this place, and his name shall be gratefully spoken before we leave the spot—it is Schelling, who lies buried at Ragatz. His monument in the churchyard there was erected by King Max II., of Bavaria, who called himself a scholar of this noble master.

If we continue to go northwards, we soon reach—at Sargans—the place where, in prehistoric times, there lay a diverging point of the Rhine. For, as many geologists maintain, the course of the river did not originally lead it to Lake Constance, but turned left to Wallenstadt and Zurich, where fewer obstacles lay in its path. This opinion is founded from observations of numerous marks in the rocks, by which the old river-bed may still be identified; and the watershed between Lake Constance and the Lake of Zurich is, at the present time, so low that it is not difficult to believe this supposition. In the fearful inundation of 1618, as the chronicles tell us, the water level of the Rhine had already risen so high, that it was almost feared that the river would break away a second time to Lake Wallenstadt.

The whole valley which we now pass through, as far as the huge basin of Lake Constance, is called, *par excellence*, the Rhine Valley. The proud castle of Werdenberg reminds us of the lords who governed it. The tower hangs, like an eyrie, high up on the rock; and here lived the old counts,

as quarrelsome and as fond of plundering as the Montforts from whom they sprang. Now, indeed, they have slept for many long years in their stone coffins; but formerly their banners floated proudly on the battlements. The one over Werdenberg was black, that over Sargans was white, and those of Vorarlberg and Swabia were red. How strange that the colours of the mightiest race that ever ruled on the banks of the young Rhine should compose the banner which, hundreds of years later, set free the stream, and now waves from every steamer that plies from the Rhine to the sea!

But, we are reminded as our feet tread its soil, the great kingdom has forgotten one little spot, and that is the little land of Leichtenstein. For half a century it was the Benjamin of the holy German Confederation, and now, though that good body is dead, no one has adopted the blooming orphan. The five-and-fifty soldiers stand at peace, the faithful subjects live without a state under the Castle of Vaduz, with few cares and few taxes, whilst the father of the country tarries in his Austrian possessions. *Vallis dulcis*—that is the fragrant root from which the name of Vaduz springs.

Very soon we, too, pass over into Austria, indications of which may already be observed in the



FERRY OVER THE RHINE AT RUTHI.

dark yellow posts before which the grumbling tollman stands, with a pipe in his mouth and paper florins in his pocket.

Who is the gentleman in the gown, whom the people in the street salute so respectfully? He has a fine aristocratic countenance under his black, broad-brimmed hat. He is a Jesuit father from Feldkirch. As we approach Lake Constance the valley grows broader; the mountains recede noticeably, and in the place of wild beauty striving against cultivation, we have lavish fertility. It is not improbable that, as Strabo relates, in his time the whole Rhine Valley was covered with marshes, between which the stream ran in its deep bed. The land owes its fertility to the deposit of mud which was left behind on hill and valley. Vines were planted in the Rhine Valley as early as 918, and the market towns scattered at distances in the valley were soon among the most charming places of South Germany. It is true that fire and drought, endless war and discord, intruded amongst these plenteous blessings; but they could only destroy what was created, and not the creative power which is here specially peculiar to Nature. She gave her gifts willingly, with a full, indeed prodigal, hand; the fields in the valley were covered with heavy crops, and over the hills the vine clambered, until, indeed, it became almost unvalued from its very abundance. The time of the vintage was appointed by the common council, and

also the price of the wine, which even at the beginning of our own century was restricted to seven kreutzers the measure. The supply was indeed almost inexhaustible, and the proximity of the Rhine made it impossible to dig cellars which would remain free from water. A great portion of the harvest therefore had to be disposed of abroad, especially in the frontier land of Appenzell, which gave in exchange the produce of its cattle. Boats plied to and fro over the stream, and in quite early times the markets which were held by imperial privilege in the Rhine Valley obtained a fine trade. No ship floated more proudly over the blue surface of Lake Constance than the great market-ship from Rheineck, no other booty was more eagerly watched for by the hunting or pirate-ship which cruised about the lake filled with marauding troops.

It was natural that so much wealth and prosperity should strengthen the courage and the self-consciousness of the citizens—and indeed they needed all their courage; for at one time they had to defend themselves against a governor who cruelly oppressed the people, and at another against insolent neighbours who broke over their frontier in company with a foreign power. Then came the Reformation, whose mighty influence was felt even in the most distant valleys. In the middle of the winter of



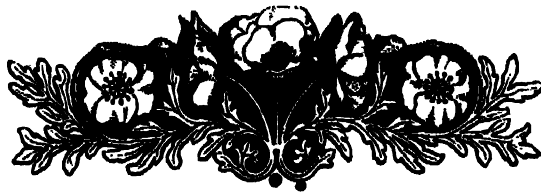
RHEINECK.

1528 the people of the Rhine Valley were called upon to say which religion each man would adopt; the alarm-bells were rung, and the new teaching made a triumphal entry to their sound. In the meantime the conflict became more fierce, and the strife of minds became the strife of arms, when the Thirty Years' War broke out in full blaze even in the provinces of the Rhine Valley. The Evangelicals attacked not only the Imperialists, but also their own countrymen; the corpses which the Rhine washed ashore lay unburied all around, food for the famished and maddened dogs. The prices will show to what a pitch famine, and consequently usury and extortion, had risen: the ducat at that time was worth seven florins, and a quarter of corn cost five and a half florins. In the wars of the eighteenth century also the Rhine Valley suffered severely, and it was long before those quiet, blessed days returned of which the river Rhine is now the witness.

The last great stronghold, which stood commandingly at the exit of the valley, was Rheineck—a fortress the possession of which was contested even in the time of Stauffen by the Bishop of Constance and the Abbot of St. Galle. Now, of the two castles, the one is levelled to the ground, and the vine grows luxuriantly on the hill where it once stood; of the other, nothing but the ruins look down into the valley. But below, on the Rhine—which at this place first becomes navigable for large vessels—the

little town lies strong and well built. It has a fine hall of commerce for its brisk trade, especially in timber, which is floated down from Chur in rafts.

The proximity of the mouth of the river is announced by the depression of the banks, which are covered with thick sedge; barely a mile more, and the noblest of rivers vanishes from our sight, and the blue shimmering surface of Lake Constance lies before us. The stormy history of the upheaval of this lovely lake is thousands of years old, but its smiling mirror ever greets us with the sparkle of eternal youth.





OLD BREGENZ.

LAKE CONSTANCE.

STANDING on the banks of Lake Constance we feel that we have before us the most beautiful lake which Germany possesses. The snow-capt mountains of Switzerland tower around; on one side is the mighty Säntis, on the other is the Kurfirsten chain, with its cloven summits. Cheerful towns stand on the shore, and the breeze carries the sound of morning bells over the blue surface. What wealth of colour gratifies our eyes, what a delicious, refreshing air fans us as we gaze over the strand where yonder boat is tossing! The water glistens like an emerald with the sun shining through it. Farther off it is deeper, and the strong north wind raises the waves, so that the sail flaps and the foam washes the sides. Hark how it rustles!—a firm hand must guide that rudder, for beneath the keel the lake is of an unfathomable depth.

Of all the German lakes no other offers so great a variety of sounds: on its shores at times we hear the tender song of the wavelets, and at another the roaring howl of the hurricane; and the painter will find from rosy twilight to stormy midnight as great a variety of colours and tints

here as he can possibly desire. In these waters marvellous beauty is connected to a frightful power such as Nature only, and not man, can combine, and herein lies the unknown fascination which Lake Constance, in common with all great lakes, exercises over us.

Lakes, like the bosom of mountains, are the secret working-places of Nature. Here, where no human eye can penetrate, inestimable blessing and utter desolation seem to flow in a way which we can neither understand nor control—at times the lake rises in a glassy flood nearly a foot over the banks, and then hastily recedes; often a great volume of water is pressed into the small northern arm, till the moist south wind breaks over the mountains and throws it back into the broad open basin. Then the flood is stirred to its very depths, no boat is safe upon it, and



A GLIMPSE OF BREGENZ.

even the strongest steamer scarcely dares leave the harbour! In this way it is swayed by the warm wind which blows over the mountains in the spring and autumn, and when winter comes the frost lays the waves with its icy breath till they remain quiet and motionless, as if they had been wrapt in sleep. The effect on a wild December night, when the imprisoned flood knocks at its dungeon door and forces it, so that the ice bursts from one bank to the other with a deafening roar, when once heard is never to be forgotten. The lower lake freezes annually, but the whole surface is so rarely covered, that the years when such an event has happened are historical. An example of this phenomenon occurred in 1695, when a great shooting festival was held on the ice, and passed off merrily. Gustave Schwab has depicted the terrible side of the

picture in his well-known ballad. Who does not remember the horseman who hunted for hours over the snow-covered plain—the plain which was Lake Constance! But figures only can give a correct idea of its size and the scope which it offers to the elements, so they also must have a place here. The circumference of the lake is more than a hundred miles, and its length about forty. If we add to this its enormous depth, it will be at once felt what a colossal volume of water this huge basin contains.

Through the midst of this mass of water the Rhine flows invisibly. Nature has taken it once more into her quiet, hidden sanctuary, as a mother takes her wayward boy into her silent chamber, from which he emerges grave and moved, with his whole character changed. Such an hour of quiet lies here. The lake is the secret chamber where the change in its inmost being is completed, and when the stream has once more left the lake, the Rhine has started on a noble, active, dignified life, the wildness and danger of youth being for ever left behind.

It is lost to sight, but though we do not see it, we still feel its tide, and we are conscious of the Rhine current running through the water of the lake. The colour of the shore is a yellow



LINDAU.

green, such as the old legends describe the banks of the Rhine, and yonder, in the waveless tide, we feel a slight heaving motion, which is the heart-throb of the great stream running through the depths below.

The charm which this spot possesses attracted men in very early times, and they penetrated the wilderness sword in hand, to build their towns on the shore—the strong constantly giving place to the stronger. Even now, as if in remembrance of the many alternations of conquerors, the lake is the boundary of many countries—Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Baden, and Switzerland, all have a share and touch the water of this inland sea. It is a gem too costly for the possession of a single kingdom, and five countries with dark wood and golden grain form the setting for this glittering jewel.

The old Romans were the first who came to contest the dominion of the Rhætians, and the first town that adorned the shore was Brégenz. Both Strabo and Pliny knew it under the name of Brigantium, by which name the lake also was distinguished; its present designation is of much more recent date. A Roman writer of the fourth century gives a description of Lake Constance which is

very striking in its powerful simplicity. At that time gigantic forests reached down to the water's edge, and heavy mists hung over the lake, so that it was with difficulty that the axe hewed the first road to the shore. But through the "lazy repose of the lake" (says the narrator) there flows a river with strong current and "foaming eddy," which carries its waters to the outlet, unmixed with those of the lake. In the finest bay in the lake stood the old castle of Brigantium, all wild and desolate, but strong and well protected, and a prosperous town grew up under its shelter.

But its prosperity did not last long; fresh races came and were in their turn superseded by others, until at last the first missionaries came over from Ireland and introduced gentler manners. They were St. Gallus and Columba; they also first set foot in the south-eastern part of the country, where the towns of Bregenz and Lindau now stand; here lay the key for the civilisation of the whole district.

We too then will begin our description at Lindau, whose youthful image presents itself to us in these later days in its beautiful name. At the present time, when commerce has constructed iron roads everywhere, and made firm land even where nature thought fit to place water, we scarcely remark that Lindau stands in the middle of an island, for the railway carries us into the very heart of the town. But at the time when our ancestors gave the place its name, the green island was washed all round by the blue waters, and no bridge led over from the mainland to the sunny meadows (Au) where the wind played among the old lindens.



ARMS OF LINDAU.

The first buildings raised by German hands were the church and the cloister which were erected in the time of the Carlovingians, and numerous dwellings were soon erected near them. Long before Rudolf of Hapsburg mounted the throne the town had become a free city, and its situation being accessible, commerce and traffic increased unusually fast. It had close relations with the most powerful cities of the kingdom, and its political influence was known even with the German house in Venice. Its activity manifested itself intellectually and in no small degree when the first note of the great Reformation sounded.

The Thirty Years' War was the first turning-point in the fate of the town. In order to keep off war, it was fortified and surrounded by strong outworks, but these precautions only invited the attacks of the enemy. The wrathful General Wrangel threw thousands of shot into the beleaguered town, which was defended by the Imperialists; and, though he retreated followed by the jeers of the citizens without having accomplished his aim, their welfare was impaired for centuries. That time had gone for ever when (as Achilles Gasser proudly relates) more than fourteen hundred vehicles, and people from thirty towns, appeared at the weekly market of Lindau. The population dwindled as the wealth disappeared, and want greatly helped on the downfall, when the town fell into the hands of the Bavarians in 1806.

After these disasters every possible effort was made to raise its fortunes again; streets and gardens were laid out, and the varied forms of modern progress were quickly fitted into the frame of the

antique picturesque Bastions, part of which is still preserved. The most important points of the modern town are naturally the railway which runs from the mainland to the island over a massive viaduct, and the harbour which is now the finest on the lake. On approaching the town by water, two prominent objects are seen towering above it, the handsome lighthouse with its indented top; and the old lion of Wittelsbacher which keeps its lordly watch on a lofty pedestal. Not far from it stands the monument of the noble Max, the prince to whom Lindau specially owes its prosperity.

But the greatest increase of prosperity has been in the lake traffic, for there are now more than twenty-five steamers used in the service. Amongst them there is a ferry-boat which carries trains bodily over to the Swiss side. The first steamboat was built by Church, an American, in the year 1824. It bore the name of King William of Wurtemburg, who had it built, and it remained in use till 1847. Previous to this there were vessels on Lake Constance which were adapted for the transport of huge burdens, and frequently carried 100 to 150 tons at a time. They were fitted with a gigantic sail composed of some six hundred yards of canvas, which bore them slowly over to Constance.



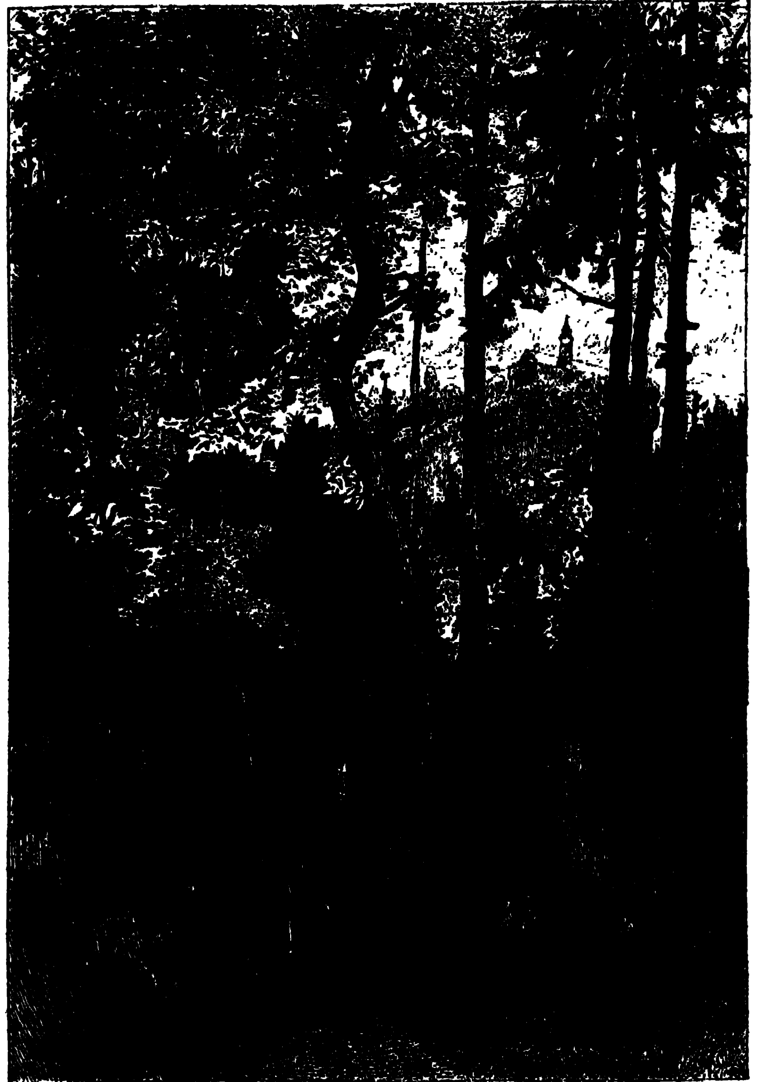
COSTUMES OF THE FOREST OF BREGENZ.

Lindau was for many centuries the centre for the fishing as well as of the shipping trade, the inhabitants of the town indeed had a monopoly of the former, and on the "fish days," which were appointed annually, it was agreed how and where the productive right should be used. The lake abounds in trout, and in a small fish called Felchen (which we do not know in England); and even at the present day thousands of the so-called "Gang fish" are caught in the spring, and sent in large quantities throughout Germany. Lindau has long since lost all these privileges, but it has exchanged them for advantages which are infinitely more valuable; the fishery is almost free at the present time, and the permission to enjoy the sport is granted with praiseworthy liberality to the visitors to the lake. No one complains, and the fishes, who alone might offer an objection, are dumb.

Thus everywhere we feel the action of progress, but many traces remain of those old primitive days when the canoes of the Alemanni crossed over from the mainland. The so-called "Heathen Wall" is supposed to be a fragment of the gigantic watchtower which Tiberius erected here; the church of St. Peter, which is used at the present time as a granary, is a memorial of the Carloyingian period; and the Town Hall illustrates the beautiful style of the old imperial town. The arms of Lindau are still a linden on a white field, and the most beautiful point in the neighbourhood, the Lindenhof, preserves the idea of the verdant origin of its title.

Bregenz is the neighbouring town to Lindau, and, although the boundary of two great empires parts them, they are united by nature, whose divisions are not those of man. If Lindau is an island town, Bregenz is, in the fullest sense of the word, a gulf town; and while the one has been sometimes compared to Venice, the other has been called the German Genoa or Naples. We, however, will have nothing to do with comparisons, but give ourselves up without reserve to the pleasure which this beautiful piece of country awakens in every sensitive soul—we will not dwell upon imaginary pictures, for before us lies the loveliest picture of reality.

The soft blue bank of the lake bends crescent-wise, and the town rises towards the mountains in light terraces, overshadowed by the lofty Pfänders and the Gebhardsberg, with its little glistening church. Old forests of beech and fir lie around, though many a gap has been made by the axe, which, unfortunately, now does not simply thin, but too often devastates. Mountain town and coast town are here united. The oldest part is that which lies upon a hill sloping gently on three sides. It is generally agreed that the Roman castle stood here, and the extent of the former town has been determined by many researches and discoveries. Burial-grounds and beautiful mosaic pavements, statues and metal-work, have been discovered, and everywhere rusty coins bearing the images of the Cæsars, have been brought to light after the feet of the Huns, for thousands of years, had trodden them into the earth. Here, as on the Riviera, the oldest part of the town retires as much as possible into the land, and is huddled together on the slope of the mountain, while the new parts stretch towards the shore for the sake of trade. The modern busy Bregenz stands below, on the harbour and on the railroad. This is a striking proof how social development follows historical development. Formerly the existence of the town depended on protection, now it depends on traffic. At its first building that point had to be selected which was the safest; the present growth seeks that situation which seems to be the most accessible.



ROAD TO THE GEBHARDSBERG.

It is true that beauty is sometimes lost sight of, and in the erection of barracks and huge store-houses architecture sinks from the domain of Art to an arithmetical calculation. So many square feet, and so many rooms, must be provided at so much rent. These considerations are rarely compatible with the architectural genius of the present day.

Even on the coast of Bregenz, therefore, we are not altogether safe from such defects, though the objects which disturb us are exceptions. Taken altogether, it is not easy to find a little town which strikes us so pleasantly; for, do what builders may, the great architect who designed the ground-plan was Nature, and human hands can hardly help following her lines. The population of the town is small, and has a somewhat official air, from the fact that every possible dignitary is to be found here, Bregenz being the capital of Vorarlberg. But other dignitaries have also established themselves in the town, whose distinctions do not depend upon imperial decrees, for Lake Constance has always possessed a special attraction for poets. Gustave Schwab has sung its praises, and the great poet of gloom, Hermann Ling, has often delighted in his visits to its shores. Victor Scheffel, the fortunate master of Ekkehart, lives in Rudolfszell; and in Bregenz, Alfred Meissner writes his well-known romances. How the charm of a country increases, and the delight of a journey through it is enhanced, when we can rest beside the hospitable hearths of remarkable men!

Bregenz is at the extreme point of the long blue upper lake. It is only when the air is



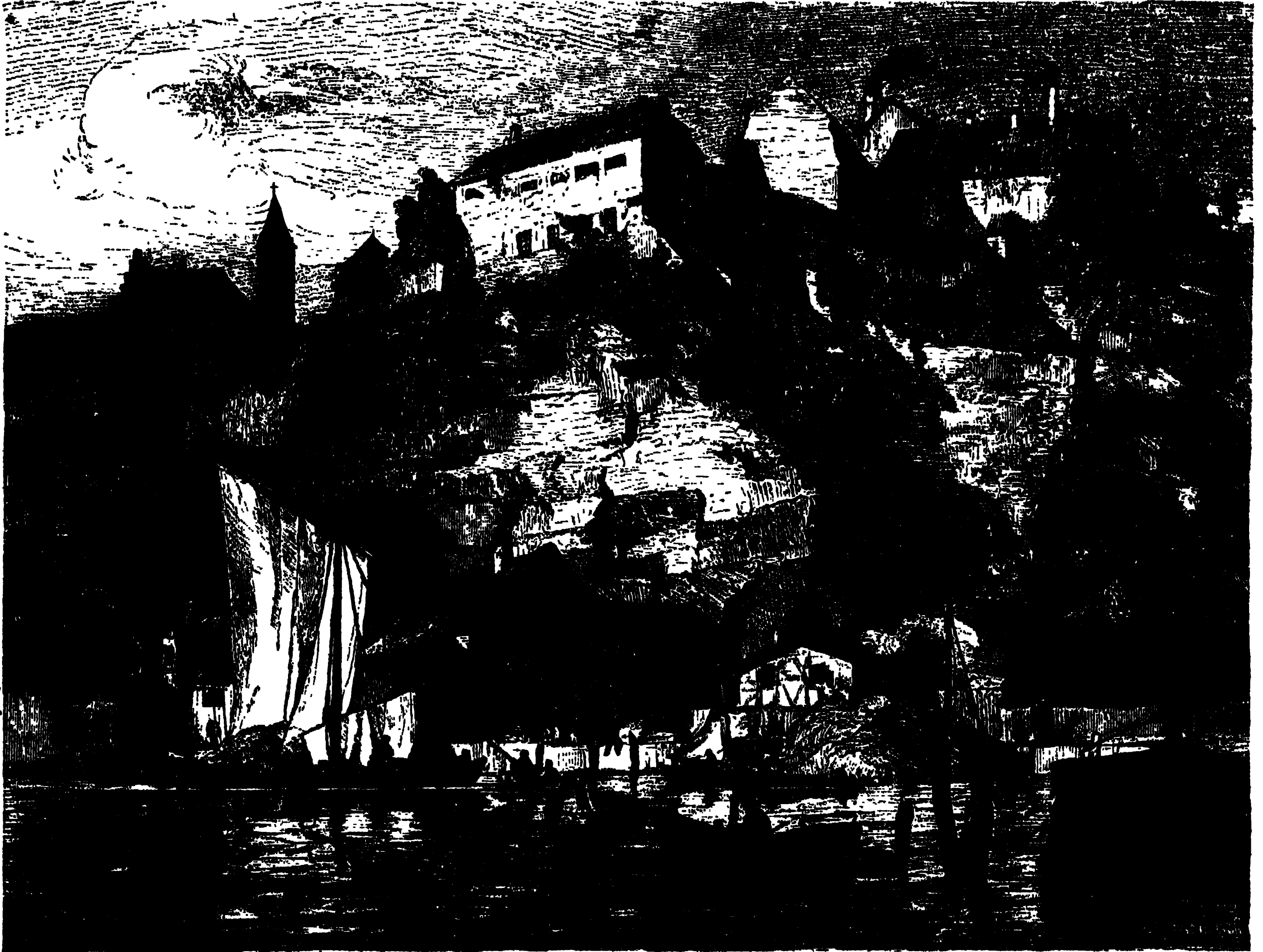
FRIEDRICHSHAFEN.

exceptionally clear that we can see the minster tower of Constance looming in the far distance. That is the goal to which the steamer is now bearing us, but on either side, on the German bank as well as on the Swiss, we see many agreeable halting-places and many pleasant, snug retreats.

Over yonder on the left bank, Rorschach and Romanshorn have become the centre of traffic, and between them the little town of Arbon lies on a narrow peninsula. It was one of the most select points on the lake, and was fortified by the Romans, the leader of the cohorts dwelling there in a strong castle. The harbour was built far out into the lake, and some of its huge foundation-stones are still visible on the bottom when the sun shines through the quiet water. The old name, the sound of which is still partially preserved in the modern one, was Arbor Felix. When the Romans were exterminated or driven away, the representatives of the German prince came into the town, and brought in their train the young Conrad, who tarried with them before taking the fatal road to Italy. What a tragically beautiful form it is that rises before our imagination, blue-eyed and golden-haired, on the cross-road between happy youth and earnest manhood! How often the music of

love songs must have sounded over the lake from the lips of him in whose veins the warm blood of the Staufens flowed! His golden head fell beneath the axe, and the name of Conrad, at the present day, stands unabsolved in history.

The little village with the church which we see yonder, nearly opposite Arbon, is called Wasserburg. The church stands prominently on the shore, and the parsonage is further inland, for the waves wash over the building when the lake is exceptionally stormy. On sunny days, however, the reverend inmate has the advantage, for lofty green trees spread their shady canopy over his

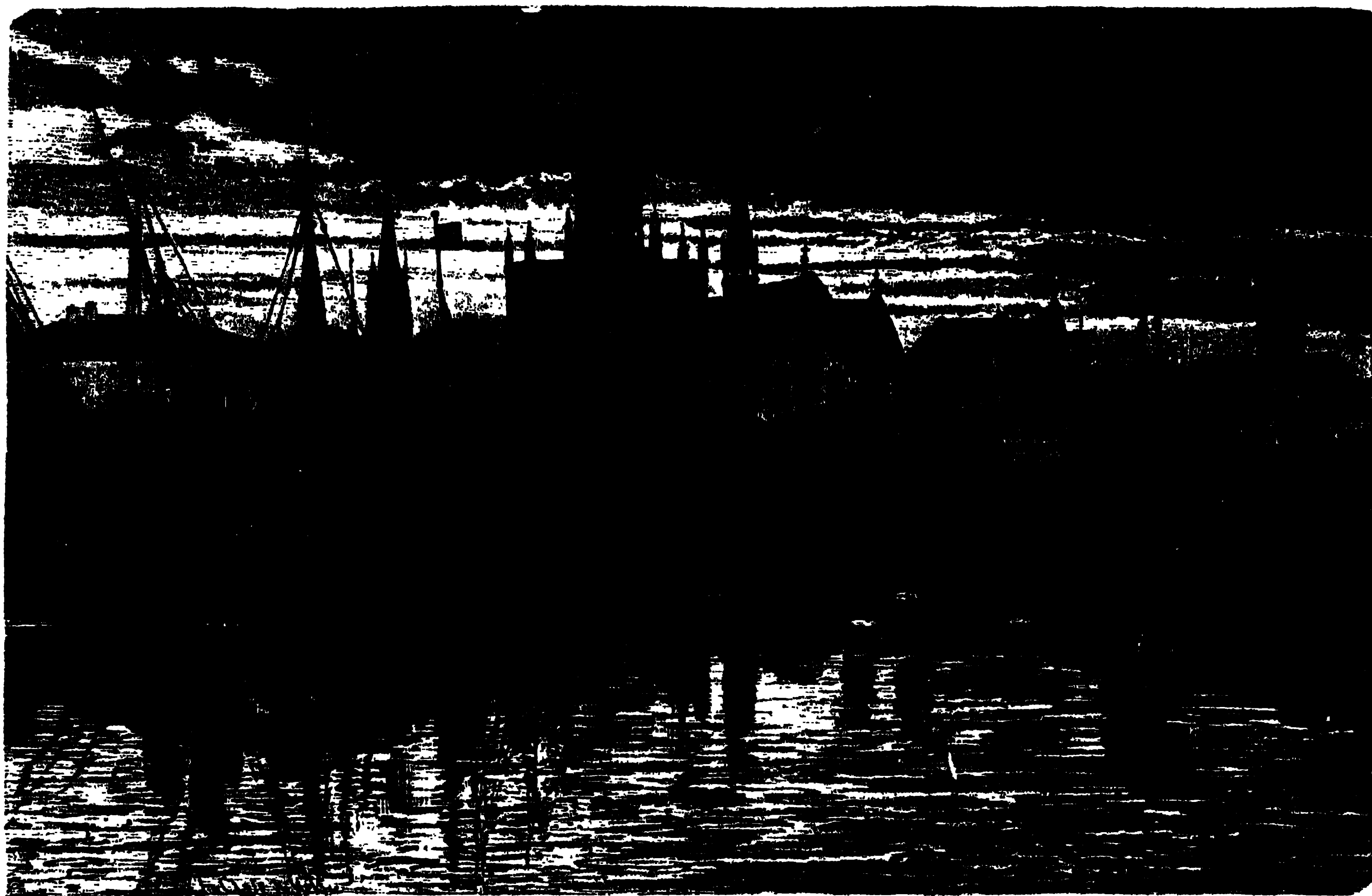


MEERSBURG.

garden, and though, close at hand, the country people are engaged in bustling occupations, he strolls quietly up and down, feeling as secure and proud on his land as ever did his neighbours the Counts of Montfort. That name has an old world-renowned sound, for the owners of it for many centuries possessed the proud castle which rises abruptly from the lake at Langenargen. It was at first on an island which was afterwards united to the mainland by a dyke. No race in the district of the Rhine Valley and Lake Constance was mightier than they. No castle was more stately—it asserted its ancient majesty even in its ruins. Now, however, it has all disappeared, in

order to make way for a modern artistic edifice which the rulers of Swabia have erected for themselves. The new Montfort has cost many thousands, but the old wave-washed walls will not bear the modern burden which has been laid upon them, for it is stated that from time to time the pillars show unmistakable signs of giving way in many places.

But the real summer retreat of the Court of Wurtemburg is Friedrichshafen, lying a few miles distant, with its fine landing-place, its lofty lighthouse, and its broad quay, where the bustling, chattering Swabian life goes on. A trainload is just being put on board the huge ferry-boat which crosses to Romanshorn, and the *Maximilian* lies steaming before us, taking in passengers who have come in the boat from Constance. What confusion of men and goods! The engine of the



CONSTANCE.

train whistles, the bell of the boat rings. Stop! another passenger before the bridge is drawn away. Now he is on board, safe but breathless, the vessel is pushed off, and in a few minutes the open blue water bears us on again. And now we first see clearly the beautiful elevation of the castle, with its long rows of windows and its broad terraces. Lofty lime-trees shade the entrance, and the garden with its fragrant flower-beds spreads round it on all sides, whilst the flag on the summit of the building flaunts in the breeze. This charming town did not always bear the name which it now possesses. Friedrichshafen came into existence in the present century, after the old monastic settlement of Hofen was broken up and united to the town of Buchhorn. At Buchhorn, as far back as the time of the Carlovingians, a council was held, called by the old

German term a Thingstätte. Trade also, and barter, were carried on to a very large extent. The rulers who dwelt there were called Counts of Linzgau.

The light from the windows of the castle, which we are now approaching, is so clearly and brightly reflected on to the lake below, that even more than a century ago the people of the neighbourhood were accustomed to say, "That glitters like Meersburg." At its foot lies the little town of the same name, which was founded in the reign of King Dagobert. It was here that the princely ecclesiastics from Constance dreamed away the golden summer in times of peace, and entrenched themselves and their treasures in times of war. The steep position and antique colouring of Meersburg give it the appearance of a strongly-fortified little town, and this impression is naturally greatly increased by the appearance of the two castles which overtop the whole. Between them is an open ravine which Bishop Nicholas caused to be made by blasting, in order to defend his castle more surely. Luxuriant vines grow all over the hills, and in the distance the snowy peaks of the Bernese Alps are visible. Guelphs and Staufens were lords of the castle, and the manuscript of a message still preserved in Meersburg tells us that once the Bavarian and the Swede knocked at their doors and threatened to level their walls to the ground. This message is contained in a yellow, time-stained letter burnt at the four corners, and written by the colonel of Horne's regiment. It states that it shall fare no better with the town than with the letter; that it also shall be set fire to, at the four corners, if it does not surrender. Meersburg, however, did not surrender.



PORTRAIT OF JOHN HUSS.

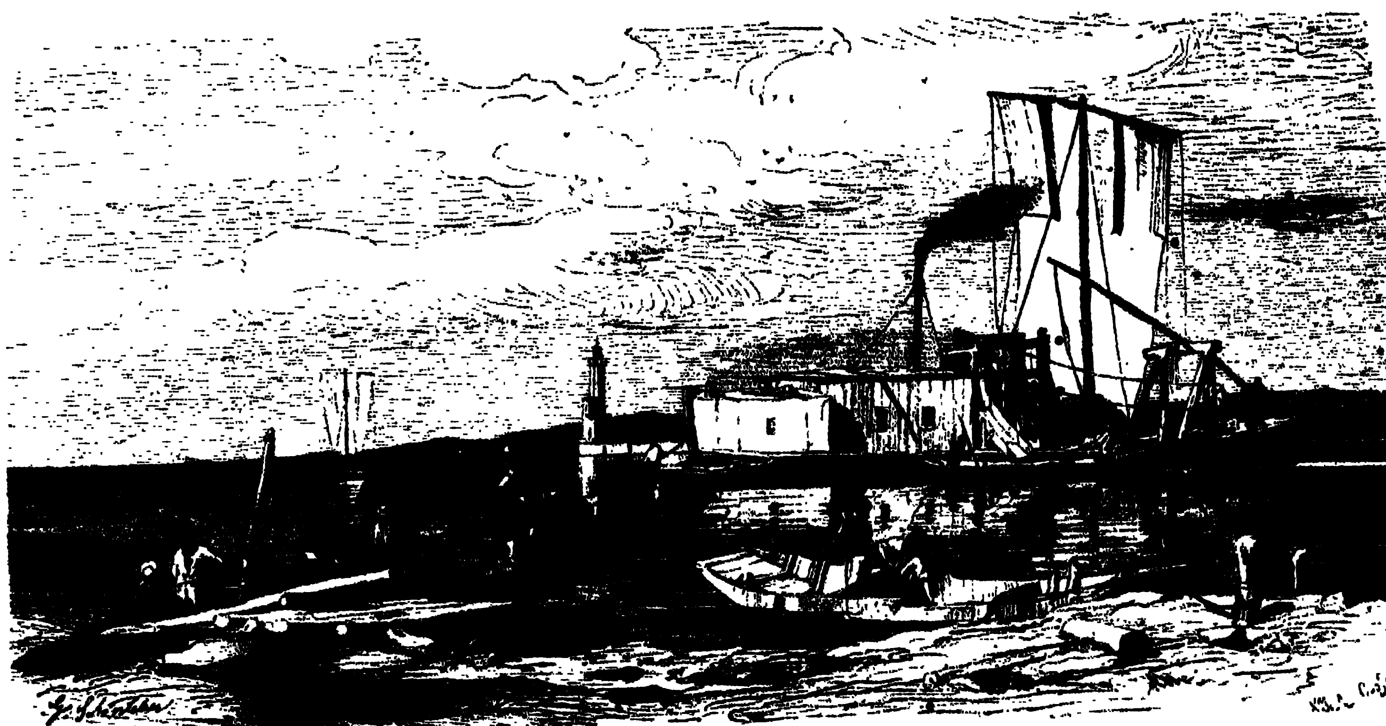
At the beginning of the present century the district looked very waste and desolate: the walls of the old castle stood dreary and dismantled; the bishopric was abolished, its property secularised, and the town itself passed to the government of Baden. This was a period when many existing conditions were broken up—justly indeed, but harshly. Destruction would have overtaken the old castle had not one of the noblest men of his country chosen it for his home. The Baron von Lassberg became the owner of the castle, and in the gallery where the bishop's library formerly stood he arranged his intellectual treasures, comprising manuscripts of all ages. In the balcony, where his great arm-chair was placed, he sat and basked in the sunshine.



JOHN HUSS AT THE STAKE.

We have seen that the history of Meersburg is closely connected with that of Constance, and the road also is near at hand which brings us within reach of the proud old episcopal town; Constance forms in one sense the keystone of the upper lake, for here the great basin is divided into two slender arms, one of which is named after the town of Ueberlingen, and the other is called the Lower Lake, or the Zellersee. In these arms are the two beautiful islands of Mainau and Reichenau, on which we will land as soon as we have finished our walk through Constance. The history of this town has been similar to that of Lindau and many other places of the old empire; its population and its importance to the world at large rapidly retrograded, and instead of fulfilling a great historical mission, it was called upon simply to form the centre of a narrow, modest circle.

Its nature and its merits must be measured accordingly, though it will be acknowledged that



THE HARBOUR AT CONSTANCE.

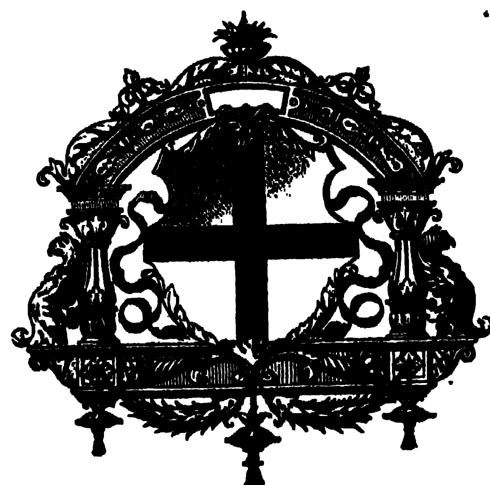
of this class of town Constance stands in the foremost rank. Its inhabitants, which now number about ten thousand, have retrieved in intellectual freedom the position which its forty thousand residents formerly held, for this last was its population when that renowned council was held which crowned its deeds with the death of the great Huss, instead of with the purifying of the church.

The origin of the town reaches as far back as the wars of the Emperor Constantine with the Alemanni, and the colossal substructure of the Castle was discovered during the Thirty Years' War, when the Swedes were digging their trenches. Its prosperity, and consequently its importance for the great empire began early, for nearly all the German princes down to the time of the Staufens passed through its gates and rewarded its hospitality with rich honours. When Charlemagne went to Rome in order to receive his imperial crown, he rested in Constance with Hildegard, and the German kings very often spent Christmas or Easter here. Brilliant regal assemblies were held when the nobles of the kingdom gathered round their chief. It was in Constance also that the ambassadors

from Milan appeared before Barbarossa when he received the golden key which the Italian states sent him as a token of their submission.

All the splendour, however, of this last event vanishes before the spectacle of sensual and sinful ostentation which is known by the name of the Holy Council of Constance. This was held in the year 1414, at a period when the wild, devastating spirit of arrogance, of indolence and immorality, had penetrated the great structure of the Romish Church. Love songs resounded through the cloister, and quarrels of the reverend inmates with their neighbours were even at times fought out in the open streets. At the head of these wild practices were three rival Popes—namely, John XXIII., Benedict XIII., and Gregory XII., who in turn made war upon each other. No one knew any longer who was the real head of the church, but those who suffered most were the men whose beliefs were honest.

The Council of Constance was summoned in order to amend this state of things, and to reform the Church throughout its entire constitution. In this way the little town became for four years the central point of European history. Ulric von Reichenthal, a contemporary writer, describes with charming *naïveté* the pageant of princes and prelates, and how "one after another heralds and fifers came, with all sorts of servants, in order to secure lodgings for their masters. They bespoke food and straw, and fixed their masters' badges on the houses and doors."


ARMS OF THE CITY OF CONSTANCE.

The Cardinal of Ostia came in the middle of August, being entrusted with the preparations, as Lord High Chancellor of the Holy Church; more than eighty horsemen followed in his train. The Archbishop of Mayence rode into the town clothed in armour from head to foot. The Margrave, Frederick von Meissen, came accompanied by a crowd of nobles, and followed by twenty-one heavily-laden waggons and above five hundred horsemen.

The citizens looked on in alarm, for the town continued to fill. The delegates came even from the East and from the distant North, and no one could foresee what would be the end of all this splendour. Late in the autumn, when the snow had already begun to fall among the Alps, the Pope himself appeared. The sledge which brought him over the Arlberg upset and was almost buried in the snow before he reached Thurgau. Duke Frederick of Austria received him there with great honour, and accompanied him and his party to Constance, where he was to make a triumphal entry. He rode, clothed in the white papal robes, under a canopy, and before him there walked a horse with a bell on its neck, and the Holy Sacrament on its back; four councillors bore the canopy, and the shouting mob streamed by in thousands. The Emperor Sigismund alone was absent, though he too made his appearance on Christmas Day; accompanied by the empress and a countless train of followers. The influx of strangers constantly increased, their number being roughly estimated at eighty thousand, and at the time of the greatest pressure it must have amounted to one hundred thousand men, who had at their disposal thirty thousand horses. All the curiosity, and a good deal

of the vice of Europe flowed together here, for more than a thousand women ministered to the pleasure of the worthy prelates.

To turn from these considerations of outward splendour, how did it fare with the great duties which this assembly had been summoned to fulfil, and with those reforms which Christendom so sorely needed? What did the Council of Constance do for the development of history and for the salvation of the human race? Nothing, and less than nothing! For when this question is asked, the splendour that was paraded there sinks at once into foul ignominy, and we are confronted, not with a deed of glory, but with a ghastly crime. It is true that after much trouble the three rival popes were prevailed on to relinquish their dignity in order to give place to a fourth. Very soon after, however, Pope John broke his sacred oath, fled from the Council, and having reached Italy, attempted to strengthen his dominion afresh. But the inquiries made in the meantime by the



THE COUNCIL-HOUSE AT CONSTANCE.

Council as to his mode of life, resulted in such an exposure of vice that he was solemnly deposed, and Cardinal Colonna was chosen in his stead.

This gloomy incident was soon followed by a second, which is almost unequalled in horror. It was, naturally, much easier to condemn heretics than to endanger the safety of the existing Church; the Council found, therefore, their most pressing duty to be that of vengeance. The support which the doctrines of John Huss had met with in Bohemia had for a long time roused the hatred of the Romanists, so the renowned teacher was summoned from Prague to Constance, in order to defend himself before the Assembly: Sigismund took the precaution of giving him a guarantee of safe conduct, and had promised to protect his life. The emperor however broke his word, as the pope had done before, for he was easily persuaded that no man was bound to keep faith with a "heretic." The execution of this great, steadfast man, who mounted the scaffold with stoical calmness, is a stirring picture, and cannot be related without a feeling of angry shame. First of

all his clerical clothes were torn off him with horrible curses, then his long hair was cut off, then a rusty chain was put round his neck, and lastly a crown on which demons were painted was placed, in mockery, on his head. These details may be seen from an old and apparently a contemporary woodcut, which was printed as a fly-sheet, and of which we give our readers a faithful copy on a reduced scale. Huss did not resist, nor did he beg for mercy, but all along the road to the stake he prayed aloud that God would forgive his enemies; and while the flames played round him he praised God and sang till the smoke stifled his voice, and hid his



AFTER THE BATTLE ON THE RHINE BRIDGE AT CONSTANCE.

mutilated form. Thus died "the heretic," and the Church whose edifice rests on love to one's neighbour had burdened itself with a fresh and a horrible crime. As to the important question which had been placed before the Council at Constance—namely, that of purifying the Church—nothing was done. It was at last openly determined that the performance of this duty should be deferred to a "later" Assembly, and the Council dispersed with a feeling of hopelessness. Even worse than this, their departure was covered with shame of the meanest description, for the Emperor Sigismund was so deeply in debt that the citizens would not allow him to depart

without leaving the whole of his baggage in pledge. It remained for years in the custody of the State, and when every hope of it being redeemed had vanished, and the chests were opened, it was found to contain—not silver vessels, as was supposed, but stones.

Such was the course and such was the end of the celebrated "Holy Council of Constance." An emperor and a pope both proved themselves traitors to their word, the town was inundated with a profligate crowd, an irrecoverable debt was incurred, and, above all, the scaffold of John Huss had been erected as an endless blot on the fair city of Constance. Truly, the smoke from the martyr's pile still pervades these memories.

When we turn from the past to the present time we still find in the outward appearance of the town many things that remind us of the Middle Ages. The Town Hall in which the conclave was held is especially remarkable. It is an extensive building, and stands close to the water's edge. The lower portion is of stone, the upper of dark, weatherbeaten wood, so that it has almost the appearance of a huge shed, though at each of the four corners of the roof there is a little overhanging projection, which gives an air of originality to what is in itself a somewhat clumsy structure. On the first story is the "Council Chamber," as it is called. It is a large, but low room, entirely lined with polished wood, the roof being supported by pillars. The frescoes which adorn the walls represent the most important events in the history of Constance; they are as yet only partially completed, and the artist is still diligently at work on a scaffolding which has been raised on both sides. The two artists who have been entrusted with the execution of this work are from Munich; one of them is Philip Schwörer, to whom that town is indebted for many excellent wall paintings; the other is Frederick Pecht, whose family belongs to Constance. The Cathedral, which was begun in the middle of the eleventh century, stands out, both historically and architecturally, above the other churches of the city. The style of the architecture was originally Roman, but the many additions which have been made from time to time are of the Gothic order. A dreadful fire once occurred within the walls, which melted the entire peal of bells and caused great destruction. In spite of these disasters, however, the minster is still the finest church on the lake.



IGNATIUS, BARON OF WESSENBERG.

Constance having become the seat of a bishopric as early as 553, the city grew rich in consequence, and a succession of remarkable men who laboured there added much to its renown. The greater proportion of the inhabitants are Catholic. The impression left from the days of the great

assembly sunk so deep, that the citizens at that time rushed with open arms to meet the Reformation, and the bishop left the city. The Lutheran opinions became daily more open and decided, and when the town immediately repudiated the "Interim" which Charles V. laid upon it, open strife broke out. One of those wars followed in which the self-respect of the citizens sets itself with the courage of despair in opposition to the superior strength of their rulers. The soldiers of the city encountered the Spanish infantry, which the emperor sent against them, on the Rhine bridge; but after a bloody fray, the imperial troops obtained the upper hand. It was indeed a Pyrrhus-like victory, for the emperor repaid with care the heroism of his enemies, and made the city which had formerly been a free town part of Austria. All Protestants were obliged to flee, and their property was confiscated.

Constance had again to suffer the calamities of war when the Swedes sat down before its gates. On this occasion Field-Marshal Horn stormed the walls three times, but the resolute defence of the inhabitants forced him to retire. After this, quieter times came. Commerce and industry began slowly to flourish once more, and Nature unconcernedly brought forth her golden treasures. A permanent change, however, had been wrought, for the great free city has become a quiet, homely, provincial



MAINAU.

town, and only one thing still reminds us of the past: this is a disposition to freedom which the town proves in every way, and which it especially attests in its ecclesiastical government. Many noble hands were held out to the people, with offers of assistance, in their time of effort; notably those of Joseph II. and the great Wessenberg, who, when Bishop of Constance, raised for himself an imperishable monument by his humanity and his cultivation of art and learning.

We have still to mention the two large islands, which, like Lindau, were in early times distinguished as meadows or pastures. One was named, from its wealth, Reichenau; the other, from its beautiful May breeze, Mainau. For a long time both belonged to the same owners. Mainau was for many generations a subordinate property of the great abbey on the Lower Lake, till the abbot himself gave it away. It then came at second-hand to the German order, who possessed it till 1806. The wide, princely house of this order—a mixture of castle and cloister—stood with its great wings on the high plateau of the island. In the long galleries and handsome rooms were hung the banners of the commanders, and in the chapel the consecrated bell sounded, sending its peaceful music far over the lake; while above glistened Säntis, and in the hazy distance the towers of Old Bregenz could be distinguished.

Strangers in those days who visited the island found hospitable entertainment at the farm and

the inn attached to it. In later years, when the commandery had long fallen away, the glory of the order and its noble lords left its own peculiar impression on the island. The old good-natured host would sit for hours and narrate to his guests how the armed knights Von Hiltpolt and Werner Hundbiss defended the island against the Swedish ships, just as though he had himself been present. Now, since the reigning family of Baden have fixed their summer residence here, these pictures of the past have faded before the brilliancy of the present.

In the villages at the end of the Ueberlingen Lake there are some dark caverns which are called "Heathen Holes." They are narrow chambers hewn in the rock, and are thought by many people to have been a kind of catacomb, and to have served the early Christians as hiding-places. Others take them to be Roman graves, dating back as far as the times of the wars with the Alemanni.

The neighbouring island of Reichenau, in the Lower Lake, presents an entirely different picture; its circumference is considerably greater, and its history is much older. No spot of land round about surpasses it in richness of soil, or in political and historic renown. Amongst all



ARENENBERG.

the monasteries that arose in the Middle Ages, Reichenau was specially favoured by fortune: four archdukes and about twenty counts were its lieges; and as Charles V. boasted that the sun never set upon his dominions, so did the abbot of Reichenau boast that he slept every night on his own territory when he travelled to Rome to see the Pope. He was a prince of the Holy Roman Empire. Emperors and princes sat at his table; and the noblest knights from the neighbouring districts served him as high steward and cup-bearer when he entertained his guests. In Reichenau, however, they attended not only to the full enjoyment of the senses, but also to the enjoyment of fine intellectual power, and the monks prided themselves that no town in the southern part of the empire could compare with them in culture. The nobles sent their sons from all parts of the country to be educated here, and more than eighty bishoprics were filled by scholars of the abbey.

But Fortune had been too prodigal to be lasting; the turning-point came under the Hohenstaufens, and ruin rushed in with overwhelming force. Instead of giving themselves up to meditation at Shrovetide, the monks went to Ulm for the Carnival, and danced and played with the townswomen,



THE REICHENAU.

so that, in order to exclude them from the town, the abbot sold all the property which he possessed there. One hide of land after another went to cover debts, and soon the income of the monastery had sunk from fifty thousand florins to three silver marks. The disorganisation increased, and at last an hour arrived when it was indescribable, and the abbot, with his own hands, tore out the eyes of five inoffensive fishermen, because they were subjects of the city of Constance, with which he was at war. In this state of affairs, the bishops of the neighbouring city, who had long conceived a plan of annexing Reichenau to their own possessions, saw that the moment had arrived when the ripe fruit might, of itself, fall into their lap. Without much trouble the abbot was persuaded, in consideration of a small sum, to betray his trust; and he himself, in 1540, delivered the monastery over to Constance.



HEATHEN HOLES AT UEBERLINGEN.

Such are the thoughts and memories which accompany us as we walk through this beautiful island. The effect is strange; the old church still stands with its one tower, dating from the time of Hatto. We step through the carved porch among the grey pillars; we pass the tombs, the coverings of which are adorned with crozier and mitre, but the broken light which environs us is oppressively gloomy. The place seems haunted by a spirit of powerlessness, which, perhaps, proceeds from the imperial grave of Charles the Fat, who died here, unthroned and unhonoured. The sacristy, with its rattling iron bolts, contains the treasures and relics of the abbey. Here are to be found the Gospels on fine parchment, chalices, costly vestments, and ivory carvings. Here is also a huge emerald, which indeed, to our eyes, looks no better than green glass.

We unconsciously draw a deep breath of relief when we step out of these dim, gloomy rooms into

the open country, which indeed well deserves the name of the "Rich Pasture." Fruit-laden trees and sunny vineyards surround us, and the three villages of Oberzell, Mittelzell and Unterzell peep out among the meadows, adding much to the beauty of the scene over which the summer breeze



STEIN ON THE RHINE.

plays so pleasantly. On the shore are seen the ruins of the old Scopula-Burg, where the monks entrenched themselves in times of danger. All along the edge of the lake little white-looking towns and villages rise before us, Iznang and Horn, Steckhorn to the south and St. Rudolf's Cell to the north. But presently the neighbourhood changes; a peculiar contest between land and

water begins, and the bottom of the lake presses up close to the shallow surface. It is preparing an outlet for the Rhine, for between the mainland and Reichenau it is so shallow that in the height of summer it is almost possible to walk across dryshod.

We are now in Switzerland; the great castle which we see yonder, where the Rhine flows from the Upper to the Lower Lake, is called Gottlieben. The poet has rightly imagined that those square towers, which look so grey and sad, were built by Melancholy, and that they have received only sad guests. The Bishop of Constance retired here, in anger, before the hatred of the Emperor Frederick II.; here John Huss lay imprisoned before he was led to the stake; and here the profligate Pope John was kept in custody when he was captured at a wrestling-match, disguised as a messenger. Even the last hand which attempted to revive and adorn the old castle was without a blessing: it was the hand of the third Buonaparte—Louis Napoleon—who wished to restore the building in the Gothic style. He was living, as is well known, near at hand, in Arenenberg, which Queen Hortense inherited from a patrician family, and had enriched with delightful pleasure-grounds. It was from this place that he went to Paris as President of the Republic, and the Second of December soon followed. He exchanged the quiet, retired country-seat for the Tuileries, and for nearly two decades all Europe hung anxiously on his mysterious words; during which Arenenberg lay desolate and forgotten. Now it is inhabited again; the park is closed to strangers, but inside there, on the finely-gravelled path where the emperor's mother used to walk, there paces at times a female figure clad in black—with a troubled air. It is the Emperor's widow. Arenenberg has thus been the starting-point and the end of that *circulus vitiosus* which history has named the Second Empire.



CONRAD WIEDERHOLD.

The place where all constraint is completely thrown off, and where the great stream reigns once more free and independent, is called Stein on the Rhine, a little town which claims a Merovingian origin. Formerly it had walls and trenches, and it had need to be ever watchful of its freedom, for not only did the stronghold of the Lords of Klingen tower above it, but many a quarrelsome neighbour lay ready outside its ramparts. Once, indeed, the burgomaster himself conspired with the Lord of the Castle of Höhgau to give the town into his hands. A night attack was made, but the citizens kept off the enemy with unexpected vigour, and having seized the traitor they tied him in a sack and hurled him into the Rhine.

Höhgau, which we have just named, may without doubt be considered the most important tract in the whole Lake Constance district. Its name, which signifies "hill district," appears as early as the time of Charles Martel, and it well describes the nature of the country, with its numerous rocks and boulder blocks, which overrun plain and forest. What a gigantic and mysterious power has hurled them up from the depths of the earth, or down from immeasurable heights! Formerly more than twenty castles stood in

Höhgau, and the oldest families of the Empire dwelt there. The most beautiful picture of the past, in which rugged power is strangely mixed with gentle sentiment, is framed within this lovely landscape. Ekkehart's turret chamber was here! Hadwig, the learned Duchess of Swabia, dwelt at Hohentwiel, which looks over the open blue Lake of Constance. The beautiful ruins stand out on the rock like a high watchtower stationed there to command river and lake. Close behind, and steeper still, are the ruins of Hohenkrähen. What memories this rock covers! It is a monument of the history of the land and of its people.

The little town of Singen lies nearly at the foot of Hohentwiel, and the numerous Roman antiquities which have been found there lead to the inference that the legions of Tiberius had found out this beautiful spot. A guide meets visitors at the farm which lies on the ascent to the castle, and conducts them silently past the old lindens and the steep rock wall, the stones of which are here and there streaked with red. In about a quarter of an hour the real fortress is reached, and we are surrounded by ruined bastions, ditches, and walls. Though everything is broken and fallen, there is still an appearance of

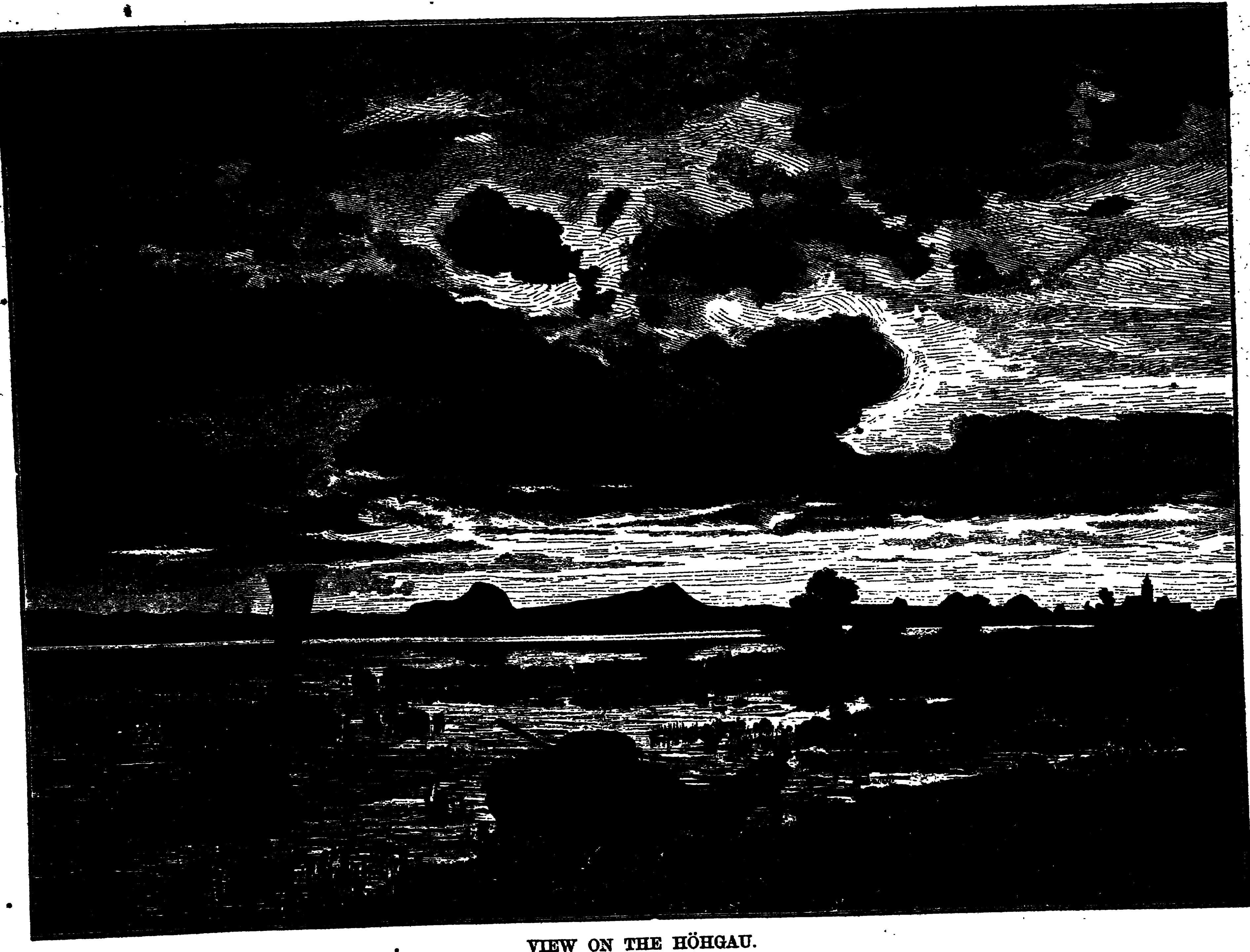


HOHENTWIEL.

strength which neither time nor foe has been able to destroy. This castle has, indeed, been associated with suffering to many; for, among the purposes which it has been made to serve in the course of ages, is one which is terrible enough. It has been a prison, and within its walls, men such as the noble Moser have languished. Many who had entered it with golden locks, have left it, if they have ever again passed its portal, with hair white as snow.

Hohentwiel became a part of Wurtemberg, to which it belongs at the present time, in the middle of the fifteenth century; though it was then, as now, a detached or outlying territory surrounded on all sides by Baden. The waves of the Thirty Years' War beat against its walls, but the brave Wiederhold, into whose hands the defence of the place was given, remained firm, and yielded neither to the gold nor to the sword of the enemy. He deserved the inscription which was formerly carved over the shattered door of the stronghold—

"Der Feind hat's fünfmal zwar geschreckt,
Doch hat der Herr zum Schutz erweckt
Den Wiederhold, der fünfzehen Jahr'
Dasselb' beschützt in Feindts Gefahr."



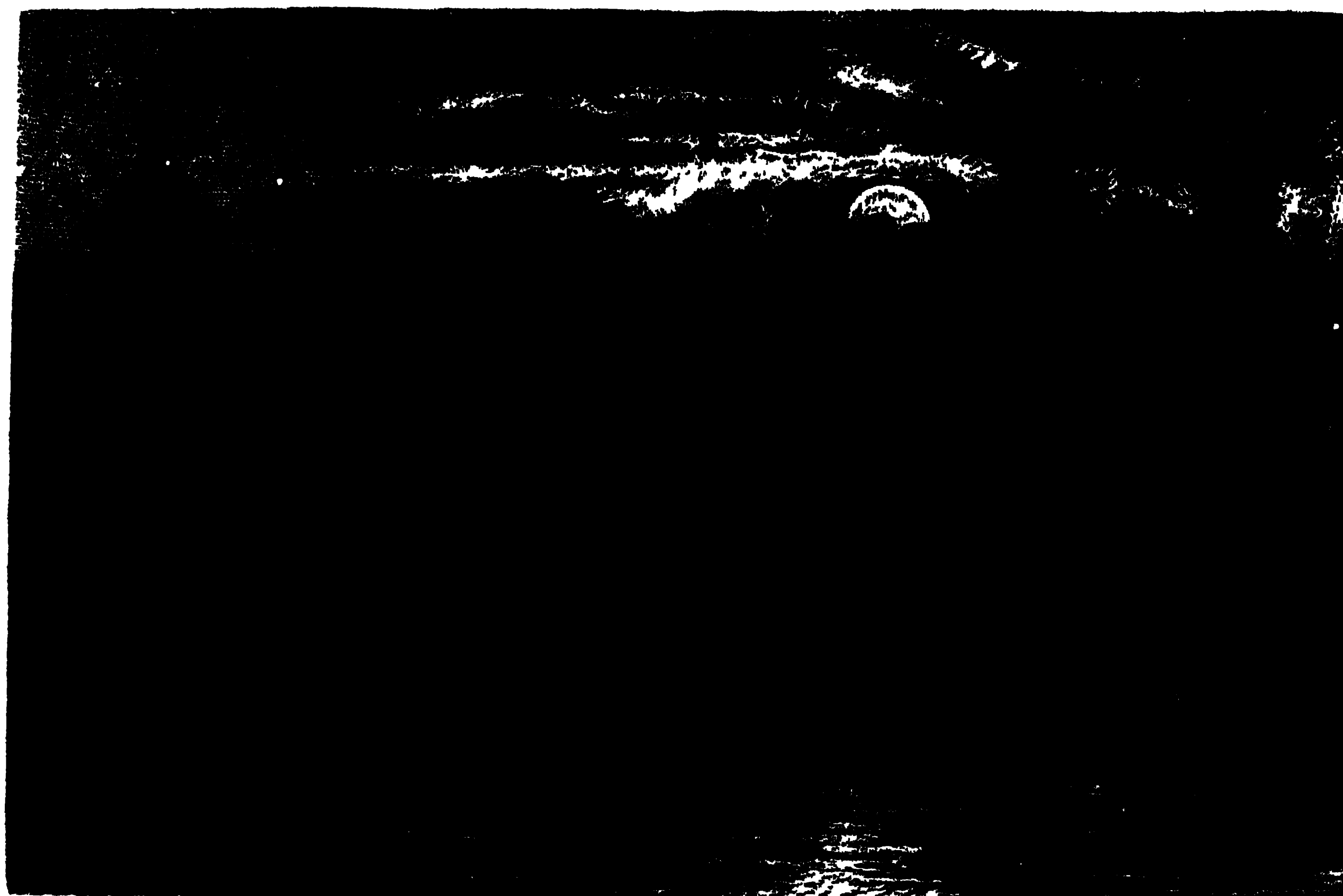
VIEW ON THE HÖHGAU.

Which may be rendered as follows:

> "Five times the din of dreadful war
> In vain did on those ramparts roar,
> For Wiederhold, God's trusted knight,
> Fifteen long years maintained the fight."

But there was not always a Wiederhold to command at Hohentwiel, and impregnable though the fortress seemed its hour at last came. Its star sank at the opening of this century, at a time when empires and dynasties were engulfed. Who destroyed it? The same hand which at that time carried destruction throughout Europe—namely, the army of Buonaparte, which invaded Höhgau to the number of twenty thousand men. The officers of the garrison capitulated unanimously with the exception of one lieutenant; but the conditions on which the surrender was made were broken, and the demolition and blasting of the stronghold was the result. This work lasted for nearly a year; mines were laid, not only in the building but in the rock itself, and nothing more than ruins were left of the proud home of the beautiful Hadwig. Five hundred inhabitants of the neighbouring villages were compelled to assist in this disgraceful work.

That is the last sad remembrance that surrounds the "Rock," but it shall not be the impression with which we take our leave of it. Ruthless hands might raze the walls to the ground, and destroy the masterpieces which adorned its stone halls; but one picture was imperishable, it could as little be touched by the hands of the destroyer as its beauty can be expressed by rapturous description. Let us look out into the golden distance and into the blue depths, for the lovely picture lies before us in the clear morning air. Here we see a mountain-chain that reaches from Mont Blanc to the Ortler; a country which can scarce contain the fulness of its blessings; and that pearl, the sparkling jewel which meets our gaze in this open treasure-house of nature, the blue shining lake over the long surface of which our eye lingers. In primeval times, further back than the existence or the thought of man, Höhgau also was a part of the lake. Teeth an inch long are occasionally dug out of the gravelly ground, and are supposed to have belonged to huge fish, which moved under the vast waters. In the lapse of ages the water slowly retired, wrestling with the earth inch by inch, till it found its limits in the huge basin which to-day lies smiling before us. What a vast horizon, what warmth of colour, what harmony of sounds, when the evening bells ring over the waters! The fiery ball of the setting sun sinks lower and lower, it glows over the water like the reflection of a great conflagration; the grey cloud draws its veil over the edge of the disc, gradually covering it little by little. The gold changes into purple, the purple becomes violet, and now the last faint ray disappears, and the evening breeze rustles among the trees. How gratefully the great sail, which still floats on the lake, will catch the breeze; but soon the sail too has vanished and is lost to us in the thick curtain of the twilight.



VIEW OF SCHAFFHAUSEN.

BASLE.

THE Rhine has left Lake Constance, and has emerged once more on its course. It has still the vivid, impetuous character of youth, but may be said to resemble a youth earnestly striving towards a great future. Such is the character of its course from Stein to Basle.

Only once, not far from its outlet, there comes a critical moment, an outbreak of its old passion. This occurs at the Rhinefall at Schaffhausen, where a gigantic bank of rock, over three hundred feet wide, stretches itself right across the stream; it is nearly eighty-five feet high, and was formerly still higher, as may be seen from the columns which rise out of the whirlpool. Nature has thrown up this fortification to obstruct the path of the lordly stream, and here must the Rhine descend. It is a leap for life, but with a shout of joy it extricates itself from the seething depths into which it falls; and the liberated waters flow on again gleefully through forest and mead.

The Rhinefall is seen to the greatest advantage on approaching it from Neuhausen, for then the picture of the splendid cataract confronts us set in a framework of green woods. On the right

bank, the Schweitzerhof stands like a palace, with its showy façade; the fashionable world crowds the wide terraces, and the high windows glitter in the sun. There is a short way to the shore by a steep flight of steps, but the more convenient approach to it is by a gravelled path which winds through the park. The stream has washed out a little harbour where the blue-green water is as clear as crystal, and here a little boat receives us and will carry us over to the other bank. On that side also there is a steep hill; the rocks rise full of crevices moistened with spray, and overgrown with green bushes which cling to every cranny. On the hill the Castle of Lauffen stands, with its indented gables and battlements, reminding us, with its straggling outbuildings, of an old fortress. The magnificent spectacle of the waterfall presents itself before us in sublime beauty;



WALDSHUT.

mountains of foam are heaved and tossed and torn until they are shattered into myriad drops of spray.

It is, indeed, a battle; and the last of those rocky columns, which are the remains of a stony phalanx, stand in the vortex, like heroes who have survived the battle unshaken. Day and night, summer and winter, for years and for centuries, the unruly tide has stormed against them; the foundation is already undermined, and many of their companions have sunk into the foaming depths. Through how many more generations will those which remain continue as they are now? But though it is a battle, and a gigantic one, it is quite devoid of any element of gloom; it presents no picture of destruction, but one of victory. The sparkling stream casts itself down with

such a shout of joy that it can be heard for some leagues on a clear night; and in the morning the sun streams through the silver spray till it is reflected in all the colours of the rainbow.

If we visit the place at the height of the fashionable season we see entirely different pictures —we find visitors from every part of the globe, and in their midst we realise the aphorism that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The Baroness lies half fainting with fear in the strong safe boat, and foresees that it will be her sad fate to be drowned in the Rhinefall; a Frenchman complains that the beauty of the cataract has considerably decreased since 1870, and that he misses that "parfum de l'électricité" which Delrieu remarks in his Rhine book. He speaks in a loud voice, "pour dominer le bruit du cataracte;" he talks enough for two, and so it is no wonder



SALMON FISHERY.

if his neighbour, the pale Anglo-Saxon, is inexorably silent. "Le touriste est une créature machinale," says the Frenchman, again quoting his Delrieu, "il a besoin d'un dada." He was right, and nowhere does this cockneyism of travel work more painfully than when we stand before a truly noble object of nature. We would involuntarily see enthusiasm or rapture reflected in the face of every person with whom we share the delight of such a sight. Instead of this, how often do we find a melancholy want of appreciation, and we feel alone in the midst of a chattering crowd—one complains that the Rhinefall is too dazzling, another that it is too noisy, a third unconcernedly reads up the chapter in his guidebook and ticks off the name as if to erase a burdensome debt. He has "done" the Rhinefall.

The Rhinefall and Schaffhausen are generally described as one geographical object, but this is



SCHAFFHAUSEN FALLS.

not at all the case, for they lie nearly a league apart. When we have sufficiently admired the Fall we turn our gaze back to the tidy antique little town, whose gabled roofs and arched doorways promise hospitable entertainment. Schaffhausen itself is but small, and lies straggling along the bank of the Rhine, but the style of the buildings, as well as the whole character of the town, show the substantial independence of the citizens to have reached a high stage of development. The old citadel of Munoth frowns down from the heights with its impenetrable walls, and the towers of the venerable cathedral have become grey with age. Its bells, as is well known, bear the inscription which Schiller prefixed to his incomparable poem:—"*Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango.*" The manufactures of Schaffhausen enjoy a considerable reputation, and its trade is doubly profitable on account of the great water-power it possesses, and from the stoppage of



SACKINGEN.

all vessels caused by the Rhinefall. In this way the venerable town has added the modern power of wealth to that which it possessed in bygone ages, as the "Key of Swabia," and the same public spirit which formerly animated it still survives. The noblest institutions which the town possesses for public use have proceeded from the liberality of individual citizens, and fresh instances of such liberality are constantly being given. Legend tells us that in the earliest times only a few boatmen's huts stood on the spot where Schaffhausen now is, and the name itself may easily be traced back to such an origin; as early as the twelfth century, however, the unpretending place received the privileges and honours of a town. Many a siege also was sustained by the fortifications with which the citizens surrounded their home; nor were the inhabitants, indeed, exempt from other visitations of various kinds. In one year more than four thousand were carried off by the plague. Fire and water vied with each other to devastate the beautiful town, and the war which brought

all the arms of Europe together in Switzerland, at the opening of this century, at length robbed the town of one of its most remarkable ornaments. This was the old bridge over the Rhine, which is here more than three hundred feet wide. It stretched from one bank to the other without a single support, for the one pier which stood in the middle of the stream belonged to an earlier structure, and in no way assisted in carrying this bridge. The celebrated wit, Madame Roland, expressed the greatest admiration for this remarkable viaduct in her letters from Switzerland; but the men who set fire to the bridge and burnt it to the ground, in the spring of 1799, were the compatriots of Madame Roland.



RHEINFELDEN.

Leaving Schaffhausen, in a short time we enter the district of the so-called "Forest Towns," which for centuries belonged to the house of Hapsburg. The first of them is called Waldshut, a name having precisely the same signification as that of *Custodia Silvæ*, which it bore a thousand years ago. In those days what is now a town consisted only of a solitary forest-house standing in the pine-covered wilderness.

Near this place the Aar runs into the Rhine. It is a wild mountain-stream which descends nearly seven thousand feet from the Grimsel, and in its rapid course collects all the watery treasures of the Bernese highlands in order to offer them in homage to the Rhine.

The landscape through which we now pass corresponds to the name which the four towns bear. It is covered with forest, high beeches stand on either side, and the lovely stream glides almost hidden under the branches. The waters are as blue as the sky above, and so clear that the sun pierces to the gravel on the bed beneath. Only a smoking kiln or a floating raft reminds us of the hand of man. Gradually the banks widen, the beech wood becomes less dense, green fields border the strand, and in the distance there stand the reapers, merrily bringing in the harvest.

Yonder is Lauffenburg. The change in the landscape is startling, a sharp turn of the stream, which brings out the full force of the current, lies suddenly before our eyes — the broken rocks



LAUFFENBURG.

draw together, narrow and rugged, and between them the river wearily beats out its way. The water eddies and splashes round the deeply-embedded boulders, the white foam crests the points, and many of them are already so washed away that it seems as though every hour they must crash together.

This is a last relic of the river's stormy youth, it is a weak echo of that great feat which the Rhine performed at Schaffhausen; and we recognise it in its present name, for these rapids are called "the Lauffen." If it is required for ships to go farther they are let down by ropes; but it is rarely that any one attempts this perilous journey. It was attempted, however, by young Lord Montague, who was drowned in the river on the same day that his ancestral home in England was destroyed by fire.

Even apart from this melancholy fact, which still remains indelibly fixed in the minds of the inhabitants, Lauffenburg has a dull, almost gloomy, character. The weatherbeaten houses which stand



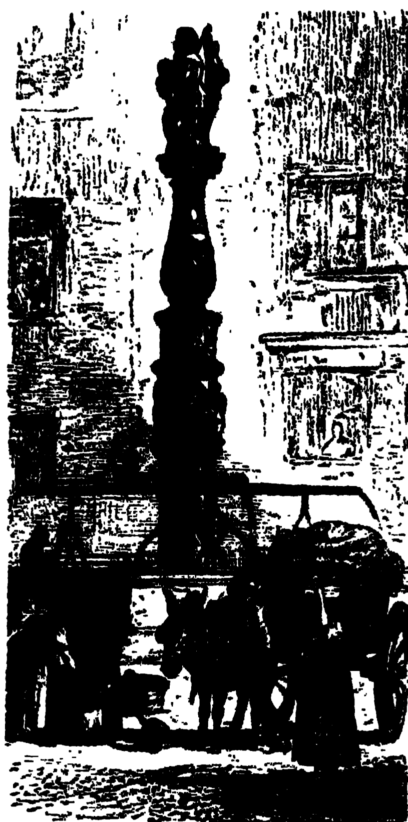
CATHEDRAL DOOR, BASLE.

high up on the narrow bank look as though they had grown up out of the splintered rocks. The front is turned away from the stream, and the grey wall at the back is enlivened with but few windows.

The town stands somewhat peculiarly. Below it is the roaring whirlpool, the grey houses are perched on the rocks, and above them stretches a dark-green wooded hill, on the summit of which stand the walls of a castle. This castle has long been ruined and tenantless, only the old tower still stands in its ancient majesty; no banner waves from its walls, but a fir-tree which planted itself hundreds of years ago among the battlements now stands like a symbol of the glory which has past. A narrow bridge, half composed of wood, joins the towns of Great and Little Lauffenburg, and unites Switzerland to the German Empire. Down in the smooth-washed shingle below all kinds of fishing tackle are spread out, together with fine nets stretched on pegs; for this is one of the most important

places for salmon. In one part, where the water is shallow and sunny, the number of young fish is sometimes so great as to darken the surface. The fishery is the most important trade in the whole of this district, though, near at hand, we hear the iron hammer of the quarry ring out from the woods, and the piled-up logs on the bank show that the timber-trade also flourishes.

Soon we reach the last two of the four "forest towns," Sackingen and Rheinfelden. The former, which is considered to be the oldest town of the neighbourhood, had a religious origin, having been founded by one of the missionaries who came over from Ireland at the beginning of the sixth century. "Jusqu'à ce temps, Satan avait exclusivement regné sur le grand-duché de Bade," says one of the French chroniclers whom we have already quoted; the holy Fridolin, in order to put an end to the heathen customs and disarm the arts of the devil, erected a monastery to oppose the great enemy. This monastery, which was also a citadel, soon gained worldly power as well as spiritual dominion, and is said by many writers to be the oldest monastery standing on German ground. The princely splendour which it once possessed has long since passed away, for Fridolin has lain for more than a thousand years enshrined among his own relics, and probably but few of the forty million inhabitants of the empire would have known anything of Sackingen had not the celebrated "Trumpeter" spread its fame throughout the world. The impression that the present town makes on us is that it much resembles the little municipal towns of Baden.



WELL WITH THE PEASANT'S DANCE, BASLE.

Rheinfelden, the last of the four forest towns, lies on Swiss territory. It has old weatherworn walls, gates, and towers. A long wooden bridge crosses the river, and in the stream there is that whirling eddy called "Höllenhacken." Two storks fly merrily away over the roofs, and the little boy who watches them open-mouthed, to see if they will bring him luck, answers doggedly to every question we may put to him: "I don't know."

For those who have time to remain, there are several things to be learned even in Rheinfelden. A dreaded stronghold once stood on the rocks which lie in the middle of the stream, like a natural pillar of the bridge. The name of the castle was Stein, and many a wild conflict raged around its walls before they were finally destroyed, and many an anxious conference has been held by the citizens in the old town hall, when the Imperialists, Swedes, Swiss, or the hordes of Louis XIV., demanded admission through its gates.

But we must press on to Basle, the place which for many miles around is the centre for all traffic. Thither the river hastens, and thither all our present interests centre, for it is the first really important town on the Rhine.

We soon land beneath its walls; in the distance we see shining the dark tips of the Black Forest range, as well as those of the Jura and the Vosges, and in the broad valley which they enclose lies the level land rich with golden grain and green vineyards. It is here that the Rhine takes its

last decided turn to the north, towards Germany, to which henceforth all its splendour and all its renown belong.

The very first effect of Basle, as it lies on both sides of the river, is striking and varied. Nature and history, and not simply accident and population, have formed it into a town. It could not help becoming what it has. There is every development of natural power, and the charm of this impression is increased by the antique historical character on which its present condition is based. The prosperity of Basle has been handed down from the earlier times, and not only does the present appeal to us, but also the spirit of centuries, which, like the old families who survive among the citizens, have taken the lead in the town for hundreds of years, and continue to do so at the present day. Rows of handsome villas have of late been built in the suburbs, but the interior parts remain just as they were, and an old-fashioned burgher character runs through the nature of the people, and holds them fast to their liberties. Fischart has deservedly sung aloud the praises of the "charming town" of the Rhine.

The Rhine was the great storehouse from which the town drew its wealth, and became what it was. It was the Rhine which carried thousands of foreign guests and foreign treasures to Basle. A regular water traffic was established between Basle and Strasburg as early as the sixteenth century, when long caravans of merchants were still wearily dragging along the high-road. The paving of the streets began in 1417, and the wells were so numerous that Æneas Sylvius observed that whoever would count them must count the houses as well. The old Rhine town was always proud of its name, and the bold struggles it made would vie with those of many a city in which princes raised their thrones. The basilisk, the well-known standard of the place, was as much feared and honoured as many a princely lion or imperial eagle.



ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM.

The Romans recognised the strategical value of Basle for the rulers of the Upper Rhine, when they settled their colony at Augst (Augusta Rauracorum), the parent of the present town. It was from here that the Emperors Constantine and Julian endeavoured to keep down the rising power of the Alemanni, when it became but too apparent that the nations of Europe were slowly gathering into a flood wherewith to overwhelm the Roman countries, and to sweep the worn-out races of antiquity from the earth.

Every opposition to such a force was powerless, and Basilcia fell like other towns into that vast inheritance which the barbarians wrested from the hands of the dying Romans. Golden-haired Alemanni ruled here and far around in Alsace until the Franks came, and the struggle for power began afresh. Burgundy and Germany, bishop and burgesses (among whom various families had

distinguished themselves even in Barbarossa's time) constantly contended for the mastery; and whenever the storm swept over Europe, the great town at the bend of the Rhine bore its part in it. The zealous monk, Bernhard, of Clairvaux, preached the Crusade in the cathedral at Basle. Alexander III. hurled a thunderbolt of excommunication into the town because it remained true to the Emperor; but the citizens of Basle seized the Papal legate who proclaimed the interdict, and threw him into the Rhine. Civil and party contentions of all kinds have, at various times, inflamed the citizens; but their character for energy always led them triumphantly out of their dangers and difficulties, and the town remains in its flourishing condition at the present day. In 1356 a fearful earthquake occurred, and in 1348 a still more fearful plague raged among the people.


STATUE OF MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

It is unfortunate that we cannot here enter into a more detailed history of Basle, for in its firm independent exclusiveness, in the wealth of its intellectual and political tendencies, it presents one of the most attractive subjects of study. Varnhagen von Ense, who has treated one of the historical episodes of Basle in the form of a novel, well draws out the peculiarities of the inhabitants in powerful language. In the background of the picture the mighty forms of imperialism are always standing out in strong relief. In the distant past we find Saxon and Frankish Emperors; later on, those of the Hohenstaufen line; and, in still more recent times, the Counts of Hapsburg are presented to us. Some are girt with the sword of war, whilst others are conspicuous only in the bright garments of festivity.

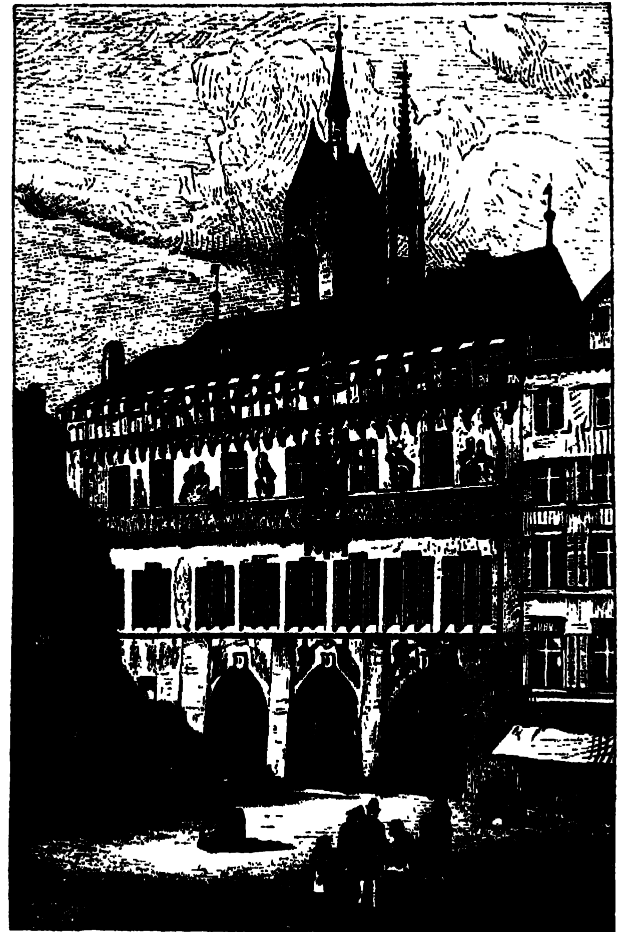
Here, as in many of the imperial cities, the bishopric originally formed the nucleus from which the town spread, and the free men who settled here from other places put themselves under the protection of the church. The ecclesiastical possessions constantly increased, and so it may well be inferred that in the infancy of the town the bishops were its popular rulers. Their power was increased by the fact that they were often members of noble families, and generally stood by the Emperor. Haito was the devoted friend and confidant of Charlemagne; Adalbero was the same to Henry II.; Burchard von Hasenburg stood, with unswerving fidelity and all the power of that warlike time, by Henry IV., who went to Canossa to do penance to the Pope. Bishop Ortlieb rode to the Holy Land with Conrad III., and Bishop Henry fought beside Rudolph of Hapsburg, at Ganserfeld, against the powerful Ottokar. Rudolph was for a long time the bitter enemy of the town, and had striven to force its gates with fire and sword; but his election to the monarchy, which put an end to the fearful "rulerless period," at once brought peace to Basle. The feelings of all parties changed; the gates of the city, which had been resolutely closed to the count, opened voluntarily to the king, and the two contending parties in the town came to an



BASLE.

arrangement—Rudolph atoning for past injuries by lavishly bestowing a double amount of favour on the citizens.

The burgesses did not extricate themselves from the toils of this spiritual supremacy without a hard struggle, and then only by the exercise of all their strength. At length, however, their hour of victory came. If it might be said, during the first epoch, that Basle belonged to the bishop, it might truly be said, in the second, that Basle belonged to the citizens. The city had to preserve and adapt this independence through serious trials of all kinds both at home and in the field; but its historical importance increased in proportion to those trials. Its banner waved at the battle of St. Jacob, which has been called the Swiss Thermopylæ, and the Council which sat within its walls in 1431—1448, during which time Pope Felix V. returned from the Conclave, drew the eyes of Europe to Basle. That was the time when it was a Free City, and it was undeniably the period of its greatest prosperity. All its powers, moral and physical, were in the highest state of development, and were brought out by the difficulties it had to encounter.



TOWN HALL, BASLE.

Out of the broad framework of political relations which Basle possessed as a Free City of the Great Empire, there arose gradually a closer and firmer combination by its becoming related to and influenced by its proximity to the Swiss Confederation. The formal and solemn completion of this step of confederation followed later, in the July of 1501; but, although the boys in the streets sang "*Hie Schweitzerboden*," the city itself remained true to its German forms, and the feeling of the intellectual commonalty found a new lever in the growth of learning. Thus the Swiss town rose out of the Free Town, which in its turn had taken the place of the bishop's town, and Basle entered upon a third and a new epoch in that form which brings us down to modern times. It is from this view, in spite of all the glory of its wars and history, that the present importance of the town is based.

The first road which we take through Basle leads straight up to the Cathedral, which lies high up on one of the two hills where the earliest settlement was established. Nothing remains of the original building; of the second (which is often attributed to St. Henry, while at other times it is said to belong to the twelfth century) there is still to be seen the choir and the centre of the nave; all the rest was destroyed by that terrible earthquake that ruined castles and churches for miles round. But the Minster was soon opened again for worship, by the active influence of Bishop Senno of Münsingen, though the building was not completed until the sixteenth century, when it exhibited that ingenious combination of various styles which assuredly has a charm of its own. The

Cathedral thus restored became an edifice which, even in its present form, still has a great effect on every unprejudiced observer. Near the principal doorway are the figures of St. George and St. Martin on prancing horses, and next them the Emperor Henry and the Empress Kunigunde. On the northern side is the St. Gallus porch, which is rich in symbolical figures.

The effect of the interior is more striking than is suggested by the outside. The building is light and lofty, and the eye travels unobstructedly down the long space which is terminated by a fine organ. That and the chancel, which rises gracefully, are the remarkable points of the Cathedral. The side-aisles are rich in monuments of various periods, many of them being memorials of entire epochs. A review of the whole pomp of the Imperial power in Germany, and of the prosperity of the Free Town, passes before our eyes as we gaze upon the tomb where Rudolph of Hapsburg laid his wife to rest. And who does not think of the brilliant rise of learning when he reads upon the stone: "Erasmus of Rotterdam!" In his time Basle reached its highest intellectual point. All branches of learning found distinguished representatives in the young colleges of the town, and near at hand the art of printing had its birth—an art by which in a few generations the world was to be almost transformed. No feeling of jealousy checked the common efforts; in those days of intellectual power "you might have supposed," wrote Erasmus to his friend, "that all possessed but one heart and one soul."



HANS HOLBEIN.

Hans Holbein did for Art what Erasmus did for Learning. A great number of his finest pictures are collected in the Museum of the town, which, next to the Cathedral, is indeed its most important treasure. It was established only as far back as 1849, on the site of the former Monastery of St. Augustine, for the purpose of collecting everything serviceable to the study of the Arts and Sciences. We should go far beyond the limits of our space were we to attempt the enumeration of the treasures which are collected here, or the description of their artistic and historical value; this work has been already done by abler hands. We will content ourselves with saying, that every one who wishes to study Hans Holbein cannot omit Basle, and the town also reckons among its citizens one of his most renowned disciples.

But traces of the great master are to be found not only within the walls of the Museum, but also in the open streets. The Well with the Peasant's Dance, designed by Holbein, still flows merrily; and, although the colours may be effaced by wind and weather, the houses are still pointed out which have been adorned with frescoes from Hans Holbein's pencil. Had he not gone to England, in 1526, Basle might perhaps have maintained a school of painting of European reputation.

At the end of the sixteenth century a man was born in Basle who, in another department of Art, may be said to have gained European renown. We refer to Matthew Merian, the illustrator,

engraver, and publisher, who, in a set of works which are still much valued, set before the cultivated readers of his time a description of countries and towns, much in the same way that we are endeavouring to do in these pages. Many other names might be given of men who have distinguished themselves, but we should need volumes instead of pages to describe them.

Among the specimens of architecture of past ages, the Town-Hall deserves to be mentioned, with its statue of Munatius Plancus. The various city gates also should be examined. These old gates are often met with, and some of them are very fine. The reason of this may easily be seen, for, in the idea of a city gate there is something more than that of a spacious barrier—it involves the principle of a dividing point between the burgess who rules and the peasant who serves. The whole feeling of the political power of the town is embodied as it were visibly in its gates, and this feeling has reflected itself on the artistic power; the architect would naturally therefore feel that such a work had a deep ideal meaning, as well as a practical one, and would enrich the rough stone with many fanciful adornments over and above what was requisite for the material end for which the gate was to serve.

The Spahlenthor is, without doubt, the most beautiful of the gates of Basle. A pointed top with coloured bricks covers the middle tower, which is adorned with three figures of saints, objects which were for a long time venerated in all Sundgau. The two side towers are round, and firmly enclose the indented gateway which affords the only exit. The traffic is naturally the greatest in that quarter of the town lying near the Rhine, and it becomes more busy as we approach the long bridge which unites the two parts of the town, Great and Little Basle.



MATTHEW MERIAN.

Thus we have sought to give a sketch of Basle in a few lines, but the changes which the town has experienced within the last few years are truly astonishing. Its whole aspect has been varied, everywhere we see the effort to give unbounded dominion to the ideas of the present day, and on every side we feel that Basle also has entered into the great competition of the period.

It resisted these innovations as long as possible, and even the most obvious improvements were adopted very slowly. While Hanover was lighted with gas as early as 1829, not a single lamp appeared here; forty years ago it seemed an impossibility that Basle should ever possess a so-called "Quay," like other towns situated on rivers. Now, however, each year millions are spent in public works. Art galleries, music halls, and theatres have been built, as well as two palatial schools, each of which cost half a million of francs. The change as regards the question of education is most important, for in it lies the great problem of the present and the key to the future. With astonishment we relate that there are teachers in Basle who are millionaires. "You mean, of course, individual professors, who work in your colleges," we said to the learned friend who gave us this information. "Not at all, I mean ordinary teachers, for it is not every one who can be a professor! The position

itself, whatever school he may belong to, is so distinguished with us that no one thinks himself too rich or too noble for it." Under these circumstances the old opposition which existed between intellectual and material possessions has been beneficially reduced—the understanding which exists between the rich merchants, the patricians and the scholars is so cordial and unconstrained that we can only wish it existed elsewhere.

Thus the character of the citizens has on all sides changed for the better. It is true that wealth is still an important and ruling element in Basle, but the consciousness of its possession has long been associated with the knowledge that true worth must be weighed, not counted. Many of the leading young merchants go through a thorough academic course, and more pride is felt in performing public benefits than in indulging in personal ostentation.



THE SPAHLENTHOR, BASLE.

The domestic life of these people is mostly distinguished by a rigorous simplicity—and it is only on the occasion of a public festival or some other important event that any brilliant parade is exhibited. It happened that during the time we spent in the hospitable Rhenish town a great race took place on the shooting-ground, and all classes, from the beggar to the millionaire, streamed out of the town to the racecourse. It was the right time to see the people in a body, and to study their manners and customs. It was on a Sunday afternoon, and the sky was cloudless. As early as one o'clock the motley bustle began; carriage after carriage flew along the road which leads through the Spahlenthor into the broad meadows where the soldiers formerly were drilled; the harness of the horses was adorned with coloured ribbons which waved in the wind; then came a waggon drawn by four great horses decorated with fir-branches and filled with soldiers in dark uniforms—a dozen comrades who had joined together to enjoy themselves. At last came the music playing merrily. All the footpaths were covered with cheerful pedestrians in light clothing, for the air was of summer warmth, and the pretty women smiled as gaily as though it were their own special gala day. We drove noiselessly over the smooth turf on to the Course, followed by itinerant vendors of programmes. Next to the steeplechase, which was brilliantly carried out, the greatest interest was shown in a military race in which the Confederate cavalry appeared mounted on their chargers. They were mostly the sons of old burgher families, who flew past on their fine horses—though in coarse uniform, for only the soldiers and subalterns were admitted. Nearly every competitor was, naturally, known to all Basle, and each one was at this critical moment looked upon as the son of the whole town. The shout of delight with which the townspeople greeted the smallest advantage

which any one of their own men gained over a native of Zurich or Schaffhausen, and the popularity of the competitors infected even strangers with a feeling of sympathy—it was that local patriotism, which may be recognised still in the free cities—a burgher pride giving itself unrestrained expression. Still more interesting, however, than the entertainment itself were the observers, the *élite* of whom were in the inner circle of the racecourse. Here the most beautiful equipages were stationed carriage after carriage; the old gentleman with the white beard and delicate profile talks earnestly with his business friend, while his beautiful daughters stand on the dark-blue cushions and look eagerly at the course through their opera-glasses. Their long chestnut-coloured hair falls over their grey silk dresses, coquettish brigand hats cover their heads, and glittering jewelled chains adorn their necks. Oh, how they laugh and smile when a handsome rider flies past!

At length the last bugle has sounded from the judges' stand, and preparations are made for the return home, which forms no unimportant feature in the amusement of the day. The whole way back is thronged with a lively crowd, and every variety of visitor is to be met with. First of all comes at a dignified pace, and with powdered footmen, the gala carriage of a rich Spaniard who lives in Basle—which even reckons a Swedish king among its citizens. This is followed by a dashing four-in-hand with dapple-grey horses—then comes the successful gentleman rider, in his jockey costume, driving an elegant phaeton, and he is followed by a steady old gentleman in more sober apparel. The whole form as lively a cavalcade as one would wish to see, as one after another comes up at a brisk trot, and dashes past with some hasty greeting.

At about six o'clock in the evening the great table at the Three Kings is laid for dinner. This hotel is named in remembrance of the time when the Emperor Conrad II. and his son Henry met Rudolph of Burgundy. The three princes possibly took up their abode at this place, though it must have undergone great changes since that time. Now, by the light of numerous wax candles, visitors from all the countries of Europe assemble in the stately dining-room. All sorts of curiosities and antiquities adorn the walls, and a lofty drawing-room, hung with damask curtains and mirrors, receives the guests when dinner is over. Outside there is a broad terrace, where groups of friends assemble under the starlit sky and talk of the old days of the town, while the flowing river at their feet catches their words and bears them away on its ripples.



ARMS OF BASLE.



OLD BREISACH.

BREISGAU.

AFTER passing Basle, the Rhine goes silently and majestically for some distance northwards, without presenting any object which specially attracts our attention. The fortress of Hüningen, that bold sallyport which Vauban built for his king, has long been razed to the ground, so that our eyes can follow the whole panorama without obstruction. The landscape is more peaceful than beautiful, and for some distance may almost be called monotonous. On all sides we see partially-deserted river-beds, which are deep and green; moist pasture and high sedge cover the banks; and on both sides of the broad plain rise blue hills. We are midway between the Black Forest range and the Vosges.

The former extends far down to the south, and its heights reach for twenty miles, from Säckingen to Pforzheim. Its breadth also is considerable, deep valleys opening out from its fir-covered solitudes into the broad valley of the Rhine. Neat villages and homesteads are dotted here and there on the dark mountains, where the carved brown wooden clocks tick in the snug little dwelling-room, while the axe outside rings in the forest and lays low the old primeval trunks, which are then carried down to Holland by the Rhine.

How poetic are all the surroundings of the district! The mere name of the Black Forest possesses a peculiar charm which no other mountain-range can rival. Elves and water-sprites still sport among its streams. Who does not remember the beautiful, though melancholy song, in which the homesick wanderer regrets his departure from his beloved Black Forest? How we have shuddered as children while reading the fairy tale of the tall ghostly man who sold his peace of mind for gold! In the night he broke off the most gigantic trunks as easily as if they had been dry rushes, and every ship that carried even one plank of his wood went hopelessly to the bottom. He was called Dutch Michael, but the name of the story is "The Cold Heart," and the story comes, with many others like it, from the Black Forest. The blue mountain-chain which stretches along the other side of the Rhine is the Vosges, the old Wasgauwald, which reaches from Saverne down to Mülhausen. It is covered with tall beeches and firs, and on the rocks weatherworn castles stand like eyries. Their ruins still speak to us of the glory of the races that dwelt here; for, as the Black Forest was the country of the peasants, so the Wasgau was the country of the nobles. We hear in its retired valley not only the woodman's axe, but



THE STORMING OF NEW BREISACH.

also the smith's iron hammer fashioning the metals that are found in the neighbouring mines, and we see the blue smoke of furnaces rise languidly towards the deserted castles. Those extensive plateaus which are so numerous among the mountains of the Black Forest, are met with much more rarely in the Vosges; and although it must be admitted that usually mountains have a greater effect from their massiveness than from the fine arrangement of their forms, yet here the variety and the grouping strikes us as being much more impressive than that in the Black Forest; the summits rise one above another threefold and fourfold, like giant forms leaning one upon the shoulder of another. Passing on, we come to Breisach. This was once regarded as the most secure portion of the Holy Roman Empire, for Breisach was considered the key of Germany, and seemed to be so strongly fortified as to be safe from every enemy. But, like so many things connected with the Holy Roman Empire, it only seemed secure. No war occurred between the two countries from which the town did not emerge with gaping wounds. Its worst time was in 1793, when the ragged soldiery, to the cry of the "Marseillaise," satiated with crime, overran the weary empire, which shook to its very centre; even to this day the town has not quite recovered from the destruction which it then suffered. Nor was this its last trial,

for in 1870, on a cold November night, the hissing shells flew hither across the Rhine, and for six days the enemy's fire continued to pour into the town until the French fortress New Breisach surrendered.

The landscape in which the two towns are situated, as we have already stated, is not striking, and may, indeed, be said to be somewhat melancholy and mournful. The two chains of mountains, the Vosges and the Black Forest, lie far apart; the low-lying land between them appears as a large level plain; the sky overhead is dull, and is reflected in the river, with grey rain-swollen clouds. As we pass, herons rise from the stagnant waters, which are parted from the river by strong embankments, and



SANSCULOTTES, 1793.

even the broad handsome street that leads across into Alsace looks quite deserted. The bright yellow mail-cart which passes us is empty, as if to apologise for its gaudy colouring, and the postillion who drives it, wearing the customary blue blouse, has round his arm a badge bearing the imperial eagle. He cracks his long whip incessantly, except when he occasionally holds it between his knees in order to leave his hands at liberty to re-light his pipe. Thus there seems to be a curious sense of loneliness about this place which is increased by a damp mist, which often fills the air, and forms a suitable background for the brown weatherworn town.

The rock on which old Breisach is perched falls precipitously towards the bank of the Rhine. The

turrets of the minster tower above the dark gabled roofs, walls, and fortifications, its commanding and characteristic appearance influencing the form of the whole town. The church is dedicated to St. Stephen, one of the great martyrs, who courageously faced his persecutors even while dying under their stone missiles. The proud temple is indeed worthy of its noble patron, for, as the watchtower of the German Empire, it may also be said to have often suffered martyrdom. It still stands, however, in spite of the cannon of the enemy, and we hope that it will long continue to do so.



FREIBURG.

We cannot leave the neighbourhood of Breisach without making an excursion inland, for at only a short distance is situated Freiburg in Breisgau, one of the loveliest of South German towns. After a short drive from Breisach we reach the mountain-chain of the Black Forest, which descends in long soft lines into the valley; it is the place where the Dreisam emerges from the mountains into the plain, and there the old Zähringers built their castle. The town extends at its feet along the hillside. The antiquated grey houses are almost outnumbered by the handsome villas lying among their gardens; but high above them all, seeming as we approach it to overlook even the outlines of the mountains, we see the huge Cathedral buildings. The graceful perforated spire stands out against the background, not clear and s elsewhere, but almost as if shaded with sombre grey. As we approach, the grandeur of its form increases, until we stand actually before it. As the Cathedral was the first object which met our eyes in the distance, it shall be the first visited when we have reached the place; for, indeed, it is one of those wonderful works the beauties of which increase rather than diminish on a closer inspection. The Cathedral of Freiburg is of inestimable value to the history of Art, from the fact of its being the only German church which the Middle Ages have handed down to us completed, though it is true that later times have made many superfluous additions.

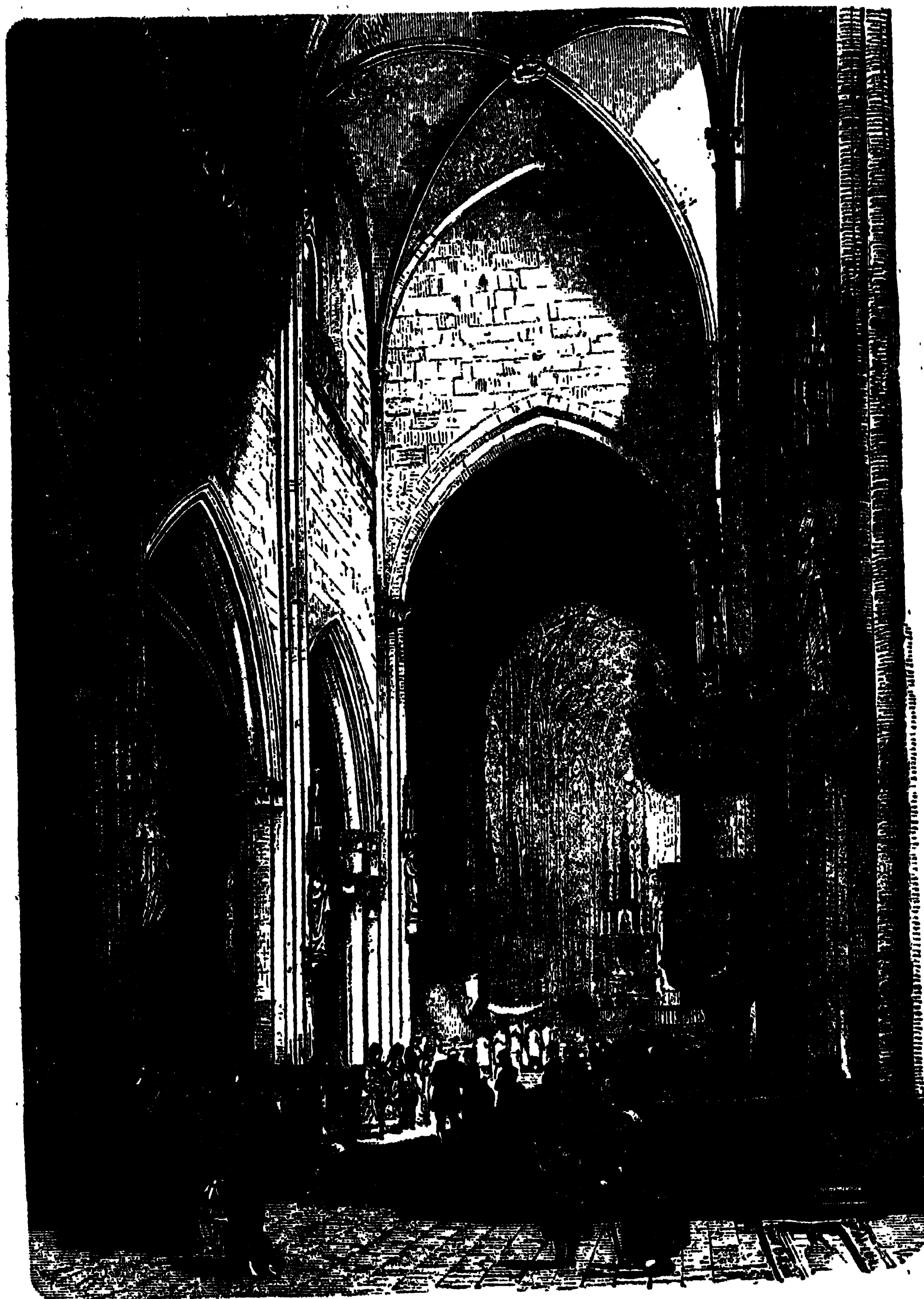
Viewed from the outside the nave of the church appears much lower and shorter than it really is on account of the height and position of the spire, which is placed immediately over the principal doorway. This false impression, however, vanishes as soon as we are inside. Suddenly everything grows to majestic proportions, the grey pillars rise high on every side, and the eye can scarcely take in the whole width from the door to the choir in one glance. The great transepts on each side of the Gothic high-altar are adorned with paintings by the hand of an old German master; and on either side are the richly-carved stalls of the church dignitaries. Here, as in all great cathedrals, the aisles which run



HALL OF COMMERCE, FREIBURG.

parallel with the nave are more or less the domain of the dead. Along the walls are the tombs and sculptured figures of knights who have assisted to establish the prosperity of the town, either by enriching it with their goods or defending it with their swords. The minster of Freiburg has had its friends and its rich donors, of whom it was proud. Their renown is handed down to posterity in graceful monuments; all the little chapels which adorn the outer circumference of the choir are crowded with such memorials. One belongs to the university, and contains the tombs of the great scholars who have become celebrated there. The altarpiece, by Hans Holbein, represents the Wise Men from the East humbly adoring at the manger of the Holy Child. In another chapel we find costly wood carvings, and the

light breaks with wonderful effect through a coloured window four hundred years old. The Byzantine crucifix of heavy embossed silver was brought here from the Holy Land by a Crusader, and dedicated to the service of the sacred place; for these walls were standing even at that time, and Bernhard



INTERIOR OF FREIBURG CATHEDRAL.

of Clairvaux preached in the unfinished building, and with burning zeal called all Christendom to arms.

Seven centuries have passed since that time, and the battle-call has often sounded for far different aims; yet still, as we stroll at twilight within these massive walls, when the last rays of the setting sun fall through the pointed windows, it seems as though the stony figures move again, and a breath of

the glowing spirit of that inspired monk still lingers round the place. We feel unconsciously that the age in which he laboured was a great one. Christianity was then in its youth, and in the fulness of its heroism it longed to perform some deed worthy of its cause. It was the lofty idealism of its teaching which then drew the sword, and not the gloomy fanaticism which, five centuries later, plunged the world into the horrors of the Thirty Years' War!

The open place or square on which the Cathedral stands is spacious and handsome, its most beautiful object being the ancient Town Hall, which stands almost immediately opposite the south door. This is built of red sandstone, and is of only moderate height, but its open arcade, adorned with shields, its handsome balcony and Gothic windows, give it a highly-characteristic and original appearance. The statues which are placed between the windows are of about the same period as the building itself; they represent the Emperor Max, the last of the knights, and Charles V., upon whose empire the sun never set; and between them Philip I. and King Ferdinand. As we stroll leisurely through the streets, we find many relics of the time when the House of Hapsburg ruled in Breisgau; many an antique gable rises boldly beside the flat roof of a modern house, and the fountains in the High Street still murmur in the same tones that greeted the ears of the princes of the archducal house when they rode forth to the tournaments. But the feeling of the citizens has totally changed since those days; they are no longer moved by the traditions of imperial dominion, but by the magic charm of Freedom, which, having been latent in the name of the town, sprang to life in the hearts of the people, and Freiburg became unexpectedly one of the most powerful and enlightened towns of South Germany. Intellectual progress went hand in hand with outward development, and the population and the extent of the town increased rapidly. An observer looking down upon the town from the renowned Schlossberg, could hardly imagine it to be the same place in whose colleges he had sat, perhaps forty years before, at the feet of Rotteck and Welcker. A long avenue planted with chestnut-trees leads us at last to the gate. Stately houses, built in the style of the modern villa, stand right and left of us, for quite a colony of distinguished foreigners have settled here within the last few years.



WELL IN FREIBURG.

Again we catch the sound of running water, and we see before us a well, with a broad basin made of red sandstone. On the pillar, which rises out of the water, there stands the stone figure of a monk holding a Bible in his right hand, while his left is thoughtfully supporting his chin. What ominous thoughts are working beneath that overhanging brow? It is Berthold Schwarz, and the

idea—the Danäe gift which he left behind him for mankind, was—Gunpowder! How he must have started up affrighted, in his quiet cell, when the first report crashed unexpectedly out of the mortar! Since then whole towns have been reduced to ruins and armies stricken down, for a few grains of his magic powder suffices to shatter the strength of the boldest body, and the power of the noblest mind! The stone monk muses, half-troubled, half-wondering. How many ideas has his idea destroyed!





COLMAR.

THE VOSGES COUNTRY.

A SHORT time only has elapsed since the Rhine, flowing under the walls of Breisach, separated two great nations, two noble countries, two mighty foes. The Rhine was the visible type of the great political gap which separated Germany from the rest of the world. For two hundred years, since Louis XIV., the office of the Rhine has been—to separate. Now that the old communion between mother and daughter has been re-established, it will assert its uniting influence, and the Rhine will help us, more than any human instrument could do, to promote a mutual understanding between the races which had, unfortunately, become strangers to one another.

We will now pass over to the other side of the river, to that district which is known as Upper Alsace. In olden times, when the sons of the Carlovingian king divided their inheritance, it was called Sundgau.

We have already seen from a distance the broad street that leads over the Rhine to Colmar. This is the road along which we have now to go, between the lofty poplars which stand on either side. We soon come within sight of New Breisach, with its deserted trenches which surround the fortress. Fort Mortier projecting far out commands the flat plain, and we rattle through its gate. Freshly cut in the sandstone is the imperial eagle, and underneath it the word "Germany, 1870."

While the mail-bags are being leisurely handed out and handed in, we have time to observe the modest little town. It is small and unpretending, although it possesses its *Grand Café*, as may be seen from its signboard; the houses are seldom more than one story high, and the grass grows plentifully between the


THE PFISTER-HOUSE, COLMAR.

paving-stones. There is an absence of bustle in the place and its inhabitants. The road which leads from here to Colmar goes straight through the wood; it may be seen lying for a couple of miles in front of us. Sometimes we have only low bushes on either side, then green firs with their slender trunks, and then we have meadows and pastures. Here the last load of hay is being carried, and the reapers are eating their supper under an old nut-tree by the roadside, and a little village peeps out from among the trees. Nearly all the houses are cleanly whitewashed, so that they have a very bright appearance, with their pointed roofs. The inn is distinguished by the sign of a great star, and is the principal one in the place. Waggons stand before the door, and the drivers are gathered together in a noisy chattering crowd. All is cheerful bustle; but the time for tarrying is short. A glass of beer is quickly ordered, and as soon disposed of; each man exchanges a few words hurriedly with the nearest group, and then sets off with his powerful team, making way for the next bird of passage to take his place.

It is about two hours' drive from Breisach to Colmar, and then we rattle noisily through the streets of the old town. Every minute we turn a corner; all the houses have gables and balconies, and in the streets the idle lads stand gaping at us as we pass. It is a bad sign when lads have nothing better to do than to stare at every stranger who passes by. Colmar, picturesque and rich in historical reminiscences as it is, has become a very quiet place, and appears to have stood still for ages. It once had its time of prosperity, but that was six centuries ago, in the days of the great Hohenstaufen, when Frederick II. was Emperor of Germany, and the old walls, which had once been only a Frankish manor, were elevated to the position of an imperial city. The citizens have never forgotten this fact, and have always prided themselves in being truly imperial. At the worst time they stood by the Empire with unswerving courage. No other town in Germany showed such fidelity as Colmar. It courageously forbade Charles the Bold to enter its walls, when he attempted to enforce his purchased


THE CATHEDRAL, COLMAR.

rights with the sword; and when Louis XIV. seized upon Alsace it resisted the incorporation with France with an energy which bordered on despair. Colmar also bore its banner aloft in the intellectual struggle for Art and Learning, and men whose memory is still honoured by the world were at that time proud to be its citizens.

The annexation to France was a turning-point for both sides—for the moral power is greatly influenced by the political—the German imperial city became a French provincial town, and the "Great King" Louis XIV. seemed to imagine that subjugated countries estimated the greatness and power of their conquerors in proportion to the severity of the treatment they received at their hands. The persecutions which were soon heaped upon the Reformers were received in deep dejection, and even by the French it was asserted that the reconciling of Colmar to its fate was retarded for nearly a century by



WAYSIDE INN IN THE VOSGES.

the harshness with which the people were treated. But what did that matter to the all-powerful ruler at Versailles; his answer to every question was, "Tel est notre plaisir." So the town mourned: the "Sovereign Court of Justice" which was bestowed upon it was but a poor substitute for the glory of its old freedom; and Voltaire, in deep mockery, recalls the fact that once the works of the great Bayle were burnt in the market-place at Colmar. The proud Corsican also thought no better of the town, for, although two of the most brilliant leaders of the French army, Bruatt and Rapp, came from here, he repaid it with the deepest contempt. His merciless sentence was "Colmar is a hole."

Walking through the streets and looking up at the houses, it seems as if we had plunged into the middle of the old German period: the Town Hall, with its slender spire and the graceful perforated stone gallery which runs along under the roof; the Pfister House, and many other buildings, are monuments of architecture as fine as any to be found even in Nuremberg and Augsburg. A touch of

grace is given even to the police station—a building rarely associated with pleasure—for over the u façade there is a balcony of wonderful elegance. We have only to turn to find ourselves opposite Cathedral, which was built by Master Humbert; his monument stands under the east door. Althou the exterior possesses a certain crudeness, the effect of the whole is imposing and harmonious; and sin as the interior appears, it is not wanting in sanctity. The broad choir is particularly beautiful



THE THREE AXES.

calm, with its old dark-brown woodwork. The carved door which leads into the sacristy hides one of the noblest treasures of mediæval art—"The Madonna among the Roses," which Martin Schön bequeathed to the town. No one disturbed us as we made our tour of the spacious aisles; here and there a blind beggar stood in a corner and muttered a petition for alms, close by two or three children whispered, and one old woman sat nodding in a chair. Before every seat was a white card bearing the name of the owner; at the corner of the first bench was inscribed "M. le Maire." By looking through the rows of names it

could be determined how far the German element still survived; the result showed it to be a large proportion of the whole. It is true that many an honest citizen had added an accent grave or an accent acute, but the greater number of the names had German endings, such as *bieder*, *müller*, *hauser*, *bauer*, &c.

On the east side, not far from the gate, a narrow winding staircase leads up into the little turret-room. After tapping lightly at the door we enter, and are greeted by the clear loud song of a bullfinch mingled



THE BLACK LAKE.

with that of the tower-keeper, who whistles in emulation as he sits on a low stool mending shoes. He welcomes his visitors, and points to his merry boys who are rolling on the floor, as if to imply that the bells and the fresh air are hardly enough to satisfy them if the bullfinches and the old shoes do not help to make both ends meet. But two of his finest birds are dumb. "They do not sing," he says, apologetically, in his *patois*, "because they are moulting." Then he rises and leads the way into the open air, on to the dizzy parapet of the tower, and points to the vast prospect which lays before us.

On one side we see the chain of the Vosges rise in the clear morning light; villages stud the valle; and many a lordly castle stands on the heights. Over yonder, where the horizon almost vanishes i the haze of the distance, we can just distinguish some towers. They are the walls of Schlettstad and they point the path we are to follow.



But before we turn northward in order to continue the course of the Rhine, the adjacent neighbourhood offers many attractions which we must not forget. Here the Alsatian saying first becomes true—

"Three castles on one hill,
Three churches in one churchyard,
Three cities in a row,
By these you may Alsatia know."

The number is still true, for no far from Egisheim we see three towers on a wooded hill, which appear to stand in a line, and bear the curious name of "The Three Axes." Actually they stand obliquely behind one another, and are the towers of one and the same fortress, each of them bearing its own special title, namely, Weckmund, Wahlenburg, and Dagsburg, names which remind us of bygone days. Egisheim is one of the numerous castles which claim the honour of being the birth place of Pope Leo IX., and it was formerly well worthy of such a son, but the noble walls were reduced to ruins in quite early times, during a war which was stirred up by a miller of Mülhausen.

The two beautiful lakes which represent the artistic climax of the Vosges chain are best visited from Colmar; the road thither passes through Kaisersberg. That name sounds familiar to our ears, for it was given to the town by the great preacher John Geiler, who spent his youth here. The present importance of the town does not depend upon learning, or any kind of curiosities; but in that charming simplicity, that picturesque originality, which brings it pleasantly before the eyes of strangers. It is conscious of

an active Present and a renowned Past, of which we are reminded on all sides in word and form; on the Town Hall, on the fountain, on the wall even round the churchyard, and, in fact, everywhere we find mottoes, in the form of old rhymes, full of meaning. Some are severe, and even coarse; some are tender and poetic, some are gay, some are sad, according to the occasion and circumstances in which they were first used. This town was strong in its fidelity to the Emperor, to whom it belonged, as its name



KAISERSBERG.

naturally indicates; and in the Confederation of the Ten Cities its voice was heard, and its counsel held in considerable respect.

The road now goes farther into the green depths of the Vosges; we have left Orbey behind us, and are making for the wooded ridges of the mountains, sometimes following a narrow path, and sometimes trampling through luxuriant heather. It is not long, however, before the landscape begins gradually to grow wilder, grey boulders lie scattered about, short scanty Alpine grass covers the ground, and only a few weatherbeaten firs are visible on the distant ridge. We hasten once more through the solitude,

and suddenly a new view opens before us—the waters lie motionless between bare white rocks, which rise precipitously to a considerable height, and are clearly reflected in the lake below. This is the White Lake, and it is a remnant of that icy period which once covered the face of this country.

Its deep basin is only parted by a broad solid ridge of rock from another sheet of water equally deep and motionless. It is not surprising that the character of the two lakes should be somewhat similar, though at one time this was not the case, for the banks of the last we have referred to were bordered with



SMITHY IN RAPPOLTSWEILER.

dark primæval firs. Then the name of "The Black Lake" was appropriate to it. But the devastating axe has penetrated to this spot and robbed it of the dark wood covering, so that nothing now remains but the inhospitable rock. Its declivity, however, towards the bank is less steep than that of the White Lake, and the form of the mountains is less grotesque. In spite of this, however, we still feel ourselves in the true uncultivated mountain world, and only at the mouth of the lake we are willingly reminded of the existence of restless human ingenuity by the dam which regulates the outflow of the water. In this way is the stream made of service to the manufactories in the valley below. They entice the clear



FOREST HOUSE AND HOHKÖNIGSBERG.

bright water to their noisy workshops, and when it would run cheerily under them it is suddenly seized upon and tortured by their jagged wheels.

The neat little town which we come to on the road from Colmar to Schlettstadt is called by the Germans Rappoltsweiler, though it is better known by its French name of Ribeauville. It is one of the most cheerful little cities in all Alsace, and it was here that the old Piper kings had their day. The thick shady trees of the suburbs have now been made into pleasure gardens, and on the hills, which are overgrown with vines, the ruins of the castles of the old rulers stand. The more lawless the period, the higher the bold knights placed their dwellings, and it was only as men became more peaceable and opposition less decided, that they moved slowly down into the villages and towns. This fact is forcibly illustrated here. The highest of the three castles which command the town is called Rappoltstein. It is considered one of the oldest castles in Alsace, and was the ancestral seat of a renowned race. Later, however, though still as early as the time of the

Hohenstaufens, the second castle was erected lower down on the rocks. This in its turn was soon followed by a third, in the style of the Renaissance and named after St. Ulrich. The middle ruin is called Girsberg, and was held by a family of the same name.



A GLIMPSE OF ST. ULRICH.

As we follow the road which leads from Rappoltsweiler to Markirch we meet with another venerable fortress which stands on a grey rock in one of the cross valleys. The ruins now look down only on the quiet country. Once when the high bay windows shone in the sunlight, there stood here a renowned old abbey of the name of Dusenbach, and three chapels which were subject to it. Pilgrimages were made to this shrine, for the Holy Virgin, to whom it was dedicated, was the patroness of the musicians who frequented the roads of merry Alsace. Now all is silent, and the little stream, the Dusenbach, ripples in solitude over moss-grown stones, and without the echo of human voices, the boughs of the old trees rustle, which at one time formed the green arcade up to the cloister door.

We would willingly stand awhile and think of those who formerly wandered here, but they and their retired home fade from our minds as we approach the great masterpiece which now looks down on us from the lofty summits. That is Hohkönigsberg, the noblest stronghold in Alsace. This, indeed, is also in ruins, but the remains are so beautiful and complete that it is easy in imagination to fill in the picture which these capacious halls presented in the days of their ancient splendour.

The road goes steeply upwards, passing a very picturesque forester's house, until we see before us two enormous towers and the reddish walls

of the fortress, which once enclosed many a comfortable chamber and many a noble hall.. One of the latter is so well preserved that the staircase, which in olden times led up to the watchtower, appears to be still accessible, and our footsteps as we approach re-echo under the great "Lion Gate."

But how many bold footsteps have sounded here before folks of the present day came with their "curious eyes" — how many lordly races have here meted out rigid government and cheerful hospitality! The Lords of Rathsamhausen and the Counts of Dettingen, the Sickingens and the Fuggers, have all at different times called this fortress their own. Many a merry feast has the Bishop of Strasburg held within its walls, and many a highwayman has waited here on a dark day, ready to fall suddenly upon the caravans of merchants on their way to Basle. But good and bad, conqueror and conquered, have all long since gone to their rest, and young saplings of fir and larch grow unmolested in the dilapidated courtyard. The commune of Schlettstadt now possesses the venerable ruin, and is responsible for its care. It fulfils its trust with commendable fidelity, for Hohkönigsberg is its pride and its jewel.



ON THE ROAD TO DUSENBACH.

The impression which Schlettstadt itself makes on the traveller is much the same as that of Colmar; the environs are flat, the streets are empty, and land appears to be valueless, and consequently unused. The guns speak loudest in Schlettstadt. Involuntarily we feel the oppression which seems to be an essential part of all fortified towns, and hinders the development of unrestrained prosperity. If we approach the town from the side near the railway, we see scarcely anything except a few bare towers which rise above the roofs, and it is not until we enter the interior of the town that this confused mass of houses resolves itself into its parts and we see many charming details. There is the venerable Cathedral, whose whole structure is contained within itself as if it knew that it was placed on a spot open to attack; with its clock-tower standing up conspicuously among the pile of masonry. On some of the houses are brown wooden balconies shaded by high roofs, but the character of the whole place nowhere rises above quiet mediocrity.

During our tour of the town we will pay a visit to the principal hotels of the place. The two most important which Schlettstadt formerly possessed were the Goat and the Eagle. These two have now, however, combined (a sad *mésalliance*, by-the-bye, for the Eagle), and though the present hostelry

is but of moderate pretensions, a traveller may make himself very comfortable under its shelter. Schlettstadt has in its time entertained many distinguished guests within its walls; as early as the year 775, Charlemagne celebrated the feast of Christmas here; and, like Colmar, it was one of the most faithful cities of the Empire at the time when France took possession of it. Its fidelity was proved by many serious sacrifices, for the town, which had become attached to the Emperor in 1216, was repeatedly besieged by the Bishop of Strasburg. His mercenaries, under the Hohenstaufen, Frederick II., and under Louis of Bavaria, stormed its walls, in order to chastise the citizens for defending their town against Rome for the Emperor. Schlettstadt held an important position in the Union which was formed by the ten cities of Alsace, and its alliance was always sought and its enmity was much dreaded by each of the contending parties. Sometimes, indeed, the shadows of lawless deeds overclouded its history. The citizens took part in the atrocious cruelties of the Jewish persecution in the sixteenth century, and they also were active in those disturbances which were the prelude to the Great Peasant League. It was, indeed, one of the former burgomasters of Schlettstadt who marched at the head of the wild mob which, under the banner of the Bundschuh, declared war on "knight and priest," in order to win freedom for the peasantry. This righteous object, which was to be peaceably obtained a century later, was then sought with dreadful cruelty, and the effect was accordingly unsuccessful, the last decisive struggle taking place almost under the very walls of Schlettstadt.



RUINS OF DUSENBACH.

The real influence of the town, however, and that which spread far beyond the limits of the Empire, did not lie in force of warlike arms, but in the intellectual qualities which were cultivated here. Schlettstadt possessed a college as early as the fifteenth century, in which teachers of European renown laboured, and to which scholars flocked from all the countries of Europe. Their number often amounted to many hundreds, and it was at this time that the splendid library, which the town still possesses, was founded. This is unfortunately about the only relic which learning has left, though perhaps the life of the people will become more active when the destruction of the fortifications which has already commenced has become completed.

As the twilight begins to fall we take a last quiet walk through the streets. Behind the minster a lively scene presents itself before us; numbers of noisy boys perched up in an empty waggon, and an audience of little girls, sitting on the stone steps of the houses, are singing snatches of "Madame Angot," and one of them, with queer harlequin jumps, shouts the hackneyed couplet:—

> "Vaut pas la peine, vaut pas la peine,
> De changer le gouvernement."

Thoughtless childhood should not be deprived of any harmless pleasure; but when these boys have grown to be men, and the little girls have become their wives, they will of themselves think of other things, and possibly they may have other opinions on the subject of the change of government.



VIEW OF SCHLETTSTADT.



BEFORE THE HOSPITAL-GATE, AT STRASBURG.

STRASBURG.

WHOEVER would know a man thoroughly, should see him under a variety of circumstances: in the sunshine of good fortune, when happiness unfolds and elevates his nature, and in the depth of distress, when the power of necessity lays bare his weakness. What applies to individuals applies also to collective bodies of men, that is, to great towns, and their true nature is alone revealed by the study of that mirror of endless vicissitudes which we call History.

Three times has the writer of these pages seen Strasburg, the "fair," the celebrated in song, and each time under totally different circumstances, varying from the highest glory to that of the deepest misery.

The first time was nearly ten years ago, when she stood in the brilliant train of Paris, her queen. Paris stood at that time among the Cities of the Earth, fatally beautiful, like Cleopatra, fascinating all the world. She had summoned the Cæsars of Europe to her court, for the Great Exhibition of 1867 was opened. All the provincial towns surrounded their mistress with homage, as noble ladies surround a queen, and in their circle stood Strasburg. What a different picture was presented on the second visit! War lay on the land, and on all sides men were struggling for victory. Nightly the sky was red with fire, and the day was darkened with smoke, in the midst of which the sacred minster reared its head. Deserted by France, cut off from Paris, Strasburg lay behind her walls on the Rhine and mourned. Gradually, piece by piece, almost inch by inch, her walls were worn away by shot and shell; all the

agonies of hunger and thirst were borne by the inhabitants; she was unable to save herself, but she would not capitulate. But from the camp yonder the conquerors sang a song of welcome to her:—

"You stand in the garb of sorrow,
Unhonoured and full of grief,
But your old love will come to-morrow,
And his good sword shall bring relief."

It was the end of September; the bombardment, which had ceased for a few hours, began afresh, for evening was not far distant. When it had become quite dark we took a carriage and drove out to the batteries. The night was cold, and the loose stones of the uptorn streets rattled under the horses' hoofs. Every now and then the animals reared and plunged when a more than usually loud volley thundered forth. We passed through one or two little villages where the people stood and peered out of their garret windows. As we drove between field and forest single dark figures occasionally passed us on the road, and all the while the lurid reflection on the other side of the Rhine grew brighter and clearer. There was fire in Strasburg—Strasburg was the torch that lighted us on our dark road. Presently the driver refused to proceed, and we descended and followed on foot a path across the fields until a broad building barred the way. This was a brick kiln with extensive outbuildings, and from the spot where we were standing to the town, in a straight line, was hardly more than half a mile.



THE CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS, STRASBURG.

What an awful sensation we experienced as we stood there in the midst of this wild destruction! All day the firing had been violent, now it almost raged. Not only the power but the fury of the enemy blazed out in every shot, and the thundering sounds seemed to be wild imprecations uttered by the whole force of the passion which had been let loose by War! We stood, watch in hand, counting the shots as they fell. They were like fearful pulse-beats, and as the fever of a sick man increases towards evening, so did this firing become wilder as the night dragged on. One shell after another rattled against the fortress, followed almost without an interval by answers dashing against the German batteries; their course could be traced through the air—though it was a mile long, they travelled it in a few seconds. Afar off was heard their angry hiss under the silent canopy of heaven.

Such is the picture that we gazed on then, at that anxious time, which is still associated in our memory with the name of Strasburg. But how completely it has changed now!

Four years elapsed, and the days of affliction had passed away on the occasion of the third visit to the old town on the Rhine, to the German Strasburg. Traces of many wounds, it is true, were still visible,

and many shadows passed over the lofty brow at the recollection of bitter sorrows, but, on the whole, there was a feeling of calm reconciliation and of new and joyous power in the heart of the town.

What a load has fallen from our hearts as we walk through the Strasburg of to-day! We look upon a resurrection; the rapid foot of Time, which we so often deplore, has here exercised its power of healing and of blessing, for incredible things have been done in those short five years.

The very first impression of the streets, which so frequently has a lasting effect on one's mind, is extremely pleasant. In one place, we are struck by the grandeur of the buildings; in another, by their



STRASBURG ON THE ILL.

homelike comfort. Thus we remain equally free from the oppressive effect of a great city and the confined feeling of a small provincial town. It is, indeed, just this which gives that peculiar charm to a sojourn in Strasburg. It is a town in which a stranger does not long feel strange. This is specially the case with visitors coming from the other side of the Rhine; for, in spite of all the opposition which stirs the heart of Alsace, the German nature of the place cannot be denied. Recollections which the last two centuries have not washed away are still extant; whenever we have relations with the people themselves we meet with German manners. In the new intellectual circle, too, which has been brought

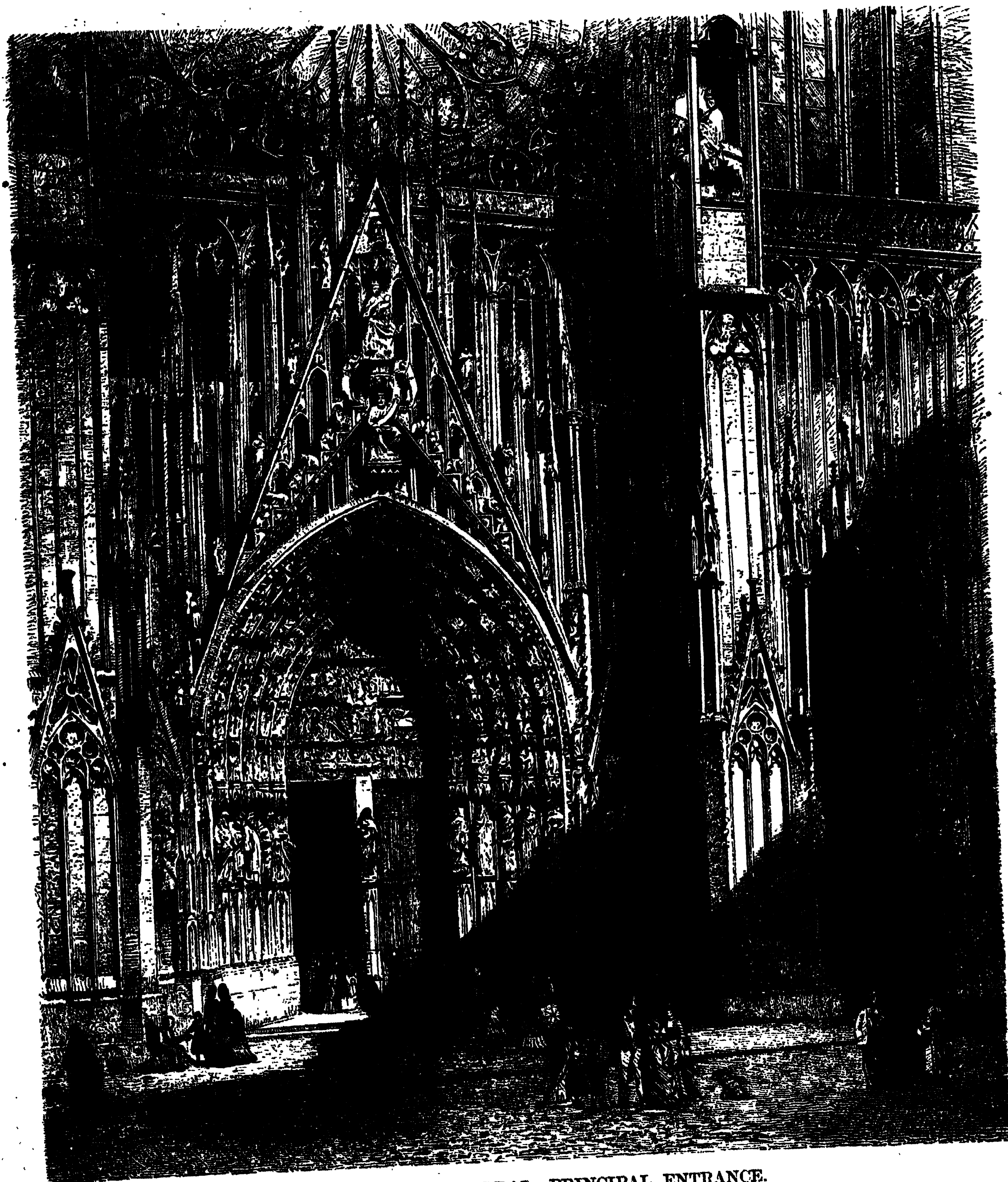
into Strasburg by the government, and more particularly by the establishment of the University, the German guest is received so kindly that he feels himself at home in the best sense of the word. We will therefore go on our way, disturbed by scarcely another discord, and wander at our leisure through the beautiful town and examine its treasures and curiosities.

The noblest of these treasures, the pride and wonder of Strasburg, is its Cathedral: a building



PIG-MARKET, STRASBURG.

whose dumb stones are more eloquent than language. At first the bulk of the huge masses almost overpowers the eye; but into what grace and delicacy these masses are developed! how light the ponderous stone becomes in the combinations and harmony of the whole! What gigantic power the spiritual has here won over the material! But besides the Cathedral itself, which stands



STRASBURG CATHEDRAL, PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE.

before our eyes as we gaze upon the splendid edifice, we cannot help viewing it in connection with that period out of which it grew. What must have been the blossom of an epoch which could bear such fruit! what the consciousness of power of a town that could rear such a temple for its faith!

The early history of the great building dates many centuries back, and is, consequently, somewhat confused. The present structure represents the labour of nearly five hundred years. The first beginnings of a Christian church in Strasburg were made in Chlodwig's time, but they and all the



HOUSE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, STRASBURG

decorations that had been added by the Carlovingians became a prey to the flames and were entirely destroyed. Bishop Werner accordingly had to commence a completely new work when he laid the foundation of the present Cathedral in 1015. He himself was of the noble house of the Counts of Hapsburg, but the names of those whose hands embodied his thoughts and designs have been lost in the great gulf of Time. It is only in the third century after its foundation that we meet with the name of that master whose memory is now inseparably connected with the Cathedral of Strasburg, namely, Erwin von Steinbach. Whose heart does not leap at the thought of the glory that surrounds that name! The stately building rose before his enlightened spirit and under his creating hand, as the rich

branches of a tree grow in the light of the sun; it became not only his tomb, but also his imperishable monument.

As is well known, one only of the two towers has been built, up which a winding staircase has been placed. The site which the other tower should have occupied runs out into a platform, and has been made to serve the watchmen for a dwelling. More than fifty times has the building been threatened to be destroyed by lightning. Once it seemed doomed to destruction by a terrible earthquake; and, lastly, the roaring waves of the Revolution, with the shot and shell which have whistled past it, rendered its fate almost certain; but still the old sanctuary stands firm and unmoved, indifferent alike to the storms of ages and to human passion, both of which have fallen powerless before its silent majesty.

As the view from the Cathedral tower extends for many miles, so do the memories of this place reach back for hundreds of years, and include many races and innumerable individuals whose names are famous. The minster tower is like a stone book in which visitors from all parts of the world have placed their mark—princes, beggars, nobles, and many others, just as the great current of travel has chanced to throw them, are included among the number, and even Voltaire, Herder, Montalembert, Goethe, Baumann, Meier, Schulze have gazed upon this scene.

Not only is paper patient, as the German proverb says, but stone is so also, and the swallows, quite unconcerned as to who gives them shelter, settle first on one pillar and then on another, and do not ask in whose memory their twittering song is raised.

Everywhere we turn, whether we go outside the city gates or lose ourselves in the confusion of the streets, we see the Cathedral towering above all; its spire rises to a dizzy height above the roofs, and the appearance of every open space is affected by it. Strasburg is rich in squares, which are frequently adorned in the centre with a handsome monument; the buildings which surround these open spaces have a lofty, spacious appearance, and when this is not the case they are distinguished at least by their age or their artistic value. It is this that gives its original character to the Pig-Market, which certainly is not in a select quarter of the town; and it is this also that makes the Cathedral Square itself so charming. In the latter stands the so-called "Old House," with its high gables and brown beams; it is a building of the thirteenth century, and forms as picturesque a corner as it is possible for a town to possess. The street through which we now proceed leads to the Gutenbergplatz. In the midst of the hubbub of the market there stands, surrounded by green trees, a pedestal, and on it rests a bronze figure of a man with flowing beard and lofty brow, holding in his hand a sheet covered with ornamental letters. One sheet? oh, it is far more—it is the symbol of the art of printing, the greatest gift which man ever gave to the human race; it is the testimony of the victory of light over darkness which he holds in his hand.

It was in Strasburg that John Gutenberg invented the art of printing. He dwelt here for nearly twenty years as a citizen of Strasburg, and whatever may have been done elsewhere, it was within his own room that the idea of this great discovery had birth. The Gutenbergplatz stands, as it were, as a symbol of the intellectual power which the Middle Ages possessed in their great free cities.

As the former German period of Strasburg history has eminently a burgess character, so during the French epoch did the military element gain the ascendancy, as well as that pretentious, intriguing policy which had its school on the polished floors of Versailles. After this came the omnipotence of

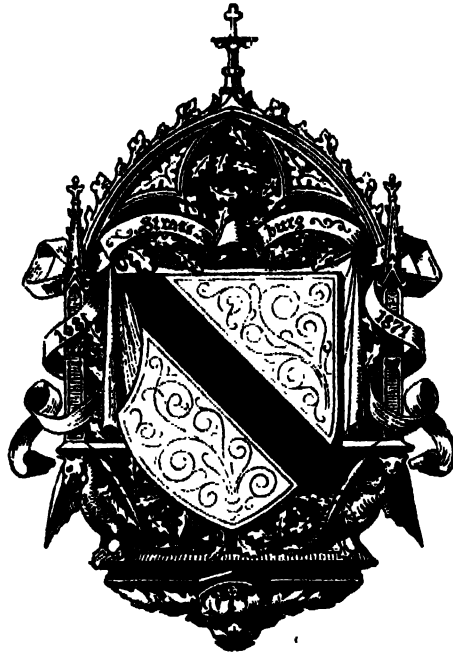
the first Bonaparte; and all these different periods are, more or less, embodied in the outward appearance of Strasburg. Even the names of places lift us into the French world as we step across the Broglieplatz, or the Paradeplatz, where General Kleber's monument stands. The Broglieplatz (or Bröhl, as it is familiarly called by the townspeople) is without doubt the handsomest and most frequented of all the squares. Here is the fine residence of the mayor; the great cafés under the trees are in the French style, and, in fact, there is everything required by the fashionable world. Totally different, indeed, from these parts of the town are those old confined districts where the artificers work and the poorer classes dwell; there the odd corners of the old free town have been preserved with all the original peculiarities which the architects of that time possessed.

Many such houses may be seen on the Ill Canal, and the whole tanners' quarter near which the old "Vine" stands presents that picturesque mixture of styles which only an old town can offer; the eye, indeed, loses itself in rich architectural details of gables and windows, balconies and bays. Doors with beautiful iron-



ON THE CANAL, STRASBURG.

work and broad steps carved in massive oak are frequently found in plain, simple houses; and even in the narrowest streets magnificent houses are unexpectedly met with. These are all relics of the old free-town period, and they give to the place the same kind of quaintness that we meet with in Augsburg or Nuremberg. Thus the architecture of the town possesses a threefold element: palaces in the style of the Renaissance and the Rococo period; dwellings built during the old prosperity of the imperial town; and, lastly, that mass of modern buildings of no particular style which sprang, as it were, out of the earth as a compensation for those destroyed in 1870. In a word, everywhere the Old is contrasted with the New—the Past with the Future—and everything struggles, either consciously or unconsciously, towards the assimilation of these two opposite elements.



ARMS OF STRASBURG.



VIEW OF ST. ODILLE.

THE CONVENT OF ST. ODILLE.

ON leaving Strasburg and driving towards Barr we come upon a large mountain covered with dark wood, and the white building which we see near the old ruins of the Heathen Walls is the Convent of St. Odille. The road leading up to it is remarkably beautiful and varied in its scenery. We first come upon the little village of Ottrott, with its long row of houses, where we rest before ascending further; as we go a lad clad in a blue blouse passes along the street beating a drum, and announcing that on the following day there will be a sale by auction. Heads appear at every window, and in the village inn, for the next few hours, nothing but the sale is spoken of.

Almost immediately behind the village we plunge again into the forest, and lest we should lose our way we take one of the merry boys who are playing in the street for our guide. For a few minutes, before we enter into the depths of the wood, our way lies through a cornfield. On passing this, a narrow path takes us upwards, and the green boughs rustle above our heads. Here and there among the luxuriant brambles stands a half-decayed monument raised to some one who has met with an accident in his work: now and again, a weary woman with a great bundle on her shoulder meets us, and passes

us with a pious greeting, but otherwise no sound is to be heard except the tapping of the crossbill in the thicket. The world around us seems lost in solitary beauty.

All at once we come to an opening, and through the trees we see the convent looking down on us. It lies opposite and quite close to us, but the road takes a circuitous route over the top of the ridge. We then reach the first remains of the Heathen Walls, which have come down to us like an heirloom of centuries. The thick clambering ivy spreads itself over the huge stones, as if to veil the grey sanctuary from our curiosity. But the present generation has a keen eye, and with its restless spirit of inquiry has penetrated here in order to unveil the mystery which surrounds this wonderful building. All is not yet known, it is true, but we have got far beyond the domain of mere conjecture. It was at first supposed that these huge walls, which extend for about fifteen miles, were of Celtic origin, and that their purpose was to divide the sacred dwelling of the gods from the dwellings of the human race. Who has not read of the sad bloodstained worship which was performed in the obscure solitude of the woods? The altars were high as mountains, the sacrificial victim was slaughtered on a block of stone, and there the festivals were celebrated with wild splendour. Such was the first idea which the sight of these walled heights raised in the minds of archæologists. They have, however, since descended from the world of deities to the human race, and found that men built this fortress for their own protection and defence. These walled enclosures occur more than once on the heights of the Vosges, and whole races took refuge within their spacious circumference when an enemy overran the land. This opinion gave rise to another, namely, that the builders were the Romans. They undoubtedly ruled the races which these walls availed to shelter, and taking this view it is probable that the origin of the whole immense work, including the castle which was joined to it, dates from the third or fourth century. It seems likely, indeed, that it may be put down to the time of the Emperor Valentinian, who is known to have fortified the entire course of the



THE SPRING OF ST. ODILLE.

Rhine as far as Holland. In making a circuit of the walls, the extent of which is several miles, the method of building can plainly be seen. Oaken stakes have been used to join the stones firmly to each other, but what most attracts the eye and gives an appearance of originality to the whole mass is the expert way in which the wall is worked into the rocks, and which, as it were, indicate the foundation of the building.

We mount higher and higher out of the forest into the open country, between flat-worn stones where the heath grows luxuriantly. We pass another green meadow, when once more the trees form an arched roof above us, and we proceed until we stop on the threshold of the venerable Convent of St. Odille.

What joy and what misery has this roof covered during the course of centuries! It has stood on its lofty rock not only as a watchtower looking down on the country at its feet, but it may also be said to have been as an instrument to register the course of time. Barbarossa was once a guest here, and it was here that the Abbess Herrad composed her religious work "The Garden of Delight." These old walls, it is true, have been more than once reduced to ruins, but they have always risen again out of the wreck, and are still the favourite resort, not only of the pious, but of every one for whom the beauty of Nature and the charm of ancient association have any attraction. All visitors are made equally welcome, and enjoy a kindly hospitality which they must always remember with gratitude.

As we pass through the convent yard with its old lime-trees, we see the lady superior standing in the doorway. Every one, both old and young, visitors as well as the inmates of the house, call her "Mother," and, indeed, she is worthy of that expressive and beautiful name—always thoughtful for others, always gentle, so that the very place itself over which she rules seems to be influenced by the kindliness of her nature.

Fresh nosegays of wild flowers are in the simple dining-room; and, indeed, every corner, even the passages and the little garden on the narrow slope where the rock declines into the valley is carefully tended. The children belong to the families who are spending the fine weather here, and they romp about without restraint in the spacious halls. Inside we see two visitors playing chess, for people come and go as they will and always find a kindly welcome.

On the occasion of our last visit it was astonishing to find how great the preponderance of the German, and especially the North German, element was among the guests. There were, however, French visitors also. Once the door flew suddenly open and a swarm of twenty heads appeared in the opening. "Bonjour, ma sœur; nous avons faim, nous avons soif, nous sommes énormément fatigués!" We were all somewhat astonished at this theatrical manner of asking for supper and lodging, but the good "Mother" only smiled softly, and in an hour all were noiselessly provided for.

The most precious relic on Mount Odille is the chapel, which bears the name of the illustrious patroness of the convent, and several hundred feet lower is the spring of sacred water which is said to be a cure for blindness. The little chapel, though it is more homely than sublime, must yet raise some feeling of reverence even in the mind of him who knows little of that form of devotion which, centuries ago, gave rise to such places of worship. Here are no lofty stalls whence the thunder of an inspired discourse carries away the hearts of thousands of hearers. It is more like a private chamber for the soul, where the heart is silently overwhelmed with the knowledge of itself, and can gaze into

Heaven undisturbed by the presence of others. We pray here free from that grandeur which makes us at times half timid and reluctant to approach the shrine of modern ecclesiastical structures. It is a church eminently fitted for women, whose piety depends less on sense than on the instinct of divine feeling.

What different influences surround us when we leave the peaceful circle of the convent walls and pass out into the wilderness of the mountains, over the rocky plateau to Wachtstein, where the stony ruins almost overhang the rock. Here let us stop and gaze down upon the country lying below us—the

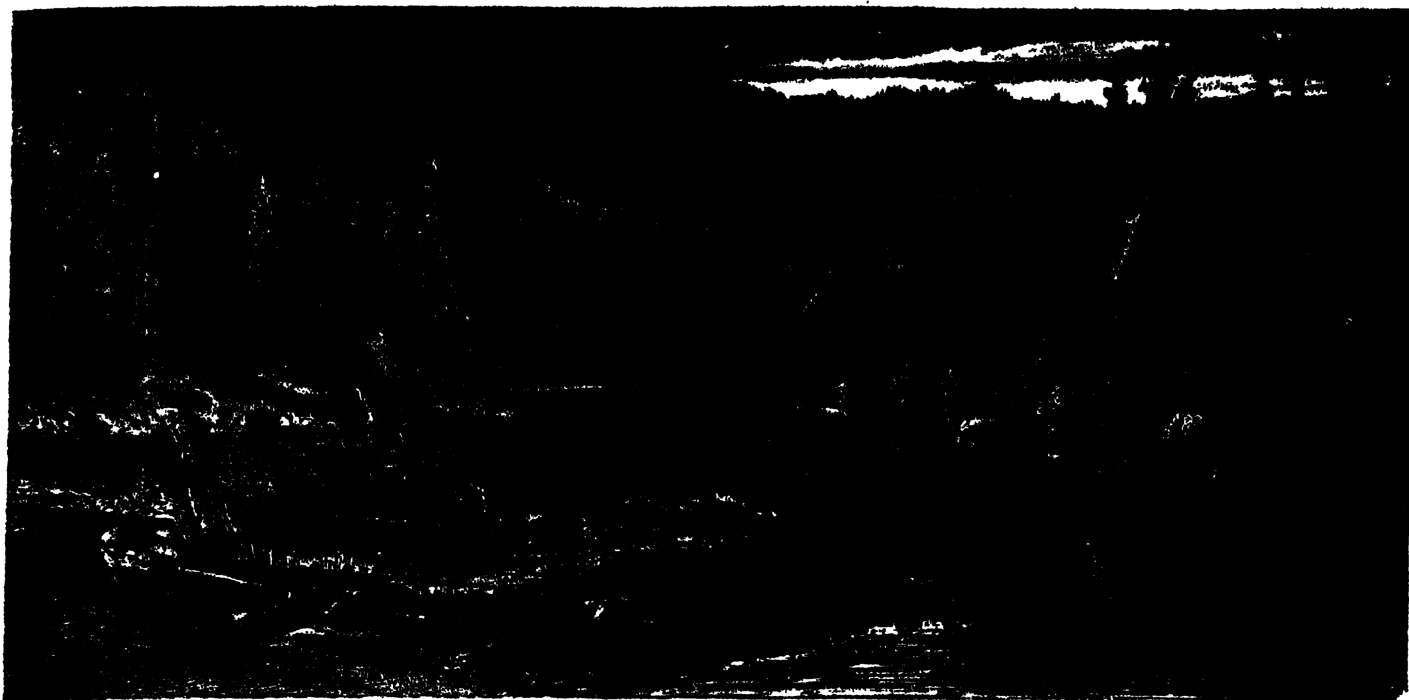


CHAPEL OF ST. ODILLE.

ancient Wasgau spreading before our eyes with its dark woods and golden undulations of corn-laden fields. Here and there old villages and towns dot the landscape, stretching away into the distance to where the horizon is lost in blue haze. Far off we see the lofty tower of Strasburg Cathedral. Then our eye returns from the distant prospect to our own immediate surroundings, and to the plateau on which we stand. At its foot lie scattered ruins, a winding path leads down through the bushes, and the rain-worn boulders stand about, and look like huge deserted altars. A pagan atmosphere seems to surround us, and we are in the presence of such a wilderness that we seem to feel almost as if the old creating elements were at work once more. Presently the wind begins to rise, and our eye thoughtfully follows

the trace of the crumbling "Heathen Wall," which here stands again before us. A kite with outspread wings hovers over us, and then slowly descends to the summits of the woods. Not a human soul is near. The genius of the Past takes possession of us; for the two great powers, namely, Paganism and Christianity, which once struggled for the possession of the earth, were never nearer to one another than they are here—the one which, let us hope, has now expired, and the other that new Christian faith which brandished its sword and built its cloisters throughout all Germany.





THE MUMMEL LAKE.

THE BLACK FOREST.

WE now begin a beautiful, quiet journey; the loftiest summits of the Black Forest range before us in a long blue chain, and lovely spots, through which we are to pass, are shaded by the mountains. The deep defile through which the road goes is called the Kappeler Valley, and here the Acher runs between bare rocks to the Rhine, though in our immediate neighbourhood we are surrounded by meadows which border the feet of the wooded slopes. This is the land where Hebel's old German poems and Auerbach's village stories had their origin, and here is still found that picturesque distinctive costume without which no purely national life can be imagined. Under the long black coat is seen the brilliant red waistcoat, and the blue trustworthy-looking eyes are shaded by a large broad-brimmed hat.

The villages are large and handsome, and in the white house which we entered we met with plain but hearty hospitality. Newspapers were lying on the table, and the peasant was able and willing to converse on all that was going on in the world. He showed us his stables and barns, and told us about his ancestors and his children, and when we at length asked him to whom we were indebted for so much kindness, he said proudly, "I am called Michael Kobel the Fifth!" We doubt whether Charles V. was more proud of his title than our friend Kobel the Fifth!

A short cut brings us to the inn, which is the centre of life in every village. Nearly all the inns on the Baden side of the Black Forest, and, indeed, beyond in the plain of the Rhine, bear one of the ancient signs of the Lion, the Eagle, the Black Horse, or the Swan. They generally also have a picture of

one of these well-known creatures placed conspicuously over the door instead of an inscription. The host, who receives us, himself carries our luggage into the comfortable sitting-room, where we find numerous guests. The walls are hung with tapestry, and mingled with the pictures of the heroes of 1870 we find occasionally portraits of Schiller or Goethe. From the ceiling hangs the inevitable carrier's sign, for that must have its place of honour —the carrier being, indeed, the embodied symbol of progress.

The guests who are seated at the host's table are of various ranks and conditions, though all seem persons of intelligence. There are woodcarvers and peasants, tax-gatherers and parish officials, watchmen, and other local dignitaries. At their invitation we seat ourselves at the table, and find that they are just discussing an official enactment; and the way in which it is criticized, the sharpness with which the weak points of it are observed, surprise us not a little. The great events of the last few years still form the staple of all public conversation, and they engage the attention of the two carriers who sit apart from our table, each clad in a blue smockfrock and carrying his whip. They get to high words respecting the fortifications on the Moselle and the Maas, and as neither will yield they ask the host for a map, which he soon produces and on which they continue their endless arguments.



VIEW OF THE BÜTTENSTEIN FALLS.

Those features which we have described as being common to the large villages of the Kappeler

Valley are found in the large, handsome village of Ottenhöfen, which lies in the middle of the valley. The hamlet of Seebach belongs to it, and though unimportant in itself, it is celebrated for the ruins of Bosenstein, which tower above it, and for the following legend which is connected with it, called "The Legend of the Lady's Grave."

In consequence of a curse which a starving woman had called down upon the wife of one of the



RUINS OF THE MONASTERY OF ALL SAINTS.

knights of Bosenstein, the lady bore seven sons at a birth during her husband's absence in a distant land. The mother, horrified at what had happened, instructed a servant to drown six of the children; but it so happened that just as the dreadful deed was about to be perpetrated, the father accidentally returned and rescued the infants. By his order they were reared in the depths of the woods, unknown to their mother, and when they were strong, handsome knights their father invited them to his castle. A splendid banquet was prepared, and in the midst of it the lord of the castle suddenly asked, "What punishment ought to be given to a mother who, herself, doomed her children to death?" "She should be buried alive!" cried the Lady of Bosenstein, with feigned indignation. She did not know that she had pronounced her own sentence; but the knight started up, and with terrible mien announced to her her

doom. She was at once hurried away from the banquet, led down into the valley, where the stream springs from the rock, and there may be seen in the stone a deep hole which appears to have been hewn out by human hands—this is known as "The Lady's Grave."

The path, as we proceed, takes us still deeper into the forest. Here and there a steep footpath leads up through the thicket from the broad circuitous road. The masses of wood lie below, with their green summits swelling in dark waves like a green sea. What profound rest! what holy silence! nothing but the rustling of the wood is heard around. Such is the spot where the venerable monastery of All Saints stands. It is no longer, indeed, a monastery, but only the ruins of one; for the weatherbeaten pillars stand desolate, and for many years past the transept with its pointed roof has lain shattered on the ground.

Even in the ruins, however, there is a kind of rhythmical beauty which, with such surroundings as it possesses, exercises a sort of fascination on the beholder; it is a picture of rare poetical power—a stone elegy. The history of the monastery is old and interesting. Its foundation reaches as far back as the time when the great Barbarossa sank in the floods of the Calycadnus, for it was at that time that Uta von Schauenburg gave the rich estate to the Præmonstratensian monks, and it was not long before their institution became the most powerful of that region. In the seventeenth century it was raised to the dignity of an abbey, and in spite of many calamities it maintained its ancient renown till the year 1802, when it shared the lot of other religious houses and its property was secularised.



PEASANT OF THE BLACK FOREST.

But a worse fate than even this lay in store for the sacred edifice. Not long after the event above referred to the roof was set on fire by lightning. Strange to say, this misfortune happened on the anniversary of the foundation of the church, on the day of the year when the bells had formerly been accustomed to ring out proudly to assert the glory of the lordly abbey. On this occasion they sounded an alarm, and clanged despairingly for help. But help was of no avail; the stately buildings which surrounded the monastery soon lay a heap of rubbish, only the blackened stone pillars of the church remained standing. The beautiful ruin now lies among the green pines like the tomb of departed splendour, and we almost seem still to hear the echo of the *Memento Mori* which used to be sung here!

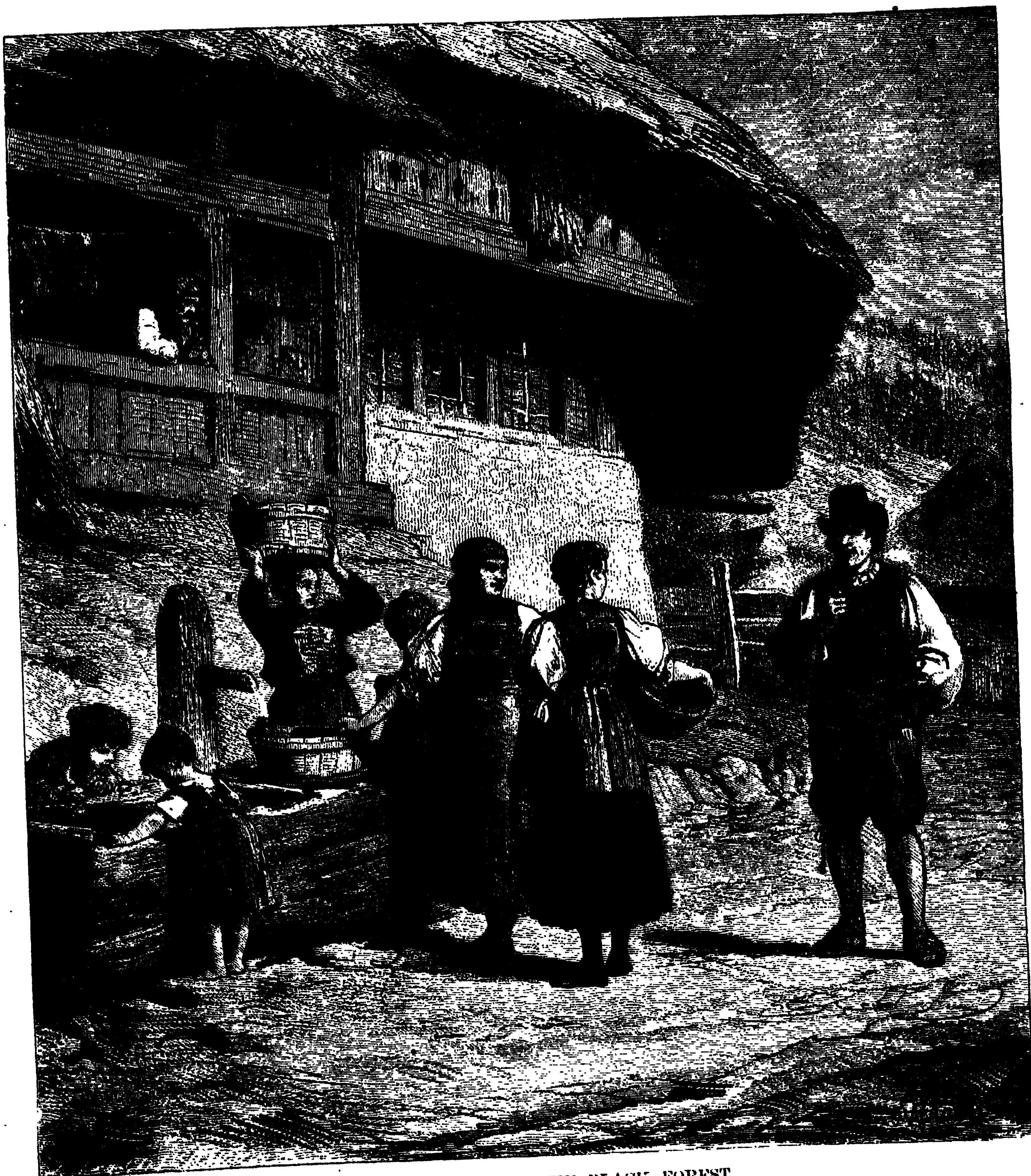
We pass the old monastery garden, where the wind plays among the rustling limes, and soon we find

the valley becoming narrower as we proceed. All at once it sinks to its lowest depth, and the valley has become a ravine full of crevices and rocks, which lie in slabs like steps, over which the river rushes angrily, as if to secure possession of the path: these are the Büttenstein Falls. The beauty of this woodland picture was for centuries unknown and unseen, but the searching eye of the present day has brought it to light. A secure path now leads the traveller over to the seven falls; and by the same route we come down the Lierbach Valley to Oppenau.

Another point of interest lies near us on this journey, if we take the road out of Ottenhofen which leads up to the Hornisgrinde. There lies the Mummel Lake, that expanse of water which the pregnant superstition of the peasantry peoples with a hundred hovering sprites. It is a dark, melancholy mirror, framed in fir woods through which the wind sighs almost inaudibly. It was here, according to the popular idea, that a young shepherd once met with one of the water sprites (*Mümele*). They sat together on the soft moss; they sang, they embraced, and never in his life had he seen so beautiful a creature. He himself was one of the handsomest lads in the country round, with bright golden hair and pink and white cheeks, so that the Black Forest had never contained a happier or fairer pair of lovers. One request alone she made, and that was, that if by chance she should ever not come to the border of the lake, he was on no account to call her, as his doing so would cause the destruction of them both. For two days, during which she did not come, he heeded the warning, but on the third, being driven by a powerful impulse to the border of the lake, where he could see the water roses blooming in the depths, he called beseechingly on the name of his beloved. He called! he listened!—suddenly darkness fell on the mountains, the water of the lake began to foam, and driven by irresistible terror, he fled into the depth of the woods, and was never after seen by human eye. The immediate surroundings of the lake harmonise with the gloomy legends which are associated with it. On the south bank, where Seebach seems to steal out of the dreary wilderness in order to hasten to the cheerful valley, there stands a rough stone hut; it is uninhabited, and its bare rooms lack that charm which the presence of man breathes into dead walls. For all this lonesomeness it has had a friendly aspect to many, for it is placed where it is as a shelter for stray travellers who are overtaken by storms; it belongs to every one and yet to no one.



PEASANT GIRL OF THE BLACK FOREST.



VILLAGE SCENE IN THE BLACK FOREST.

The scenery becomes wilder as we ascend the jagged footpath; there are no more huts, but the overhanging wall of rock protects us from wind and rain. A weatherworn finger-post nailed to one of the fir-trees points us out the road, from which we look down upon the dark lake. The ancient Romans must have felt the fascination that lies in those depths when they called the place *Lacus Mirabilis.* We have now reached the summit of the Hornisgrinde, and find it gloomy and desolate; the keen wind sweeps



SEEBACH.

over the plateau, on which short heath and brown rushes grow plentifully, for the ground is marshy and poor. A pointed tower on the summit, in which we vainly seek a door, shows the four points of the compass; and here we see the beautiful world lying beneath us for an immeasurable distance. We look from Höhgau on Lake Constance to the Taunus—from the source of the Danube, over the plain of the Rhine, as far as the summits of the Vosges.



IN FRONT OF THE KURSAAL, AT BADEN.

BADEN-BADEN.

ALTHOUGH the renown of Baden-Baden is of modern origin, a knowledge of the place existed in very early times, for here, as elsewhere, the Romans took possession of the warm springs and made them the centre of a town called *Civitas Aurelia Aquensis.* After the fall of the Romans the place suffered much in various wars; but when it had risen slowly out of its ruins not a few abbots and knights strove for its possession, until at length Barbarossa gave it in fee to the Margrave Hermann. Under his family the town reached a position of great prosperity, and a fine new building was soon erected in addition to the old castle which stood high up on the mountain. The new edifice was placed lower down, almost on a level with the cheerful, busy town, but it was at last destroyed by the fire of the French soldiery. After lying for a long time in a state of ruin, the castle was rebuilt, and now serves as the summer residence of the reigning family. A handsome road with a broad rampart leads up from the town, and the outer wall is surrounded by ancient, rustling trees. While the



THE OLD CASTLE OF BADEN.

old building, which was burnt in 1689, was so remarkable for its architectural features as to be frequently compared with the Castle of Heidelberg, the present structure is plain and unpretending, all the rooms being designed rather for domestic comfort than for the display of regal splendour.

The only relic which recalls to us the primitive times of this stronghold are the mysterious dark dungeons which extend far under the castle, the precise use of which has not yet been ascertained. The guide descends to them with a flaming torch in his hand, and we grope after him through a labyrinth of passages; on one side we hear the creaking of a prison door, on the other the noise of an iron bolt. If we examine closer we find that the door is composed of a single slab of stone, and that the bolt is nearly ten feet long and runs from one chamber to another. For a long time the prevalent opinion was that this was one of the centres of the ancient *Vehmgericht*, and if this is not the true historical explanation, the first impression of the place is so horrible that it is easy to understand how the idea arose. What a fearful and pitiless time must that have been when hammer and chisel were plied to furnish such a shelter for the enemies of the builder! What is imprisonment in our days compared with this entombment?

The old castle stands much higher, about three miles above the town itself, and consists of lovely ruins, which lay hidden for centuries in the green depths of the wood before the curiosity of man found a path to its heights. Now it is all carefully arranged and made easy of access, for man soon brought the luxury of Baden-Baden hither. The huge masses of rock which rise in all their wild ruggedness behind the castle give an idea of what the character of the place was when Hermann and Bernhard, Jacob and Christopher dwelt at Hohenbaden. From this spot we have a fine and extensive view of the country below. The town lies partly in the green valley and partly on the slopes of the hills on either side; beyond this we see open meadow-land and wooded heights, and through the valley the clear waters of the river ripple merrily. Truly we gaze upon a little earthly Paradise. After leaving Hohenbaden we soon come upon another citadel, which stands upon a steep point of rock and was once the castle of the Counts of Eberstein. They themselves have long ago disappeared into obscurity, but legend still winds its tendrils about the rugged walls, and though it is long since any bold knight added to its renown, there was an observant poet who many a time paid it a visit. The beautiful ballad which Uhland sang to the Counts of Eberstein is well known.

But we must now bid farewell to the reminiscences of olden times, and descend from the solitude of the woods to the active bustle of the present which prevails in the valley below. The large number of fugitives who fled from France during the terror of the Great Revolution, and who populated the German towns from Lake Constance to Coblentz, considerably influenced the whole character of Baden, and continued to do so until the events of 1870 broke through these traditions. Since that time the number of foreign visitors has rapidly increased, for while twenty years ago they scarcely amounted to five thousand, at the present time they reach the number of sixty thousand a year. The establishments which are appropriated to the amusement of this avalanche of visitors have obtained a degree of perfection which justifies the inhabitants in considering their spa the first in the world.

This is true from a social rather than from a hygienic point of view, for the complaint for the cure of which Baden-Baden is most efficacious is *ennui*. For that old craving which goes through all humanity, and appears and re-appears on thousands of lips, if it also dies on thousands—that craving

for pleasure and parade, for splendour and delight, is met with here in its most concentrated form. Busy hands have collected together almost all the good things of this world; the merchant has brought his stores, the gardener his flowers, the goldsmith his costly treasures, and the artist his art. Music sounds over the polished floor, horses fly over the green course, shots whiz through the air, and golden-haired syrens crowd round the spring which once was hidden in the deep recesses of the wood. Unceasingly is



ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE OF EBERSTEIN.

heard the sound, echoing, roaring, singing, ringing in our ears, "Live, enjoy life!" Still, as all these enjoyments created only satiety and not happiness, there came another holding a shining ball in his hand and saying, "Here is something which is the essence of happiness—try this!" Then he set the ball rolling, and thousands of gleaming eyes followed it. Thousands also rolled their glittering gold after it, as at every throw and every fresh turn in the game, the haggard croupier repeated his monotonous

formula, "Messieurs, faites votre jeu; le jeu est fait, rien ne va plus!" Thus Baden-Baden has become what it is, and though public gambling has been abolished for the last few years, something seems to remain even now of the feverishness of that time, and of that eager pursuit of fortune which was then a characteristic of the place. It would be unjust to look upon all this as the real nature of the lovely spa, for many live there in the quiet round of everyday duties, and many find their enjoyment there solely in a pure sense of the beauty which Nature spreads before them. But it is also true that thousands come to drag through their weary days with the help of this copious supply of excitement. They feel nothing of the fresh, fir-scented breeze; they appreciate nothing of the idyllic beauty of a happy, sheltered home; they seek the fever that consumes, the excitement that destroys, and they exhibit all their wealth in order to conceal their real poverty. It is of them only that we have spoken here; the harmless guests, who also assemble from all parts of the world, shall not be mentioned with them, but only that community which appears, more or less, in every fashionable watering-place, and which has its own peculiar physiognomy. For these the word Baden-Baden means something quite different, and the disappearance of the gaming tables and of the French element is indeed a serious loss.

There is, at present, no special central bath-house, for arrangements for the use of the warm spring waters, which come down from the Schlossberg, are made independently in almost every one of the larger hotels. A handsome palatial building, for the purpose of a vapour-bath, is in course of erection near the market-place. On account of the nature of the ground it is being built in terraces; and with its turrets and porches will be, when finished, an imposing structure. Not far from it a horizontal shaft goes right into the mountain, being closed on the outer side by a heavy oaken door. A large reservoir is placed here in the open air, and from it vapour slowly rises, for the clear deep water is warm, and the different springs have a temperature of from 36° to 54° Réaumur.

Though each individual is at liberty to select that part of the town which he fancies will suit his health best, the social pleasures of the place are decidedly centralized, and the centre is that lovely park in which the Conversation House stands. The long drinking-hall is shaded by handsome trees and surrounded by gay flower-beds, and has lofty open corridors, which are decorated with illustrations from the most interesting of the legends of the Black Forest. We see the dancing nixes of the Mummelsee, the Emperor Otto encamped before Eberstein, which his men are besieging in vain, and the gipsy woman watching her treasures beside the splashing waterfall of All Saints. Such were the forms which passed over these spots when the miraculous spring, to which thousands now make their pilgrimage, was still a hidden forest secret, known only to the lofty pines and to the silent rocks.

So we muse. But we must leave the fascinations of bygone days and step into the circle of the busy exulting life of the present day, for indeed we stand on the spot where the life-pulse beats loudest. Music crashes out from the kiosk which lies opposite the Conversation House; the countess in her long silken train bows graciously to the prince, who offers her his arm. What caprices of humanity are exhibited in all these garments! What caprices of Nature in all these forms, which range from the truly noble to the basely criminal! The crowd becomes thicker and thicker; rattling equipages fly past. It is now twilight, and the branched candelabra are lighted and a great display of fireworks is prepared for the evening. As the air is mild and warm the folding-doors of the rooms are thrown open, and forms of fairy-like beauty stream in and out, making a constant movement like the flowing of

a river. There also is the rustling of the ladies' dresses, the noise of endless conversation, and that predominating hum of life which pervades every room but one. In this strict silence reigns, so much so that one can hear the very breathing of the men who sit there and who brood over the newspapers of all countries. It is this reading-room which is decorated in the richest style of the Renaissance. Presently the shower of fireworks outside attracts even the tenants of this silent apartment: the old castle is already illuminated by Bengal lights; thousands of rockets burst, and people from all parts crowd to



COURTYARD IN THE CONVENT OF LICHTENTHAL.

see the beautiful display. It is midnight before the crowd on the Kurplatz begins to clear away, and then the jeweller, who comes in the season from the Palais-Royal, shuts up his ebony case, and the fair moths who flutter round his glittering treasures slowly disappear. Baden-Baden retires to rest, and there is silence in the houses and in the streets, and no sound is heard except that of the splashing waters of the Oos, which murmur through the town as they pass under the grey iron bridges.

The season is, naturally, at its height in the autumn, at the time of the great races, which are among the most important of those on the Continent. Occasionally not less than from one to two hundred horses



THE LICHTENTHAL AVENUE, BADEN.

are entered, though only about half the number actually go over the course; the total value of the prize reaches nearly a hundred thousand marks. The Emperor of Germany has shown special favour to the Baden races, and his name appears among those of the prize-givers. The course is about eight miles distant from the town, in the plain of the Rhine, near the village of Iffezheim. Iffezheim is, at this season, the most brilliant of all the brilliant spectacles that Baden has to offer.

Pigeon-shooting is also practised on the same course—a cruel sport, the introduction of which does not



VILLA IN THE LICHTEN VALLEY

add to the credit of Germany. The number of live pigeons yearly required for this purpose amounts to many thousands.

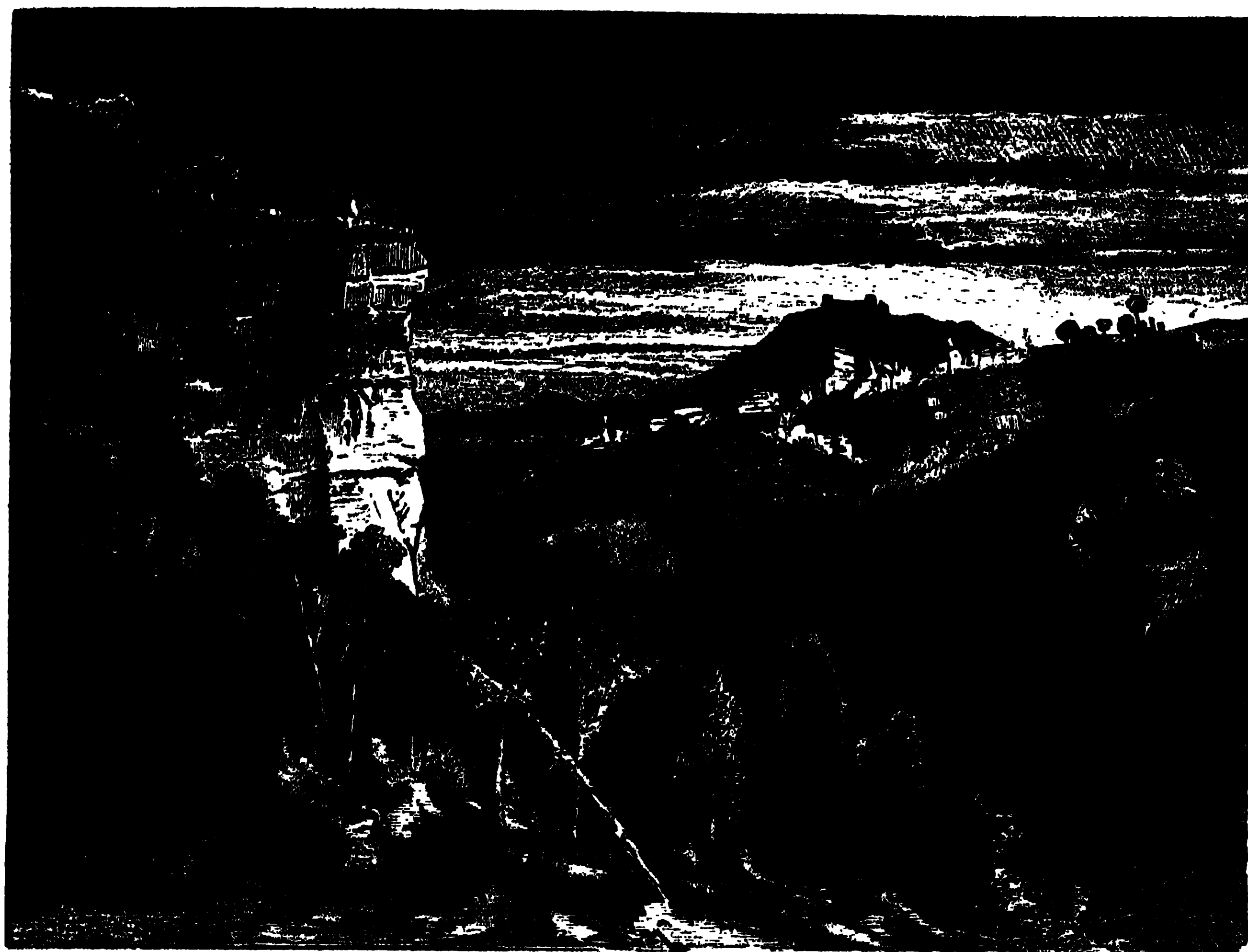
But the special and the greatest attraction which life in Baden-Baden offers is not to be found in the brilliant crowd, we must seek it in those charming retired villas which lie along the banks of the river in the Lichtenthal Allee. The gardens which surround each house are laid out with the greatest care. More than a thousand cartloads of the best forest mould are often brought for a single garden, and fifteen or sixteen hundred of the most costly plants are used to fill one small bed. When evening comes we see slender female forms pacing the finely-gravelled paths, book in hand, or talking confidentially together,

arm linked in arm; while through the open window above comes the sound of an air of Mendelssohn. It gets late, but at the handsome iron gate stand two children, with a huge St. Bernard dog that watches them with his great wise eyes, for the beautiful fair sister who accompanied them has quite forgotten her duty, and is wandering with her own thoughts between the fragrant hedges, and plucking the flowers with her snow-white hand; she accompanies the air that sounds from above with a low song:—

"I'd give it the merry breezes,
They'd bear it away in sport."

As we look at the scene we wonder that we can ever leave it; but is there any spot on earth so lovely that we could enjoy its delights for ever?





ROCKLAND OF DAHN.

THE PFALZ.

A BRIGHT, sunny picture lies before us when we set foot upon the soil of the Pfalz. Life surges round us, like a pulse which beats more rapidly here than in the other countries of Germany. The speech is loud and cheerful, and there appears in labour, as well as in pleasure, a sort of energy which compels our sympathy. The secret of this local characteristic perhaps exists in the fact that the vine flourishes here most luxuriantly, and covers hill and dale, and clambers even over the poorest cottage. A district which proves itself so useful, and is so well cultivated, cannot, perhaps, be called exactly beautiful, but it bears that stamp which careful industry never fails to imprint. There are, however, parts of the Pfalz where the hand of man has never interfered with the fine, bold natural forms, and where the charm of picturesque beauty is added to the fertility of the soil. It is through such a portion of the Pfalz that our road leads us.

We pass through the Rockland of Dahn, with its long undulations of dark pine-wood interspersed with rugged red sandstone, and then through those remarkable districts where from the steep mountain-

summits scattered ruins look down into the valley below. Those ruins are the remains of strongholds within whose walls the weal or woe of the empire was once decided. The yellow coach, which stands piled up with baggage before the door of the Post Office, carries us out of the little town of Bergzabern towards the mountains. The road continually leads us upwards, and runs between thick fir-trees; it passes an old mill, several solitary crosses, and occasionally a waggon drawn by a weary team. But in spite of the quiet surroundings we feel the bodily and mental activity which is at work in the inhabitants, and small as the place is its people are overflowing with energy. Every child can give us what information we require concerning the road. When we ask which way will lead us up to the steep rock called the "Maiden's Leap," we obtain an intelligent answer. In the inn parlour, where the dignitaries of the place assemble to take their evening glass, every guest is welcome, and we are favourably impressed by the modest neatness of the room and the eloquence of its inhabitants. The following morning we ascend to the two great strongholds, Trifels and Madenburg, which are united by a long dark spur of rock. Nothing remains of either except wild ruins, which indicate the splendour of past times. Trifels is especially rich in such reminiscences: it was not simply a princely stronghold, but an imperial castle in all its splendour. The inhabitants, indeed, have almost forgotten its existence in the daily bustle of their everyday work, but great, eternal Nature has laid her protecting hand upon this relic. The path leads up to the castle through a beech wood with its shining branches, and when we gain the summit a vast world lies before us studded with meadows and streams, towns and castles. It was here that the Emperor Henry IV. sat in the deepest anguish, when the German princes vowed to renounce him if he did not remove the interdict within six months; and it was to this place that the costly treasures of the Empire were brought, and here they remained for years in safety. Now, nothing but waste ruins are left; princes dwell here no longer; songs no more resound and echo through these walls; gold no longer adorns its chambers, except the glorious light of the setting sun. Merry children now play and romp where princes wept, and the beech-trees with their rustling branches alone stand in lofty pride, with dark moss growing on their trunks, and birds singing overhead. The imperial citadel of Trifels is now dumb for ever!



TRIFELS.

The present capital of the Pfalz—if one may speak of the capital of a province—is Speyer. It is adapted for this position neither by its size nor by its outward appearance, but for this very reason its

past history is the more important; for it belongs in an eminent degree to the historical cities of the Empire. Its growth began early, like that of the other Rhenish towns; it was first fortified in the time of the Romans; a bishop held his court here under the Frankish king, and two hundred years later a Carlovingian emperor chose it as his favourite dwelling-place. From that time Speyer is more bound up with the traditions of the Empire than any other German town; and though it was often but a temporary dwelling-place for the Emperors, it was an eternal resting-place for many of its great rulers. It was not only when their hearts longed for brilliant pageants or the assembly of their vassals at the imperial diet, that their eyes turned towards Speyer, but their thoughts followed the same path when



MADENBURG.

those great hearts were weary and they felt their end approaching: Speyer was the dying thought of the German emperors. "Bring me my charger," said the Emperor Rudolf, when weary and bent under the burden of his mighty life; and he rode to Speyer to die, close to the tomb which was to contain his ashes. Where was this tomb? It was the Cathedral, which even from a distance may be seen, with massive walls and towers. This structure Conrad II. began to build as a burial-place for himself and his successors, and it was continued by his son Henry II., and finished by his grandson Henry III. After these had been finally laid to rest here, a whole line of German emperors and empresses were buried in this imperial sepulchre, including Henry IV., who was burdened with Pope Gregory's excommunication,

Henry V., Philip of Swabia, Rudolf of Hapsburg, the false emperor Adolf of Nassau, and Albert I. of Austria, the Empress Gisela, wife of Conrad II., Bertha, wife of Henry IV., and Barbarossa's wife and daughter, Beatrix and Agnes. So the solemn honour of being the burial-place of emperors was added to the glory which the town had already gained from its populous and renowned character; and it was not desecrated by any strange hand for upwards of six centuries.

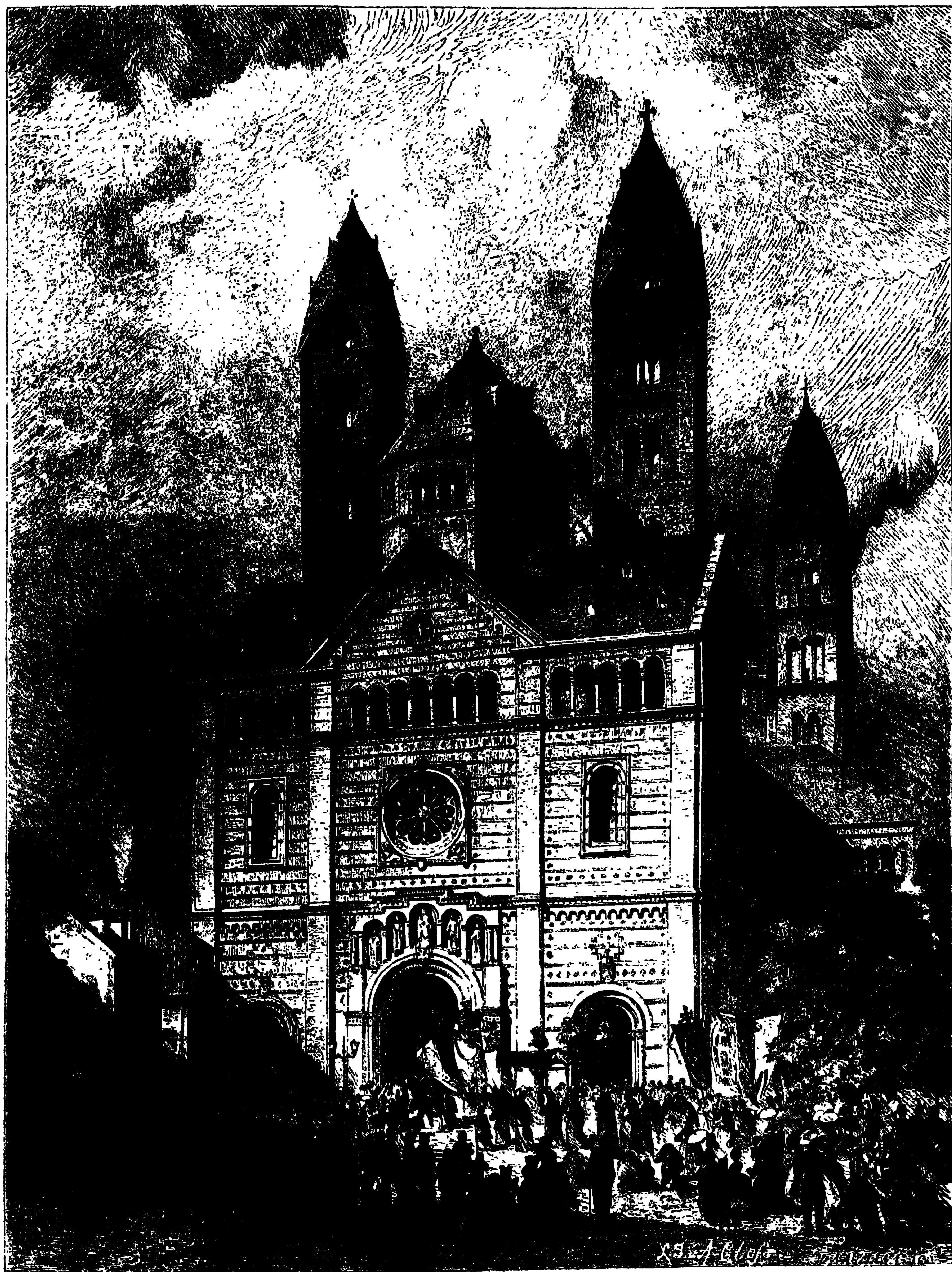
The old imperial city fell a victim to the consequences of the disasters of the year 1689, a year which set its brand so pitilessly on all the districts of the beautiful Pfalz. It had suffered severely in the Thirty Years' War, but through all its vicissitudes its existence was preserved, and even the wildness of those times retained some slight remnant of veneration for the royal tomb and for the sacred imperial name. It was reserved for the marauding hosts of the "Great Louis" to efface even this remnant, and to cover themselves with that shame from which the serf and the Swede had shrunk. It was the soldiers of the Great King who, under the leadership of Louvois, Montclar, and Melac, broke open the



THE EMPEROR RUDOLF'S RIDE TO SPEYER.

consecrated graves in the Cathedral of Speyer, and there, before all the people, amused themselves by playing bowls with the heads of the German emperors.

Not content with this, they then set fire to Speyer at every point. They seemed to wish, indeed, to substitute another and a still larger sepulchre for those they had laid waste, and to convert the city itself into a grave and the country round it into a desert. One stone was not left upon another. The Cathedral alone withstood their devastating rage, and although they tore the ornaments from the walls, the walls themselves remained firm. The French Revolution brought fresh woe. The soldiers of the Republic used the consecrated building as a magazine in which was stored all the necessary supplies which the war incessantly consumed; and in the place where the organ had pealed forth solemn *Te Deums* the "Marseillaise" was roared from savage throats. Indeed, at one time the whole of the material of the magnificent temple was about to be sold by auction for a few thousand francs! We are often amazed when we hear how at times the greatest and noblest lives have hung upon a thread, and we shudder at the very thought of what would have been the consequence of so irreparable a loss: so it is



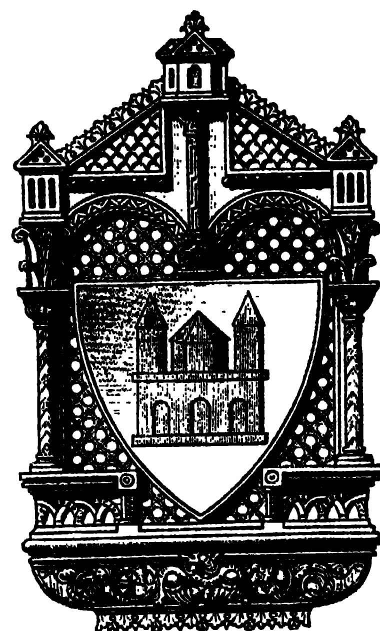
THE CATHEDRAL OF SPEYER.

here, as we gaze at this wonderful work, the destruction of which would have been an irretrievable loss to German Art. To have possessed the Cathedral of Speyer and, after preserving it through all the

VIEW OF SPEYER.

storms of history, to have lost it for a despicable sum of money, the value of the mere stones and bricks, would have been an enduring sorrow and disgrace for the German nation.

The merit of restoring the Cathedral to its present splendour is undoubtedly due to the Bavarian kings, and especially to Louis I., who combined all the arts in order to make the restoration as brilliant as possible.



ARMS OF SPEYER.

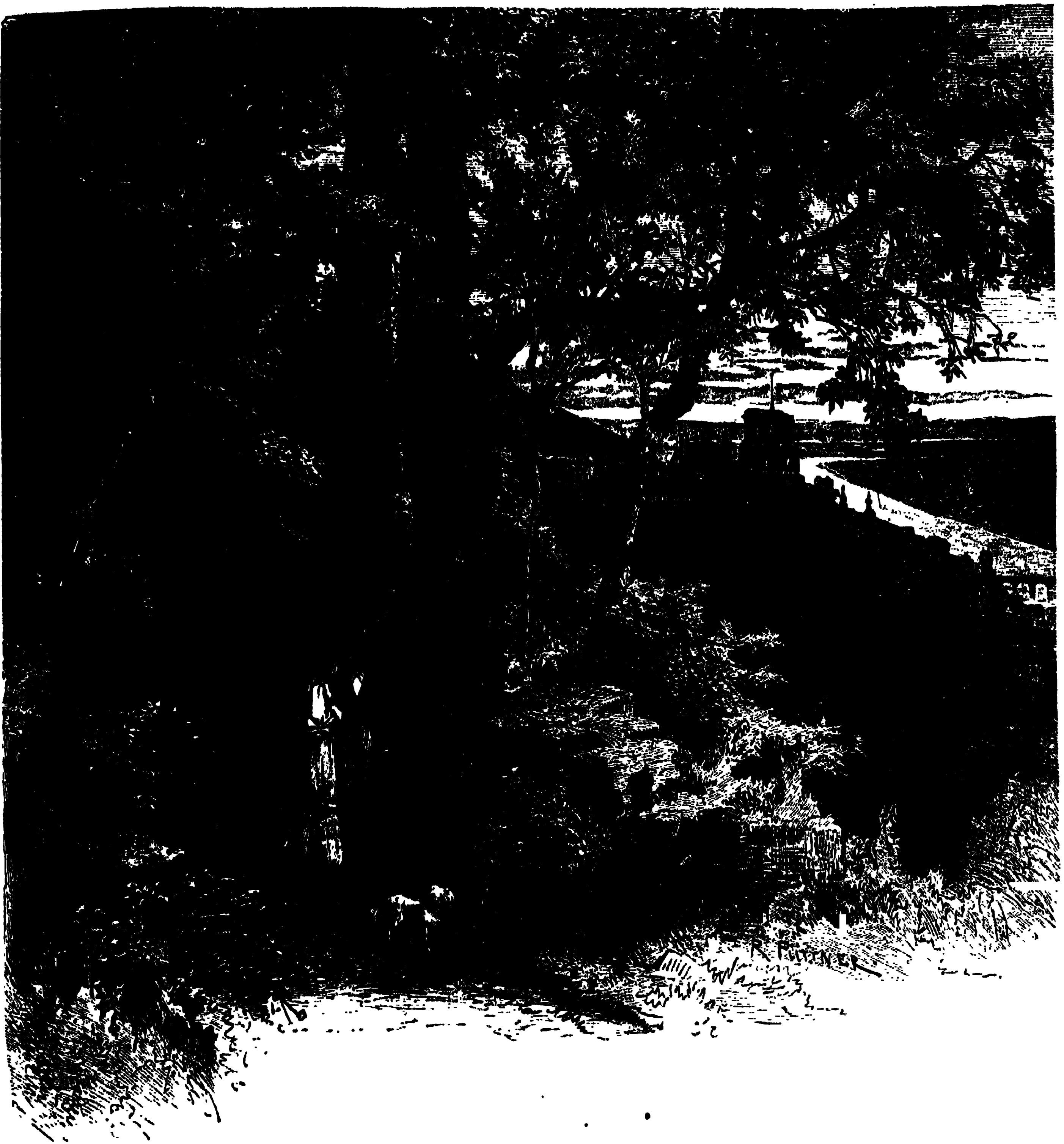
The huge size of the building is not realised from without. When standing before the principal entrance, those portions which lie behind are hidden from view, and on every side are seen fresh traces of modern work. This may at first have a somewhat disturbing effect, for age and dignity are almost inseparable ideas, and the subdued weatherstained colouring is always associated with the thought of the great well-known cathedrals of the world. The interior (which is adorned with Schraudolph's beautiful frescoes) presents the idea of the light additions of modern work, besides conveying an impression of power to the whole style of the building with its fine proportions. We have, perhaps, not clearly

expressed what we mean, for nothing is farther from our thoughts than a wish to imply that its architectural beauties are not of a very high order. It is, however, not quite easy to state exactly the idea we would convey. A visitor we met once in the cathedral indicated our impression in one word, better than any long explanation could have done. Looking round on walls and ceiling, he said:— "The Cathedral of Speyer pleases me better than any other in the world—better than Strasburg, Milan, or Cologne." "Indeed!" was our astonished rejoinder; "and pray what gives it such decided pre-eminence in your eyes?" "Oh! it is so neat; it is the *neatest* cathedral in the world."

We descend to the dark crypt, and after carefully inspecting it come up again to the light, and pass through all the smaller chapels. The last of these is dedicated to St. Afra, and here let us stop for a moment. This is the place where the body of the Emperor Henry IV. was laid, when he died under the ban of excommunication and the priests refused to lower him into the grave of his ancestors. The coffin of the man who once begged for mercy in the Castle of Canossa, lay unburied for five years before the resting-place of his fathers. The fate of his body in death resembled that which it had experienced in life. Such are the invisible shadows of the olden time, which fall upon these lofty sacred walls when on the holy Sabbath the choristers pass between them with tapers and fragrant incense. No brilliant colours ever have erased or ever can erase those shadows; they are the gloomy inheritance of these places. Henry IV. at Canossa is an eternal grief in the remembrances of the German nation, the immovable shadow which hangs over the old Empire at Speyer.



STREET IN SPEYER.



HEIDELBERG.

THERE is an ideal among places as well as among persons, and favoured forms exist which are beloved of all; among these few will deny that Heidelberg may claim a place. It stands bright and clear along the riverside; the mountains which surround it have shadows of a delicate blue tint, and on every side are running springs, balmy air, and happy human faces. This characteristic, which is constantly interwoven with intellectual work and cheerful enjoyment, is now so closely bound up with the name of the town that we can scarcely realise through what shame and

sorrow it passed before such days dawned upon it. The heights above the Neckar were fortified as far back as the time of the Romans. On them stood the citadel which the Bishop of Wurms built. It consisted of rude solitary towers which were given in fee first to one noble and then to another, till at last Conrad founded the little town, the city of the Counts-Palatine of the Rhine. Its beginnings were tedious and difficult; all the elements conspired against it, and yet its vitality was indestructible. It rose with fresh glory out of the ashes to which it was reduced, out of the flood by which it was covered, and strengthened itself with those weapons which must ultimately prevail, namely the weapons of intellectual power.

The University of Heidelberg, which was founded in 1386 by the Count-Palatine Ruprecht, is reckoned one of the earliest in Germany. The effect of its establishment was not long in giving a peculiar character to the whole town. No longer was its chief source of pride the splendour of a royal court, or the unapproachable beauty of its environs, but it raised its head in the full consciousness of intellectual superiority, it became a Minerva among the cities which stand in the broad plain on both sides of the Rhine. In its heart there stirred the great idea which was later to become a familiar watchword, "Knowledge is power!" And, indeed, a powerful and joyful period commenced: the Prince-Palatine Frederick had victoriously prevailed over all his opponents, the noblest of guests were received in the great castle, the noblest men of the time studied at the university; and renown, wealth, beauty, pleasure, all united to adorn the life of the place. Heidelberg became the pearl of German cities, and stood shining beneath the banner of free thought. A little later and all changed once more. The same banner which had been the emblem of peace and progress became the standard of war—a war which was contested for thirty years, and which seemed as if, at any cost, it would wrest the town from the hands of the Germans. Another period began. Minds were divided, the hosts stood opposed one to another, and the greatest and most horrible war which the world has ever seen broke forth. The prosperity and peace of the city declined. The first leader that appeared before the walls was the gloomy Tilly, a monk in soldier garb. He invariably sent his messengers into each town that he approached and called on the people to surrender, giving them only the alternative of fire or sword. Heidelberg also received such a warning. It was beleaguered, stormed, and burnt; but the literary treasures, the splendid library of the Palatinate, was presented by Tilly and the Prince-Palatine Max to the Holy Father, who carried away these pearls of German intellect to the Vatican. After Tilly the



THE BLASTED TOWER, CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

Swedes, and after the Swedes the Imperialists, each in their turn worked further destruction on the town and its inhabitants: fire and sword were the watchwords of those days.

But the worst of all the sorrow that passed over the town came from the hand of Louis XIV., who not only conquered and laid waste the districts of the Rhine, but also disgraced them. The castle was destroyed, the tombs of princes were defiled, and the inhabitants were filled with despair. It required many years to efface these misfortunes, and the following century passed silently and wearily at Heidelberg. Many calamities still befell the town, but it was like a man who having gone through the heaviest and most indescribable sorrows bears patiently whatever else may come. Its prosperity, its glory were broken down; it was no longer looked on as a prize for the ambition of war, and no longer a fitting stage for the mailed foot of History.

It was in the beginning of our own times that the town first woke out of the deep swoon of

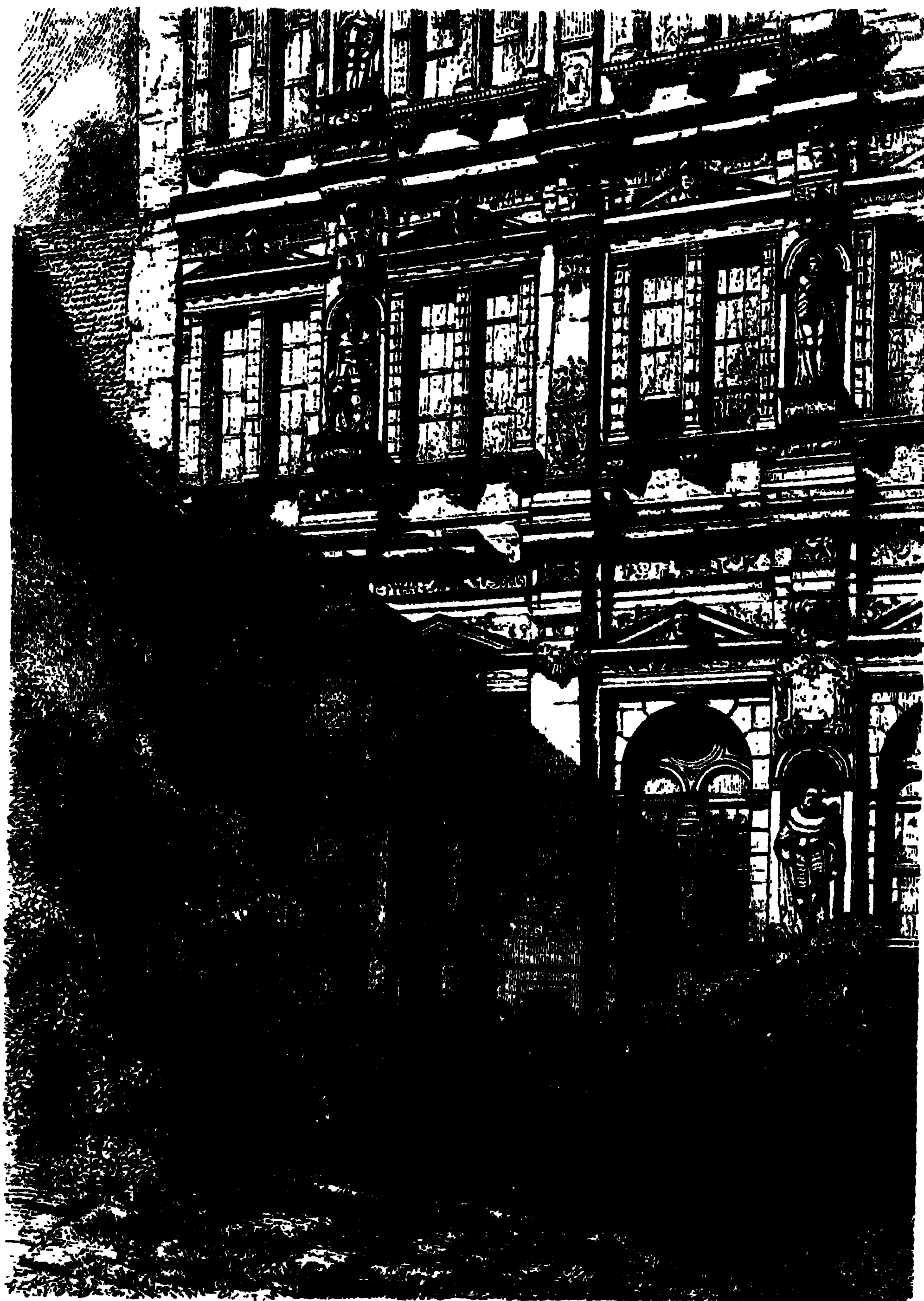


TOURISTS ON THE SCHLOSSBERG.

exhaustion into which it had sunk, and its features acquired a new living charm. The power by which it was renovated was again the power of knowledge. "And new life blossoms out of the ruins." If ever this consoling creed of history were true it was fulfilled here; this same town which had seen all the abomination of desolation, became a plantation whose creative blessings spread all over Europe. The greatest achievements of science had their cradle here. The greatest names of science found here their home. In this way there re-appeared in the physiognomy of the inhabitants that bright cheerful character which influences our first impression as we now enter its gates.

The town of to-day smiles at us like a man who has never known a sorrowful hour; but we know through what anguish these walls have passed. Earth and history have their martyrs, as well as Heaven, and Heidelberg stands among these silent sufferers. We rarely analyze that mysterious something which constitutes the individuality of a town, or ask ourselves what it is that particularly

attracts us to it. Heidelberg possesses nothing of what are called "sights." The number of its inhabitants is moderate, and their manner of life simple and devoid of distracting pleasures; but the deserted castle with its ruins attracts us more than a thousand palaces with all their treasures. We cannot leave this labyrinth where the paths are full of violets and every wall has some great



FREDERICK'S WING, CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

associations. In the fragrant woods which surround it the sun flecks the intricate paths with spots of light. We cannot tear ourselves away from the fragrance and the coolness of these woods, and from the enticing secrets chirped to us from every bough. In the cool shade there lies a pool, where the murmuring streamlets rest awhile before they run down towards the valley. The place is called Wolfsbrunnen (the wolf's well), because it was here that a fortune-teller named Jetta, who lived near this

place, was torn to pieces by a wolf. There lies the Devil's Hole, and yonder the King's Chair, and there, where the wood opens, we look down on the straggling wonderful ruins.

We leave the green foliage and return to the town with its cheerful life, where the glory of



VIEW IN THE COURTYARD, CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

intellectual pre-eminence is found combined with happy careless youth. We ask again, who can tear himself away from all these attractions?

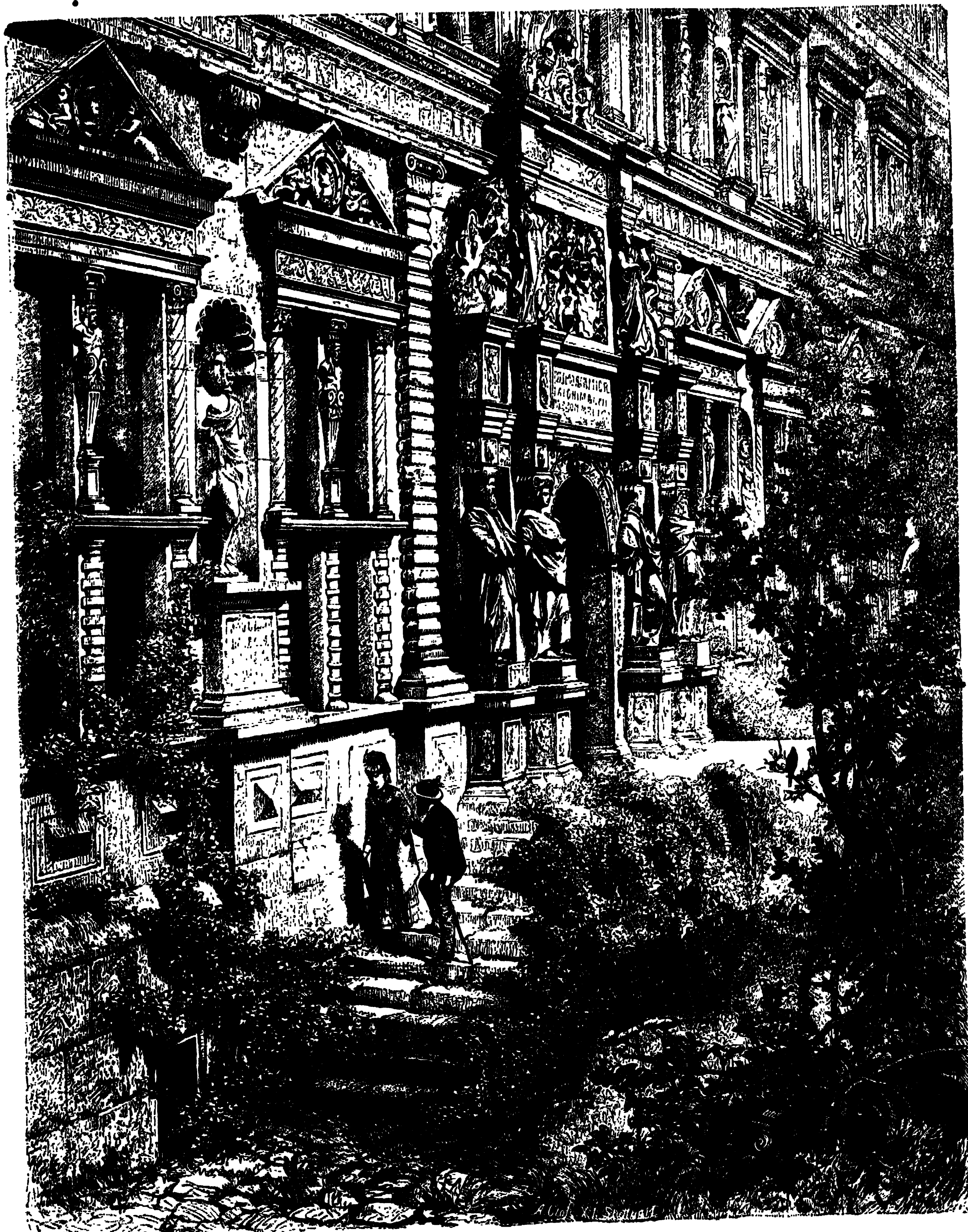
Now we will ascend leisurely to the castle, for that is always the first object to which a stranger is attracted. How many times have pen and pencil essayed to describe this pearl of beauty! How many thoughts full of poetry have awakened at the sight,—thoughts which have never found utterance, but have flashed through the soul as a falling star rushes through the vaults of heaven! Thousands have stood here, and still the old charm works afresh for each one. The original power of these walls has long ago been shattered, but the power it exercises over the minds of men has constantly increased, and no destroyer has been able to subdue it. The Castle of Heidelberg, as is well known, was not the work of one hand nor of one period, but is a complete square of palaces, in which the ideas of a



PART OF THE COURTYARD, CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

century and the supremacy of long generations are embodied. It was a little town in itself, with castles and towers, with galleries and gardens, built as a counterpart of the old palaces of the Roman Empire.

Imperial hands have been busy here also, and the imperial eagle stood above the portal; but the emperors were none of them of that effeminate yet savage type which we have seen in Nero and Galba, Heliogabalus and Caracalla—they were men of iron frames and harsh names. The Emperor Ruprecht built the wing which first confronts us as we approach the courtyard by way of the bridge and gateway. The building which is now named after him is by no means the oldest part of the castle. This goes back to the time of Rudolph, having been completed a century before, and within its ruins lie the oldest



HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

and gloomiest legends. We go farther, and reach a corridor where the well of the castle is; the four granite pillars near it are a legacy of the Empire, having once stood at Ingelheim, in the territory of Charlemagne.

Every one of the palaces which we pass has its own history, its own beauty, its own legends; the most beautiful of them all is that which is named after Otto Heinrich. Here we stand before one of the finest masterpieces which the early Renaissance produced. This also bears the scars of that frightful period of war, and has become a ruin; but what irresistible beauty still speaks to us out of the dumb lifeless limbs! Truly a thousand palaces of the present day could not outweigh this one—this torso of a palace! It has been said that Michael Angelo designed it, and whether or not this supposition has any historical foundation, the fact that it ever existed is the most perfect testimony to the beauty of the work. It was built at a period when the slumbering powers of antiquity were again slowly awaking, and penetrating every artistic production; the Greek classics were held next in esteem to the Bible, and next



HEIDELBERG CAVALRY CORPS.

to the youthful energy of the Reformation the indestructible beauty of the antique seemed part of the very condition of the people. Princes began to feel like the Olympians, and made the Olympians the companions of their homes. This train of thought, this tendency of the time, is to a certain extent impressed on the façade of this splendid palace, which is like a stone mirror of those glorious days. In the open niches the figure of Hercules stands near that of David. On the one side the Christian virtues, on the other the enthroned and newly-revived gods Jupiter and Saturn, Mars and Venus. Motionless and intrepidly these figures succumbed to their fate in those frightful days of war. Sometimes the hand of a hero, sometimes the crown of a king or the limbs of a goddess fell to the ground. They were but of stone; but there is a soul in these shattered stones, which makes us feel even now the pain of their wounds. The very ivy shares our feelings, and pitifully covers the broken limbs and broken hearts with its green veil. Was all this glory then created for destruction? Who were the masters that built these wondrous walls? Their very names are unknown, and no man any longer calls these

splendours his own. The wind rustles through the open doorways, the foliage flourishes in the crevices, the swallow brushes the window-frames with its slender wings, and the stars look down from above into the roofless chambers.

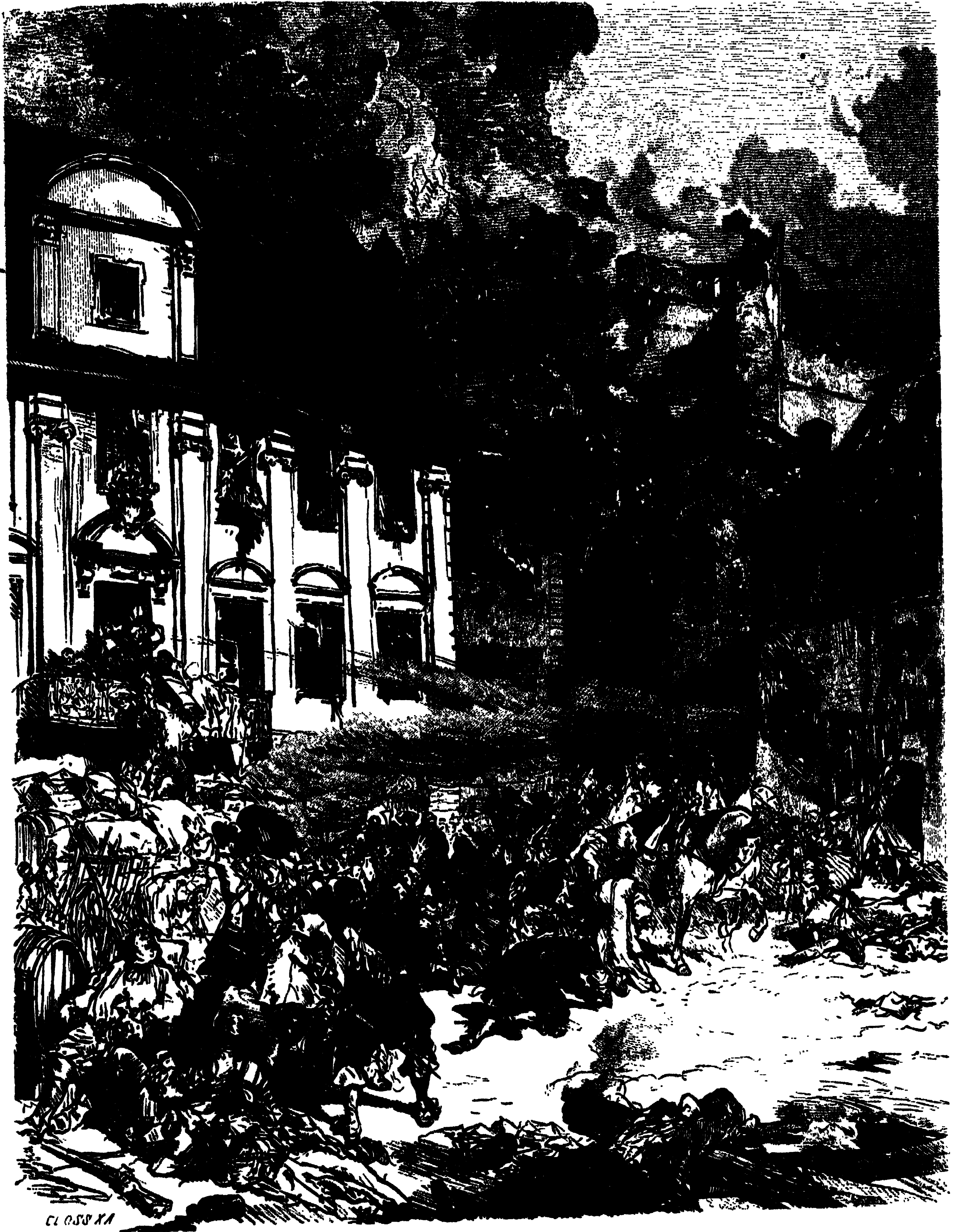
The existence which these walls now lead is mournfully silent; passionless and actionless, everything here speaks only of the past. The men of the present day pass by in hundreds without understanding anything of its meaning. Only now and then some one comes whose imagination carries him to the past, and who feels some sympathy and veneration for what has gone before. Under the glance of such a one the old red walls spring once more into life; for him the scenes of bygone ages are mysteriously re-enacted. He hears the mailed footstep of princes re-echo through the halls, and the ringing laugh of lovely women once more enlivening these silent chambers. Could he, however, awake all the forms and bring to light all those whose names are associated with these walls, the array would indeed be



NECKARSTEINACH.

endless. Every corner is full of images, from that of the regal figure on the battlements to that of the dwarf who crouches in the cellar to guard the great cask. The latter is one of the wonders of Heidelberg which no visitor omits seeing, and which many gaze on with more enthusiasm than on the shattered splendour of kings. It is said to be capable of containing two hundred and thirty-six thousand bottles; but the cask is empty, and is only a remnant of that time when princes prided themselves on the size of their belongings, and had lost that finer and more spiritual charm of possession which had departed from them. When the old cask fell to pieces in the year 1751, the cooper had only to build a larger and more highly ornamented one to replace it.

The dwarf, of whom a wooden statue stands near the great cask, was originally the court jester in the Castle of Heidelberg, about that time when the Prussian king amused himself with his gigantic grenadiers. The dwarf had leave to drink fifteen bottles every day, and the court amused itself by

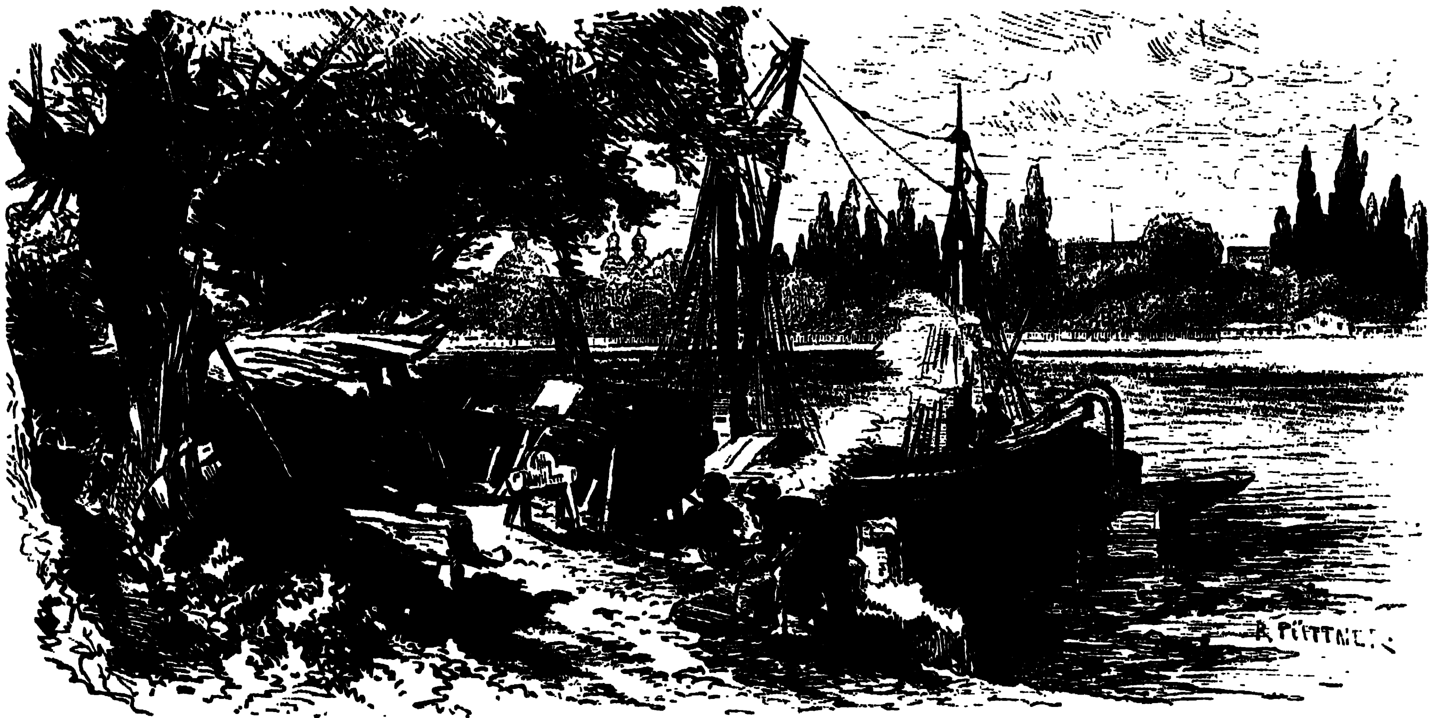


THE SACKING OF HEIDELBERG.

watching the inebriated contortions of this childish figure, and passed their weary hours in observing the flushed features of this poor wretch. Victor Hugo has rightly said, "Pauvres princes d'une époque décrépite, occupés de nains et de géants et oubliant les hommes!"

Of all occupations and amusements none was wanting in Heidelberg. Lions' dens, orange gardens, brilliant feasts abounded, to say nothing of sanguinary encounters. Everything! and of all there remains now nothing! A ruin covered with green ivy stands before us—it is not the ruins of a castle, but the ruins of an epoch.

Down below, at the foot of the castle, the current of the gay student life runs merrily along full of vivacity and brightness. The period when Heidelberg belonged to the Counts-Palatine of the Rhine has long since passed away. Now it belongs to the students, and it is not the castle but the university which is the centre of its glory and of its importance. Heidelberg has completed its mission in political



MANNHEIM.

history; its place lies henceforth in the intellectual history of Europe. We have, therefore, only to depict in a few lines the joyous, stirring description of the student city, as given by an old student: "I can picture to myself, as if it were yesterday, my departure from home. The carefully-counted bank-notes lying on the table with the passport, the good advice and good wishes from relations and friends, the long journey with its rapidly-changing scenes, and the beating of my heart when the guard came to the door of the carriage and said, 'Now, gentlemen, tickets for Heidelberg.' It was not without a feeling of veneration that I entered this seat of the Muses. Even the road from the railway is an interesting walk for a stranger. At such a moment, however, as I am describing, the mind is a blank sheet on which are swiftly sketched the first impressions, to be afterwards slowly corrected and completed. The Rhine life reigns on all sides. I saw people who are accustomed to transact all their affairs with open doors; girls with brisk step and bright eyes, lads who rushed romping by; noisy

fellows in blue blouses were in every corner, and hackney-coaches rattled by, filled with stoutly-shod students. Now and then a figure passed which I felt must be that of a professor."

If we compare Heidelberg with other places in South Germany, and especially with Munich, we are astonished that two places geographically so near to one another should in point of culture be so far removed; in this respect the distance between the old Bavarian nature and that of the Rhenish Palatinate is three times as great as the actual distance between the two principal towns. When hiring a porter at the railway station at Heidelberg it would seem that all of them are æsthetically inclined, and that each of them had been to the university. They speak of Bunsen and of the late Vaugerow as if they were their best friends. Thus there continually rises to the surface an impression of the special character of the town, which naturally has its root in university life. This character is announced not only in the popularity of the Heidelberg celebrities and the respect which even the porters have for "their" professors, but also in a thousand little particulars. It lies before the shop-



LUDWIGSHAFEN.

windows where coloured caps and ribbons are exhibited, it is met with in the bookseller's stall, and even in the beershops.

Whatever happens to a Heidelberg student, he manages to adapt himself to circumstances, whatever they may be, or whatever they may be called; and this characteristic is stronger here than in the great towns where the extent of the foreign element obstructs the natural development of the students. Many, however, are said to belong to the student class who pitch their tent in the coffee-house and come in contact with the beadle oftener than with the professor, and who spend even more time on their pet dogs than on their own toilet. But there are great temptations, even for such as intend to work honestly, for few universities offer so enticing a field for the gay enjoyment of life as Heidelberg. The true German student life is developed more thoroughly here than elsewhere, and the beautiful neighbourhood attracts excursionists into the open country on the bright summer days; the little towns of Neckargemund and Neckarsteinach are thus especially popular. Below on the river lie swift boats, the wine sparkles, and the castles look down from the rocks full of martial memories on many a lively

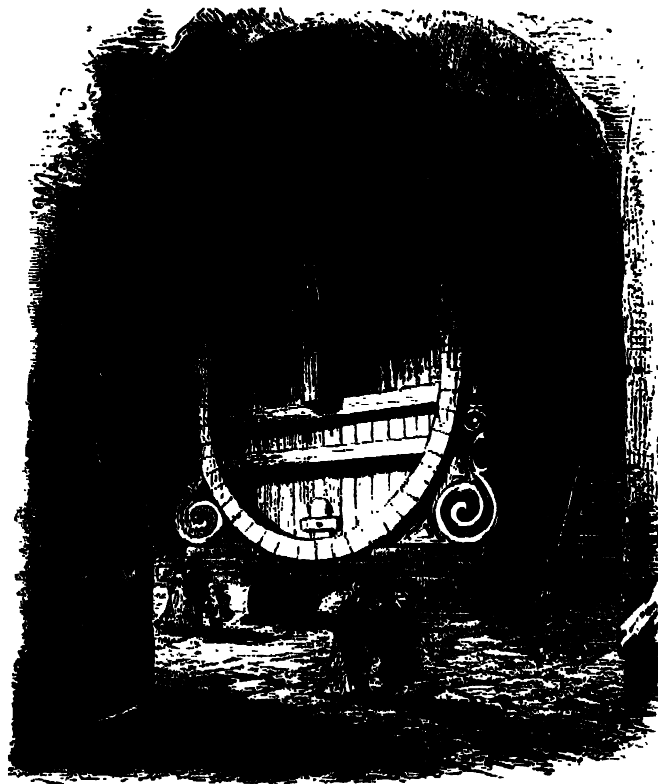


PICNIC ON THE NECKAR.

scene. The Neckar Valley, though much smaller and more unpretending, perhaps shows the most intimate relationship to the Rhenish life; and the pulse which pervades that life is cheerfulness.

That yearly festival which is held in the golden autumn on the banks of the Neckar is well known. It is celebrated at the time when the grapes are ripe on the hillsides, and when every one gathers in the harvest on his own land and from his own vines.

Mannheim also is a favourite walk for the students of Heidelberg, especially those who like to see the ways of the world as they are represented on the stage. When a novelty is announced on the theatre bills, the news of such an event travels in no time for miles round, and the curious come to Mannheim in long caravans to see the show. But the frivolous student may also learn here what is meant by hard work, and what is achieved by unremitting toil; for it is to the results of work that Mannheim



THE GREAT CASK, HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

owes the position which it holds among German towns. It was work also which, within a few centuries, called the neighbouring town of Ludwigshafen into existence as if by magic.

But who can think of anything serious while the gay-coloured cap still covers the young and thoughtless head? He who would flee abroad must have an easy mind; the time of care comes soon enough of its own accord. Then it is no longer a question of enjoyment, but one of toil. The sultry hour of the examination comes nearer and nearer; that hour when we must pay toll on the thorny road of knowledge. We only really go through an examination properly when we are young, for it is only then that we have the courage to fail; later in life we remark that old Socrates was right with his theory that the beginning of knowledge was to know that we know nothing. Ah! in what a condition we were on the occasion when we made our first visit to the examination-room. We kept ringing the bell, and making our landlord's pretty daughter run about the passage even more than usual. As we

went out she cast a compassionate look on the victims adorned for the sacrifice. She well knew what our humours signified, for she had seen them very often, and understood what was about to happen. Such were our college days at Heidelberg.

Heidelberg itself is almost like a blooming garden, but if it is not sufficient to satisfy the ideas of some, there is for those who prefer the addition of Art to Nature another garden at Schwetzinger, the fame of which reaches throughout Europe. Of the town itself there is little to be said; it was formerly only an appendage to the summer palace, and is at the present time just a little fussy official place, as noisy and lively as was once the nature of the district of the Palatinate, and yet as quiet as is becoming for a town of four hundred souls. It is a curious fact that of the numberless strangers who visit the place, no one asks for the town, that being simply an approach to the castle and garden.

The view which we have here is not beautiful in that free unconstrained sense in which nature



TEMPLE OF APOLLO IN THE SCHWETZINGER GARDEN.

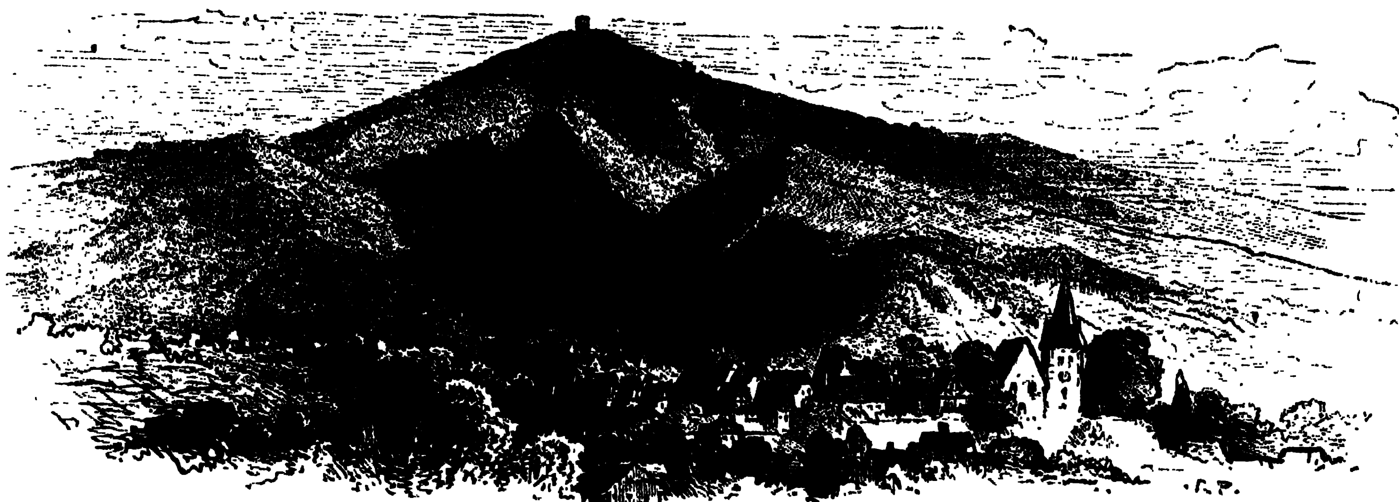
presents her loveliest forms. Its value rests upon the high degree of cultivation in its exact reproduction of what was at one period held for beauty. The period of which we speak is embodied in the names of the later Bourbons. The kings of the Maintenons, the Pompadours, and the Dubarrys were the patterns of royal taste; the castles of the nobles grew up everywhere in the form which prevailed at Versailles. Not only the dumb senseless stone was subject to this constraint, but also living, blooming Nature, which vainly resisted the power of human hands. Gardens in the style of Louis XIV. were added to the castles, and such a garden do we see here. It covers an area of nearly two hundred acres. On reaching the dazzling white wing of the building we look through the arched gateway and see before us a flat surface on which not a single mound relieves the monotonous level. The stiff geometric treatment is repeated also in the long lime avenues, and in their running fountains and grey statues.

We enter and walk slowly onward along the gravelled paths. All around us we see large flat flower-beds with thousands of fragrant buds crowded together in one heap, the whole having the effect

of a variegated nosegay on a huge table. Above the water in the stone basins rise dolphins and dragons, of damp stone or dark metal, bearing upon their backs gay cupids. Then the path branches out on both sides on to the turf, and thick avenues open right and left; the ivy clings round those trees which have been allowed to grow wild. There is something almost mysterious and world-forgotten in these deep shadows. The stone figures which we meet with share this characteristic, and acquire a mystical significance. Old Pan looks down from a high rock, the water drips and trickles in the stony grotto, the fir boughs whisper to each other—it seems almost as if we might hear the sound of the instrument which the god holds to his lips, or see the forms which the music from his pipe attracts, or meet a nymph rising from her bath and looping together the tresses of her streaming hair. Such images are inexhaustible on our way through the park and garden. We meet with temples and "ruins," artistic bridges and lakes. In all this place there seems to be but one thing wanting, namely the human beings who once took pleasure in these splendours. All these stone memorials, these flowers, this turf, look as though they stood upon a huge immeasurable grave, beneath which sleeps a vanished century.



WALK IN THE SCHWETZINGER GARDEN.



ZWINGENBERG AND MELIBOCUS.

THE BERGSTRASSE AND THE ODENWALD.

THE country between Heidelberg and Darmstadt is covered for miles with thick forest. Beneath the lofty branches the lurking deer finds shelter, and within its rocky walls many olden glories have decayed. The objects in the landscape here do not raise before us anything of historic importance, nor as we gaze upon them can we picture to ourselves that we stand before a theatre of stirring deeds—it is simply a national pleasure-place. On our road a slightly-built lad passes us, and gives us a pleasant greeting; the girls who sit at the cottage-doors we notice wear black coifs over their fair plaits, and unconsciously the old song rings in our ears—

> "There stands a tree in the Odenwald
> With many a bough so green,
> 'Neath which my own true love and I
> A thousand joys have seen."

Yes, we are wandering through the Odenwald, a district covering more than forty miles, which is bounded on the south by the Neckar, and descends on the west in a long, sharply-defined line towards the broad plain of the Rhine. In primitive times, the great high-road called *Platea Montana* passed through here, and we still find the lovely green tract which is now known as the Bergstrasse or mountain-road. Right and left of us appear charming little towns and snug villages full of original architecture. The air is soft and the soil fruitful; but, besides this abundance of the earth and the tranquillity of the people, there remains something which is indescribable, namely the charm of poetry. Even the railway, which rushes close to the slope of the wood, has not been able quite to destroy the charm. It is still the old Odenwald with its green branches, its powerful forms, and its sweet melancholy song.

Such being the state of this beautiful tract of country, we care but little whether the place took its name originally from the silent solitude (*Oede*) which in olden times must have hung over these woods, or whether the memory of old Odin is preserved in its title. We only now seek and are satisfied with enjoying the dusky verdure offered by the boughs, and the beauty which smiles upon us from the hills.

The most celebrated among the latter is that one the summit of which bears the somewhat curious



IN THE ODENWALD.

name of Melibocus. The way to it leads through lofty beech woods, on emerging from which we see a great tower with open battlements, and under its shadow we gaze over a broad expanse of country unfolding itself before our eyes. At our feet hamlets and villages lie among rustling woods. Among them are Alsbach, the little town of Zwingenberg, and many others. Beyond these come wooded hills, the serene Taunus and the rugged Spessart, which stretch far away in pleasant undulating forms. The

Schwarzwald are darkly indicated in the distance, and farther away still are the blue Vosges almost hidden in the haze of the horizon. Between them lies the broad plain of the Rhine, and out of it rise majestically the old cities with their towers and churches whose names are the pillars of German history, Speyer, Worms, and Mayence the Golden! Let us rest here in the green shade and think over the memories of times long gone by, from the doings of the wild race of the Chatti who once dwelt here to the days when the German army passed over the Vosges yonder.



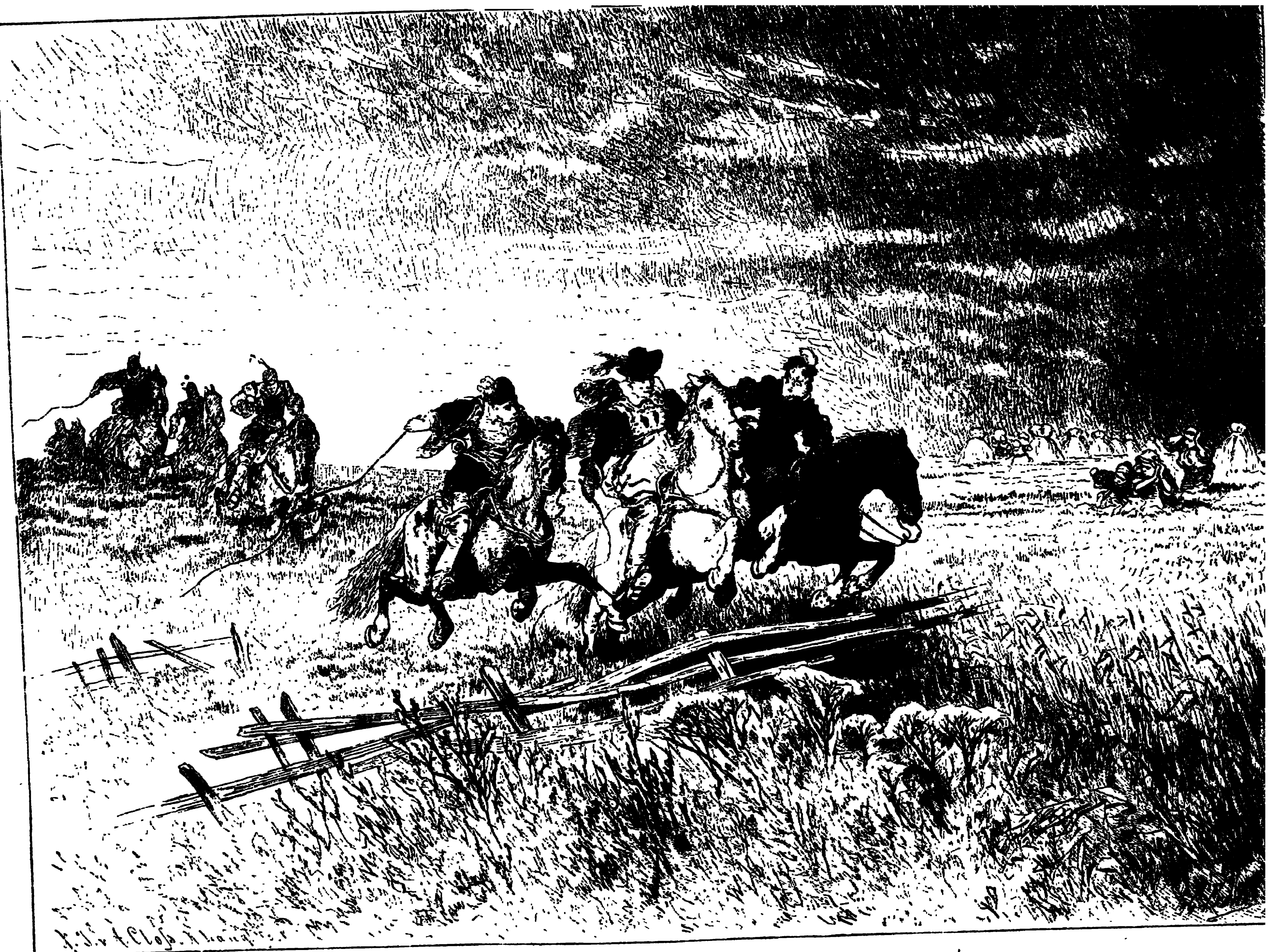
THE CASTLE OF HEILIGENBERG.

A picturesque road leads from Melibocus to the Felsberg; a lonely forester's house opens its hospitable doors to us, and when we have taken a short rest we make our way to the "Felsenmeer." Long before the end we seek is in view the path to it has something mysterious and ghostlike which suggests the old pagan times. On every side are shattered rocks overgrown with damp moss, and only now and then do we catch a glimpse of the blue sky through the lofty beech-trees. Nature alone is dominant here. But all at once a huge square block of stone lies before us. This is not the work of Nature, human hands have evidently been at work here thousands of years ago; though the secret of the race and period to which it belonged is not yet solved. We proceed, and penetrate still farther into the forest, when our steps are again suddenly arrested by a gigantic pillar, almost grown into the earth. This also must have been formed on the spot out of the rock. The open



MONSTER PILLAR IN THE ODENWALD.

forest was the workshop in which it was fashioned—but who was its master, and what was its purpose? Was it destined for one of the old pagan gods which were so soon laid low by Christian swords; was it part of a palace of a Roman prefect, or did Charlemagne have it fashioned for his palace at Ingelheim? Who can tell? The powers of those who made it were either exhausted in the work, or they were



THE "RODENSTEINE."

scared away by new times which brought other rulers and other altars. Be this as it may, they left behind them the incompleted pillar in its original place, the forest. The luxuriant foliage soon spread its protective shelter over it, and time cast round it the veil of mystery till a new race arose who found it out and in vain attempted to solve the problem of its history as they stood before the silent stone. Not far from this is the "Felsenmeer," or Rock Sea, a huge plain in the midst of the forest which seems to be strewn over with shattered rock—"fragments whose origin is not more enigmatical than their appearance is remarkable." How may the spirit of the people have animated these places in the Dark Ages when proud nobles lived up here in their castles, and the enslaved peasants existed in the villages below!



MILL IN THE STETTBACHER VALLEY.

The Odenwald, like all forest districts, is rich in legends, and the groundwork of all these myths seems to be the noises and the doings of imaginary and invisible wild animals. Not far from the Felsberg itself, which we have just reached, lies Schnellert and the stronghold of Rodenstein; at the foot of the former there used to stand a primitive farmhouse, and the owner was acquainted with all the dark secrets of the mountains. He related that more than once he had heard on a calm night the wind suddenly rise with a groaning sound, and above it the stamping of horses' hoofs, the barking of dogs, and the note of the horn; the road which was taken by this nocturnal hunting party was that leading to Rodenstein. Whenever these sounds were heard they were considered a sign of approaching war, and even at the end of the last century careful inquiries were made whenever the woodcutters or hunters had any information to give on the subject.



THE CASTLE OF SCHÖNBERG.

The castle which stood on the summit of Schnellert was built in an unusual manner. It presented a hexagon, of which each side measured sixty feet; within this came a strong wall, a deep ditch, and another stone wall. But the walls have all fallen to pieces centuries ago. Amongst the ruins, it is said, there once dwelt three sisters, who were doomed to live there by some fatal enchantment, and they were guarded by a wild huntsman in the form of a black dog. They often prayed for release; and one day the most beautiful of them appeared to a young acquaintance and told him that she would come to him in the form of a snake and kiss him three times; if he

remained brave and steadfast it would remove the curse, and she would give him her love and all her wealth. When the slimy serpent appeared on the following day, and coming towards him darting her forked tongue, wound herself in thick coils around his body, his heart failed him, he staggered back, and from his lips escaped the cry, "Lord, help me!" The snake vanished, and with it the lady's love and her gold.

Of the other castles in the neighbourhood, Schönberg and Heiligenberg are remarkable in an historical sense, but without doubt the castle of Auerbach is the most noteworthy. There still remains, even in the ruins of this colossal building, something of that mighty power which formerly held dominion here; for fire and sword have not been able entirely to destroy these massive towers and battlements. The origin of the stronghold takes us back to the time when the Carlovingian kings were its masters, before it occurred to the spiritual power to take possession of the lordly castle. The next banner planted on these walls was that of the princely abbey of Lorsch, one of the oldest in the whole empire, then came the Archbishop of Mayence, the chancellor of the empire and Prince-Palatine, and later the lesser nobility. How often the waves of battle have surged against these walls! But the fortress held out bravely and faithfully, till it surrendered to the treachery of the mercenaries of Louis XIV. The man who reduced the noble castle to ruins was Marshal Turenne, the leader of that war from whose wounds—and the destruction of this castle is one of them—the Rhine has not yet wholly recovered.

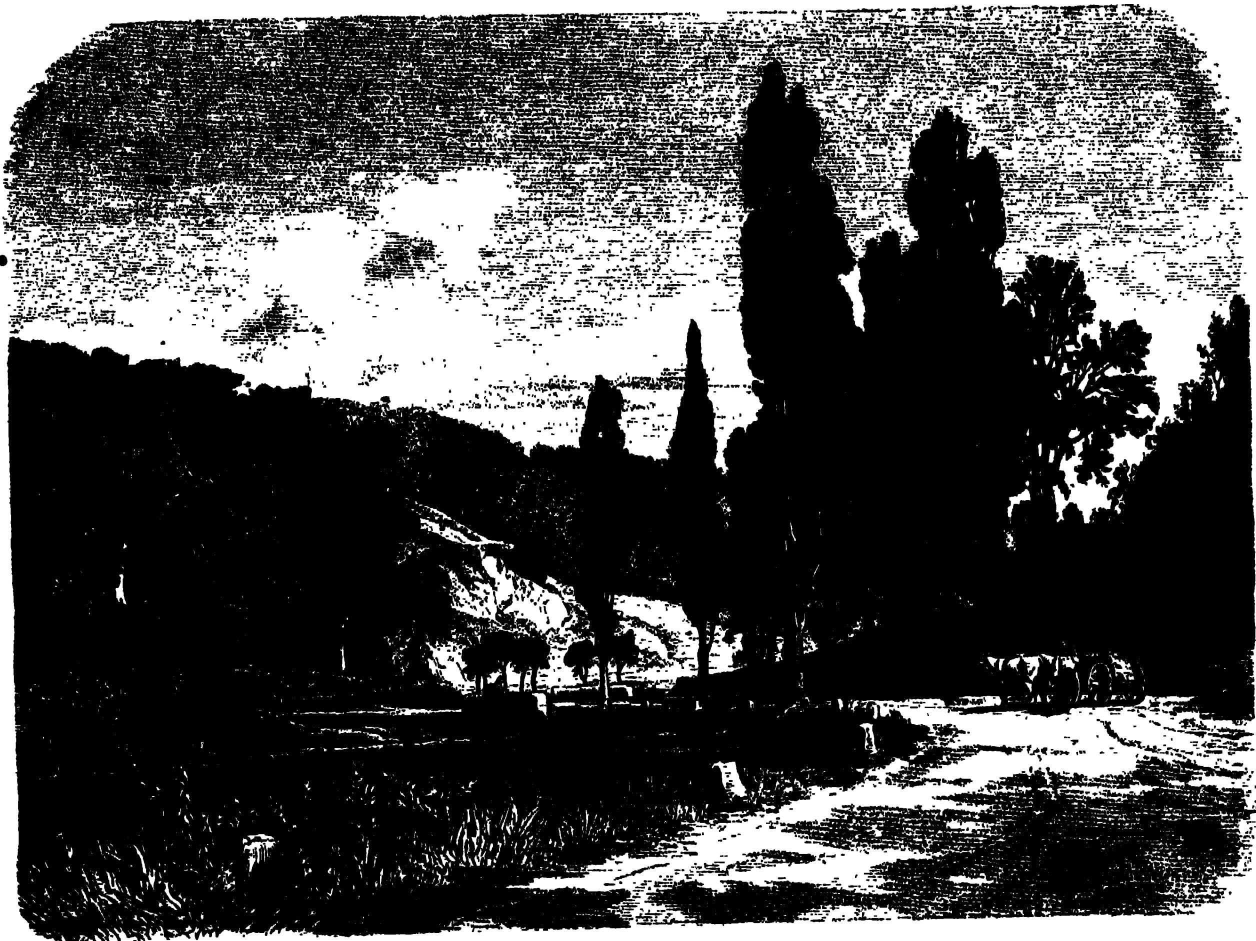


TOWN HALL AND SMITHY, SEEHEIM.

If we descend from the hills into the valley, we soon find in the place of the lonely forest depths active, cheerful movements, for the Rhenish character even here affects the disposition and the whole nature of the inhabitants. Every one we converse with gives us friendly and cheerful answers, we constantly hear the rushing of the mill-stream and the merry whirl of the wheel, and here and there we come upon little houses leaning against the rock wall, with the blue smoke rising from their chimneys straight into the air.

At the mouth of the Stettbacher Valley, immediately under the Heiligenberg, lies the smiling little village of Jungenheim, the name of which is widely known, even as far as the Ural and the Volga, for the cheerful little village in the Odenwald is a favourite resort of the mighty Czar. This imperial patronage has attracted many other strangers, and now handsome villas have sprung up among the thick beechwood, so that Jugenheim has rapidly become a favourite and fashionable resort. The pleasant habits of the people in showing kindness to strangers considerably helps to attain this end.

Hitherto Odenwald has offered us little except idyllic pictures, though we must not forget the



THE GORXHEIMER VALLEY.

attractive little towns which are situated along the Bergstrasse. They, indeed, are almost idyls themselves—which is no detraction from their merits. The first we meet with on the road from



LADENBURG.

Heidelberg to Darmstadt is the old town of Ladenburg, the *Lupodunum* of the Romans, who established here one of the most important of their settlements on the Upper Rhine. The ruins of a Roman bath

and other remains bear witness to the period. The position of Ladenburg was no less important in the Middle Ages, when it was the capital of the district named Lobdengaus, a territory first in the possession of the French king and afterwards in that of the Bishops of Worms. It was in the name of the town that the Counts of Lŏbdengaus held to the so-called "Stahlbühel" and the Gedinge or public tribunal. In the twelfth century, the Bishops of Worms having been driven out of the episcopal city by an insurrection of the citizens, took up their residence in Ladenburg and kept up a brilliant court there. The street called Saalgasse recalls the palace of its former protectors, the Frankish kings, for the royal palace here, as elsewhere, was called the Saal or Hall. The church, which is very old, contains monuments of the Barons Metternich and Sickingen. A convent which was built by the Barons von Sickingen is still standing, and is said to have had the following origin:—A young lady of the family once lost her way in the neighbouring forest and wandered about until quite late at night, when she was guided home by the sound of the church bells of St. Gallus. The grateful family founded the convent, in order that the bell should sound every night at eleven o'clock, and that every week two measures of corn should be baked into bread and distributed to the poor. A similar story is met with in other places.


VIEW OF WEINHEIM.

The Church of St. Gallus above referred to is said to have been founded by King Dagobert. In the history of Ladenburg, which is rich in sieges, we meet constantly with traces of Lorsch, that renowned mighty abbey which was a sort of magnet for all the property in the neighbourhood. The Spanish, the French, and the Swedes lay before these gates during the Thirty Years' War; but now that the times have grown more peaceful, the fragrant trees, whose valuable fruit is celebrated throughout Germany, bloom undisturbed.

Continuing our road a little farther, we come to Weinheim, which reminds us of what Karl Simrock says in his "Picturesque and Romantic Rhineland:"—"He who always sits in the railway carriage must not boast of having seen the Bergstrasse. He must take a carriage of his own, and must, at least, get out at Weinheim in order to pay a visit to the old Windeck. Standing near the slender tower, over the stables supported by pillars he must have looked down into the moist valley of Gorxheimer, where the Wechnitz runs through beech-grown meadows, and have raised his eager eyes to the light-blue distance of the Odenwald, which opens right and left before him. On the Hessian frontier, at Unter-

landenbach, which yields the most renowned wine of the Bergstrasse, he must have looked well before him and behind him, and on either side of him, for here the mountain-chain describes a semicircle, and the Oelberg at Schrieszheim comes into view with its beautiful combinations of form. Nowhere else does Meliboeus, the king of the Bergstrasse, appear in such sublime majesty. At Heppenheim he must have visited either the ruins of Starkenburg, from which the whole province is named, or the neighbouring town of Lorsch, to which not only the Bergstrasse but the whole country round is indebted for its culture and its old historical traditions. He should have skimmed through a few chapters of the history of the country, and have learnt at least enough to know that Starkenburg was built by the monks and vassals of Lorsch, in order to preserve for their abbot Ulrich the possession of the wealthy abbey, which the Emperor Henry IV. had given away to his favourite the Archbishop Adelbert of Bremen; he must know also that if Lorsch was founded early, it also degenerated early, so that Pope and Emperor gave it over to the Archbishopric of Mayence for the reformation of its discipline, and, if necessary, for its complete incorporation—a step by which Mayence drew down upon itself the war with the Palatinate. He must, at least, have paid a visit to Auerbach in order to try to release the Meadow Maiden, for who knows whether the cradle wherein he was rocked might not be woven from the twigs of the tree on which her deliverance depends. If he fails, the Meadow Maiden must wearily wait once more until a cherry-tree has grown in the meadow and a cradle has been made out of its twigs, for she can only be set free by a child who has first been laid in that cradle. He must have visited Zwingenberg and Meliboeus,—yes, even to the far-shining tower that adorns its summit, and marks the highest point of the mountain-chain. When he has done all this, then he will feel himself monarch of the Odenwald and of the vast Rhineland at his feet."



RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF AUERBACH.

After leaving Heppenheim we come to Bensheim—and, in passing, we may remark that on the Bergstrasse all the names end



RHINE GATE AT BENSHEIM.

in *bach* or *heim*. Many of the finest examples of architecture in Bensheim were destroyed in the frightful conflagration of 1822, but we still find towers and gables, galleries and gateways, which will bear comparison with the original buildings of the Schwarzwald. Bensheim is also closely connected with the traditions of the old abbey of Lorsch, which is situated hardly four miles from it. In the highly-decorated little chapel there Louis the German and his son found their last resting-place; and Pope Leo IX. laid his hands in benediction on the grave which the people hold sacred, in spite of the lawlessness of the time. Poetry and legend twine their golden threads around these spots, which have become associated even with the song of the Nibelungen. It is to Lorsch that Chriemhild brings the body of the noble Sigfried, and the verses of that great poem lament in telling lines how the "bold hero lay in his long coffin" before the minster.

We wander on past the ancient town of Zwingenberg, past Seeheim and Eberstadt to Bessungen.



MARKET-PLACE, DARMSTADT.

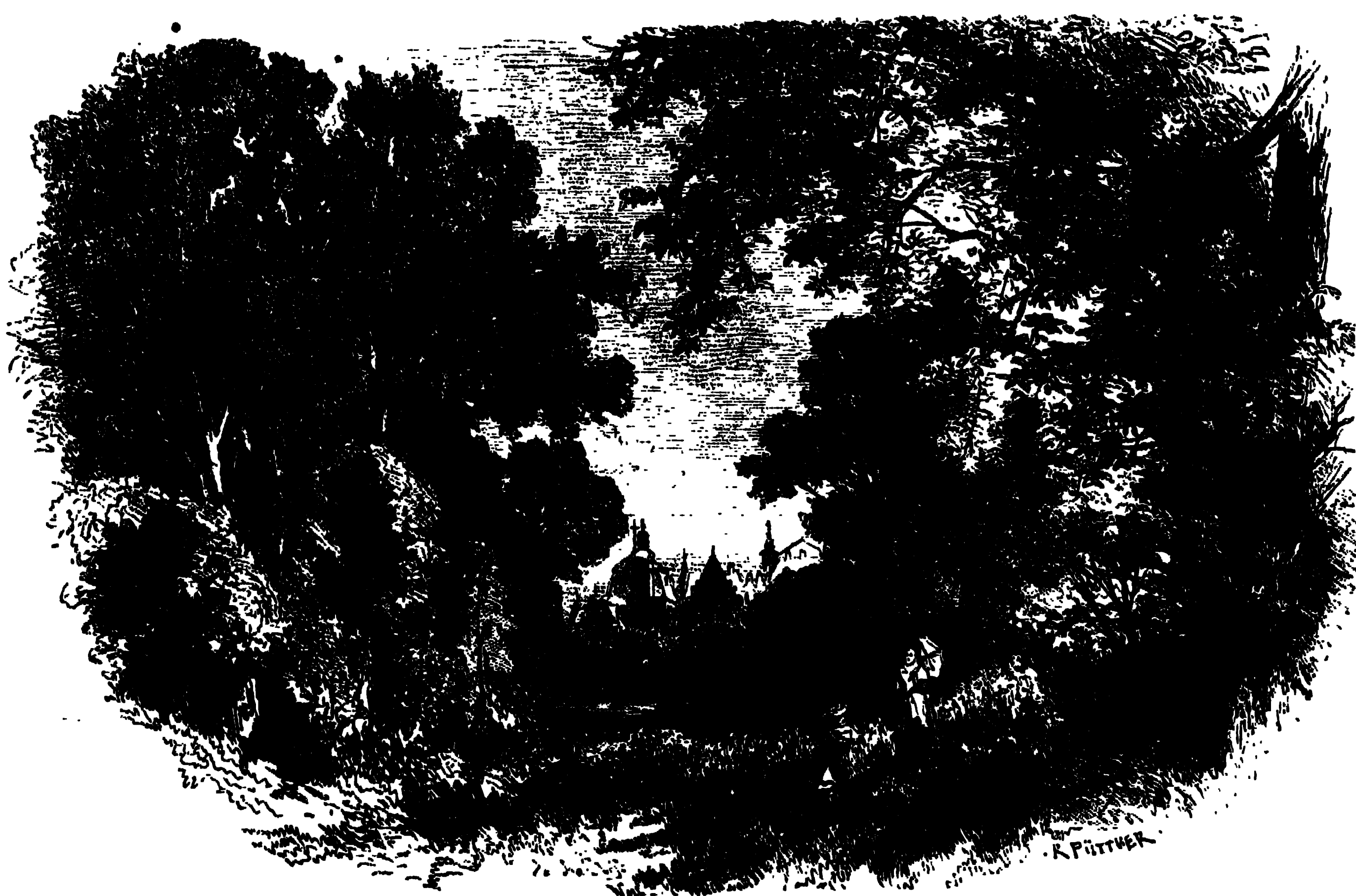
At Bessungen we leave the forest, which up to this time has been on our right, and we turn out of the celebrated road bordered with fine fruit-trees, which has led from Heidelberg hither. The associations also which have accompanied us now grow faint, the country becomes flatter, and the moral atmosphere which surrounds us is more modern. Our gaze no longer rests upon green summits and fallen citadels, but on the varied bustling life of the present day. We are in the capital of the beautiful country of Hesse, in Darmstadt.

We see here the same contrasts which meet our eyes in nearly all towns which have succumbed to modern ideas of progress. The interior, the kernel of the town, is still built in the old style which drew all the houses and streets as closely together as possible; but the new town which presses out beyond the walls and the gates requires vast dimensions, the roads are broad and straight, and the houses high



CARRYING SIEGFRIED'S DEAD BODY OVER THE RHINE.

and handsome. The genius of the present rules here, though in but few towns is this principle of extension older than a few decades. The Grand-Duke Louis I. is the prince to whom Darmstadt owes its growth. His monument consequently very properly stands in the centre of the modern quarter. Art lent its consecrating grace to the affection which erected this memorial, for the figure, which stands upon a lofty pedestal, was fashioned by no less masterly a hand than that of Schwanthaler. The palace where the Grand-Dukes of Darmstadt reside is called the Castle. It was begun by the old Landgraves of Hesse, and every century since has added something to it, according to its own taste. The most important part is, without doubt, that wing which belongs to the first ten years of last century, and was finished by French hands. Its fine façade looks down on to the market-place, and it contains the noblest treasures of art and science which the country possesses. The value of the picture gallery, of the antiquities, and of the other collections is well known. The theatre, which is now about to be rebuilt, enjoys an honourable reputation throughout Germany, and is constantly patronised by the reigning grand-duke, who in this respect follows the example of his predecessors. In short, the little capital well knows how to detain the strangers whom the beautiful scenes of nature in its neighbourhood have attracted to it.

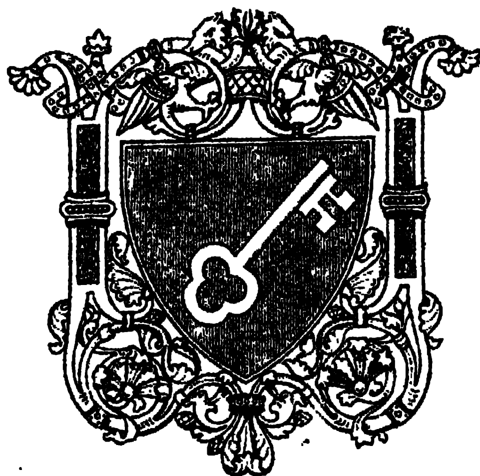


VIEW IN THE PARK OF THE CASTLE OF DARMSTADT.



JEWISH BURIAL-GROUND AT WORMS.

FROM WORMS TO MAYENCE.



ARMS OF WORMS.

THE whole of the road over which we have just passed runs along the right bank of the Rhine, and the green forest was so enticing that it drew us far into the cool shadow of its branches. But this is the last time that such leafy companions accompany us in our course along the great river. We now return to the bank in the broad plain through which it flows, and to which it has carried fertility and prosperity for thousands of years. The town element naturally predominates again here, and the first of the great cities which we meet with on the left bank is Worms. Worms is not beautiful in that ordinary sense which considers only attractive colours and attractive forms. There is another kind of beauty, however, which is grave and self-contained, and almost disdains to be criticized by every passing gaze. Such is the beauty which is peculiar to the places in this part of the country, and to the environs of the ancient town of Worms.

The landscape is flat, the colours are subdued, and the Rhine flows calmly, but strongly, between the meadows. Thick willow-bushes stand on both sides of the river, where a deserted bed is separated from it by a wide sandbank, on which now and then a heron may be seen. Nothing interferes with the broad expanse of sky which offers free play to the sailing clouds, while the spires of the cathedral in the distance rise in silent majesty. We shall at once feel, as we look on the scene before us with observant

senses, the inner meaning, the historical character of this landscape. The spirit which animates it is one of calm energetic power, that characteristic which demands great and historical figures for its consummation.

It was in the old fallen Camba here that the German princes used to assemble to choose a king, and it was also in the same place that the quarrel between the two Conrads was ended—

"And as the throng stood waiting all around,
And the great hum of men was so allayed
That the Rhine's quiet flow could be observed,
They saw how suddenly the two great knights
Grasped one another's hands with hearty grip,
While cheeks and lips met with a brother's kiss.
Then did they know no jealousy remained,
And each to other willingly gave place."

Thus may be rendered the description given by Uhland, in his "Duke Ernest of Swabia," of the



CHURCH OF THE HOLY VIRGIN IN THE VINEYARDS, WORMS.

election of a king in the year 1024. Concord having gained the day, the princely train and the rejoicing people proceeded to Mayence for the coronation.

All these are pictures of events which have long since passed away, but the landscape, the ground on which they were enacted, still lives, and the actors in them re-awake for him who looks deeply into the features of the place. Such a one hears still the noisy hum of the people, and sees the gigantic form of the mighty king towering over the shoulders of the rest. This force of historical association, this invisible re-animation of historical figures in a certain spot, is the sign of an historical landscape. In

Worms we can dispense with that which is, but no one would willingly be without the stirring thoughts of what has been. Here is the spot where the great Cæsar once stood; it was here that Attila, the gloomy hero of devastation, drove his cavalry across the Rhine. Before the Cathedral of Worms we are inflamed by the quarrel of the two queens Brunhild and Chriemhilda, and it was over this same



MARKET-PLACE, WORMS.

cathedral that that mighty cloud arose whose lightning gleams for ever for us in the song of the "Nibelungen."

The cathedral is still the greatest of all the monuments of the city; it is one of those splendid stone giants which the church has stationed along the Rhine as guardians of its power. There is apparent throughout the building, with its round towers and pinnacles, a sort of defensive character; the stately

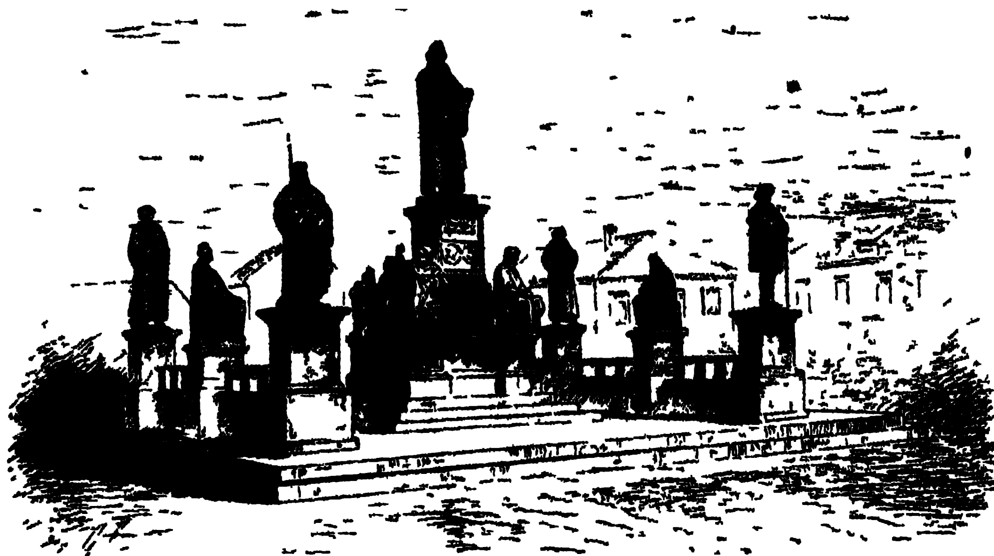
edifice presents itself to us as it were fully armed. The entire style is Romanesque. The ground-plan is that of a Roman basilica, but enriched with every decoration which a creative lavish period possessed. The unity of the whole is nowhere destroyed by an inconsistency. "Being built in the early years of the ninth century," says Simrock, "it is one of the oldest and finest monuments of the rounded arch style. From the eastern choir, and the northern side of the nave, hideous masks and grim beasts look down on us, the production of dark paganism which the Christian church of the eleventh century had not yet been able completely to get rid of or suppress. The western choir shows somewhat later forms, and a transition to the pointed arch. This is explained by a necessity having arisen in the fifteenth century for the rebuilding of the one western tower. But a western choir hardly lay within the plan of the first architect. According to fixed law, the principal entrance should have stood opposite the eastern choir. The present beautiful entrance on the south side, which is pure Gothic, must have been added three hundred years later." These rough walls look down on us, mighty as the times from which they sprang, and the impression they make is not weakened when we step with muffled tread within the sacred walls. There are the stone tombs of the old ecclesiastical princes of Worms, and over the altars pictures with golden backgrounds. In one of the chapels is the great stone font, and in another the last resting-place of queens. We stand within the magic circle of a masterpiece, and our consciousness tells us at every step we take that the air we are breathing is historical. How many assemblies, imperial diets, and other councils weighty with the fate of Germany, have been held within reach of these walls! In the year 772 war was declared here against the Saxons. In 1122, at an imperial diet here, a treaty was made between the Emperor Henry V. and Pope Calixtus II. respecting the investiture of the bishops with sceptre, ring, and staff. In the year 1495 a great diet was held, under Maximilian I., at which club-law was abolished and public peace established. Later still came that most famous diet, —the Diet of Worms—when a bold, determined man stood before the walls of the sacred old minster, and tore that great cleft in the globe which divides two eras, and created those two spiritual hemispheres into which the world is divided—"Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise. God help me!"



THE CATHEDRAL, WORMS.

But the period when Worms was the centre of historical events, when the mighty Charles V. and all the princes came into the imperial city, is long since past; and deep degradation has followed the days of prosperity. The Thirty Years' War visited it with desolation, but in the marauding wars of Louis XIV. it was not only desolated but destroyed. When the regiments of the enemy had lain long

enough within these walls, the citizens were informed that it was the will of "the most Christian king" that Worms should be burned to the ground. Only a short respite was granted them, and then the



LUTHER'S MONUMENT, WORMS.

consuming flames mounted towards heaven. It was a gigantic struggle between the two great elements. The earth and its stone would not yield, and the restless flames would not quench themselves till they



CLOCKTOWER IN ST. CATHERINE'S CHURCH, OPPENHEIM.

had destroyed the last house. At that time Worms was populous and powerful, as became an old imperial town. A double wall ran round the city; it had seven gates, and the Rhine tower was so

strong that thirty mines had to be laid under it before it could be overthrown. Piece by piece the old magnificence fell into ashes, and while the people outside were wringing their hands, the town was levelled with the ground on which it had stood.

All was dead and silent: only the walls of the cathedral remained amid this burnt wilderness. Every human possession perished: God only had preserved His house!


SWEDISH CHAPEL, OPPENHEIM.

Men built again; walls can be replaced, but no future race can supply the spirit of the great past, that was destroyed with the ancient battlements. A quiet, dull time began; grass grew in the streets, and the new race grew up depressed and weary. The population hardly numbered a third of what it had once been; and they lived on the remembrances of the past more than on any belief in a great future. This meaningless and objectless life lasted for some time, and even in the middle of last century a chronicler tells of the many "barren places and wastes" which were to be found in the interior of the town. Even as late as 1840, Victor Hugo calls Worms "une ville qui meurt," and depicts, with gloomy eloquence, the impression of agony which he had received when visiting it.


ST. CATHERINE'S CHURCH, OPPENHEIM.

In our own days, life has all at once re-appeared. It is not the old powers which have awakened after long slumber, but the spirit of the present, the modern ideas, which on being circulated through the old petrified limbs, has brought into existence thousands of busy arms who fill the great factories and thousands of laden waggons which fly over the railroads, up and down the Rhine as far as Holland.

We enter a handsome house on the Lindenplatz; green vines clamber over the porch, and within there reigns that cheerful hospitality which is the prerogative of the Rhine. Everything is comfortable and handsome. The father sits in his broad arm-chair at the table, and tells of the old times; the amiable smile which now and then flits over his countenance evidently comes from his heart. He gazes on his beloved and ever-cheerful wife with the same pleasure and affection as he did five-and-twenty years ago. A thousand recollections are revived for the youthful guest, while the golden wine, which is found only at Worms, sparkles in the great green glasses. In the background there moves the sweet daughter of the house, quietly occupied with the business of the table; prudent and lovable she is as Elsie in the fairy-

tale, and as every true child of the beautiful old city ever has been. She understands her work thoroughly, and still remains always modest. Her brown hair droops over her smiling face, and she performs the duties of the house unknown and unembarrassed, so that in watching her we do not wonder that the district in which Worms is situated was once, in the splendid days of old, named Wonnegau, or "the district of delight."

Worms appears to us in more than one respect to be the first town on the Rhine which exhibits purely Rhenish life. This characteristic of the inhabitants seems to us to increase as we go farther down the river, until we reach Cologne. And this life is not wanting in that lovely characteristic of female beauty: pure amiability and pure modesty meet us here. There is a complete world of local customs, ideas, even of names; and in every heart there flows Rhenish blood. We recall with gratitude the hospitable day we spent in Worms, in the powerful old imperial city of the past, in the quiet city of to-day.



WATCHMAN'S HUT IN THE VINEYARD.

We meet with no large town between Worms and Mayence, for which reason the country is all the more rich and blooming. It is covered with fruitful vineyards, and is full of that gladness which seems to be inseparable from the vine. Such is the picture upon which we gaze as we glide down the blue stream. In the midst of this smiling country we are free from all the sadness which is, more or less, always associated with the walls of towns, and from all those fierce struggles whose gloomy memories make the Rhine the stream of history.

We first stop in Oppenheim, and here we recognise once more the signs of stormy days gone by, for above the expanse of vine gardens there stands a bold and commanding stronghold. This, in its time, has seen many an emperor within its chambers, and many an enemy within its walls, for it was an imperial fortress, and was worthy of the proud name which described it as the "crown of the country." The little town which crouches at its feet is much older, and was built upon the ruins of a Roman settlement. Though unpretending and modest, it once possessed the finest church which the Gothic style ever created in Germany, and it required all the vandalism of the war of the Palatinate to give up this masterpiece as a prey to the flames. More than half of the renowned Church of St. Catherine was then destroyed, but the mutilated remains (the restoration of which has now begun) are still attractive in a very high degree. Not only is it a monument of faith, but we feel that the grandeur of ancient times and the history of past races lie covered by its stones. We feel this

deeply when, walking quietly among the ruins, we come upon the great names which are written on these tombs. They are not names of individuals only, but they bring before us whole pages of history. Outside, in the quiet churchyard which surrounds the building, rest thousands whose names and fate are known to none; and, according to ancient custom, a charnel-house has been built in which are collected the skulls that have been dug up from time to time. What horror would thrill through us at the picture, if while staring through the grating at these bleached bones, the thoughts which once beat beneath these brows were suddenly to become embodied—thoughts which were untold, unfulfilled, and lost for ever! Even here we find traces of war, which several times visited the cheerful little town, for many of the bleached heads are splintered at the temple and bear the mark of a bullet. Who has sent him to his death? was it a Swedish knight, who lay before the town during the Thirty Years War, a mercenary of the French army which Turenne brought to the Rhine, or a Spaniard from the Basque Mountains? But who thinks now of such forgotten woes? On the hills that once drank in the blood of warriors, the vines are waving and the clear wine sparkles in the green ringing glass. It is here that we first meet with the name of "Rhine wine," and all that lies yonder towards the Pfalz belongs no longer to the map, but to the wine chart. "Nierstoiner" and the wine of Laubheim and Bodenheim have attained, far and wide, a well-deserved reputation, and with them we will fill our beaker to the brim while the boat bears us over the blue Rhine to Mayence. Already we see the cathedral towering over the broad roofs of the city, and seem to hear the sound of the church bells of the old royal city on the Rhine. So we once more fill our glass in honour of "Mayence the Golden!"

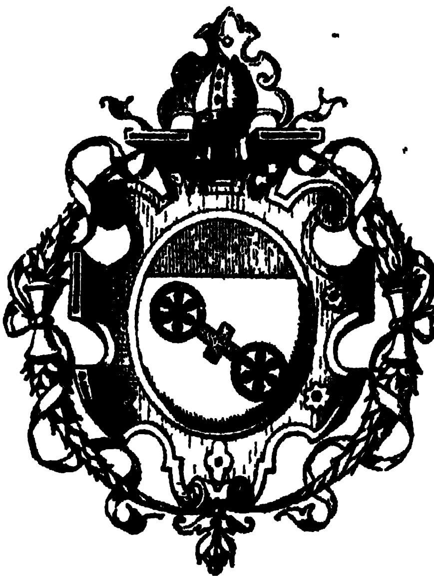


MAYENCE FROM THE WATERSIDE.



SHORE OF THE RHINE IN WINTER, MAYENCE.

MAYENCE THE GOLDEN.



ARMS OF MAYENCE.

NOW let us continue our way along the "Priestly Highway of the German Empire," as it has been called from the number and the celebrity of the ecclesiastical sees which we shall pass. We are now at "Mayence the Golden," and we shall go as far as "Cologne the Holy," along the lovely banks with which God has blessed the great German river.

This town, so often sadly memorable in history, and yet so indestructible, was once situated farther up on the softly-sloping hills. In the course of time it has sunk down to the river-banks. It has also sunk from the height of its classic origin, when the Romans built their stone bridges here, and made a yoke for our German forefathers; and also it has descended from its ecclesiastical height, when the bishops turned the crozier into a temporal sceptre. But in spite of all, though power and wealth have been lost under a thousand calamities, she still remains "the Golden." The inhabitants of Mayence have also preserved their character for pleasantness and good humour, and wherever the traveller wanders in this romantic valley, up stream or down, along the fine

silver surface as far as the Mouse Tower, he finds the men of Mayence to be "Father Rhine's" happiest and pleasantest children.

The situation of Mayence, if not the most beautiful, is at all events most open and pleasant. From the heights of the Kästrich or the "Anlagen" (at the feet of which is the handsome railway bridge), the eye sweeps over the river Maine and over the many-tinted spurs of the Odenwald and the Taunus. The airy fragrant heights of Hochheim and its vineyards overlook the confluence of the Maine and the Rhine, and from the high bank on the other side rise the massive contours of the red-brick Backstein barracks, now the Prussian cadet school of Bibrich. The little local steamers pass briskly backwards and forwards past the low island; the tugs of the Rhine Boat Company go panting through the clear waters at the head of a whole flotilla; the express boats move majestically along, like the traditional stately swan—in the style of the Mississippi floating palaces; and between the steaming passenger-boats filled with people the Rhine stream flows lazily on.



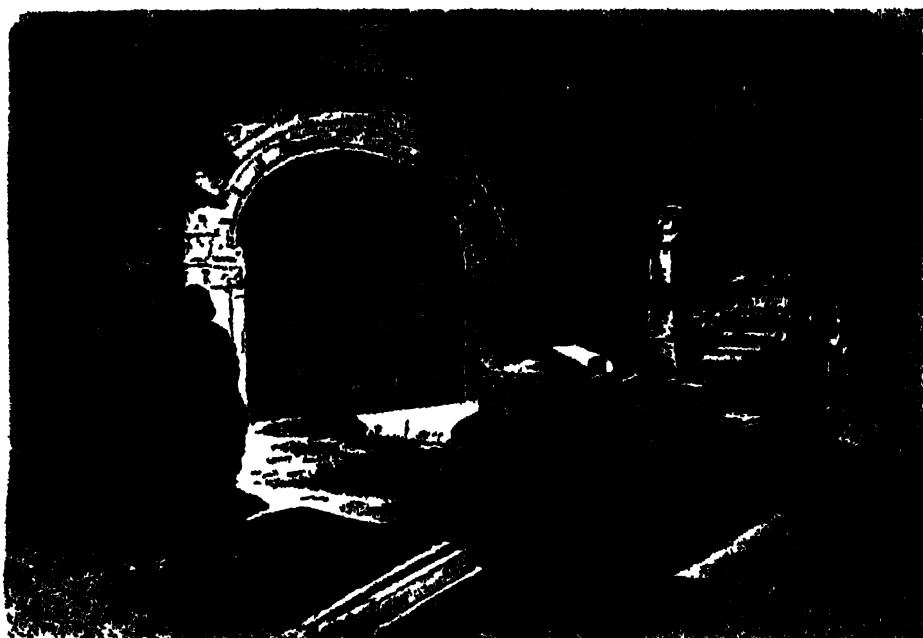
THE CATHEDRAL, MAYENCE.

On the other side we see dimly rising out of the mist of the horizon, or shining in a direct ray of the sun, the faint outline of the Platte, the hunting castle of the Duke of Nassau; the white temple of Neroberg, like a great forest mushroom; and the gilded pinnacles of the Byzantine Greek chapel shining between the trees. Farther down the stream we see the Niederwald springing high above the terraces of Rudesheim. It is still of the same capricious yet soft gradations of stone colour, and forms a kind of gate to a bend in the Rhine, shutting it in so as to open out an entirely new panorama

on the other side. If the sunlight is favourable, the observer may see from the hills of Mayence a little piece of the pearly track of the Rheingau spread in the fragrant little Eden, where God has so favoured men that He has caused the seltzer spring to issue from the earth close to the vineyards. Here everything sings "Glory to God in the highest"—the crosses and crucifixes between the vine gardens, the juicy golden grapes, the swelling chestnut-tree, the villas and cottages scattered among the dark-green foliage, the little town which bathes its feet in the sparkling river, and, finally, the glad and grateful hearts of men.

But beautiful as the scenery is all round us, history has harshly visited this part of the Rhine Valley, particularly the left bank, and Mayence especially has felt its heavy hand.

The origin of the first warlike disturbances are lost among childish legends. It is said that there lived in Trier, fourteen years before the Christian era, a sorcerer named Nequam, whom the people of Trier drove out of their town on account of his evil arts. Nequam swore to be revenged on them by



COURTYARD OF THE ANCIENT GERMAN MUSEUM, MAYENCE.

building another town, and he came to the place on which Mayence now stands, and raised a town out of the earth by magic. Another legend ascribes the building of the city to a fugitive from the siege of Troy named Moguntius. This might, perhaps, account for the name of the town, but the authority is hardly to be relied on. Authentic history begins with the fortified Roman station which stood here, and although it seems unlikely that no German settlement should have been formed before that time in so particularly favourable a situation at the confluence of two great rivers, yet absolutely no trace of any such previous settlement is to be found.

The two great epochs of Mayence were the Roman period and the ecclesiastical period. The stone annals which yet remain tell us of both of these epochs. The oldest of them informs us that Agrippina caused a fortified winter camp to be formed at Moguntiacum in the year 38 B.C., and Caius Sertorius was at that time named *Curator civium romanorum Mog.* The real fortifier of the place appears to have been Caius Drusus, who built also a camp on the other side of the river—the present Castel—and erected



MAYENCE.

a stone bridge across the Rhine in order to enable his legions the more conveniently to cross over to their German families who dwelt in the woods. We are reminded of him at the present day by the "Eichelstein," which stands above the "Anlagen," or gardens, and was once a handsome building erected for him by his legions, but is now a ruin, as are also the aqueduct which he made, and the Roman bridge, of which the stone pillars remain only to be used as anchoring-posts for the well-known floating water-



FOUNTAIN IN THE MARKET-PLACE, MAYENCE.

mills, which may be seen here in some considerable numbers. The value of the culture which the Romans brought into the country is inestimable; when the twenty-second legion came, on their return from Jerusalem, they also brought Christianity and Bishop Crescentius with them; both were objects of hatred. The prosperity of the town again declined until Rando fell upon it and mercilessly destroyed it and both its Roman and Christian inhabitants. After it was rebuilt, Mayence fell a prey to the Vandals and their allies on Christmas Eve of 406, and was totally destroyed by fire. Attila destroyed it again in 451,

and it was only after the expulsion of the Romans in 622 that the permanent rebuilding was begun again under Theodobert and Dagobert.

Mayence was the seat of the East Frankish duchy. It was, however, not till the time of Charlemagne, when he built his palace in Lower Ingelheim and introduced the cultivation of the vine, and until St.



CLOISTER IN ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, MAYENCE.

Boniface became archbishop of Mayence, that the town rose to importance and was well known throughout Germany. This continued until 893, when the Emperor Arnulf conquered the town.

But from the time when the bishops, those pious servants of the church, constituted themselves counsellors of the German Emperor and temporal rulers, an endless period of dissension began which it would be impossible to relate fully here. Monasteries overran the country, and the church was dominant under the protection of the Pope. A man like Bishop Hatto seemed a necessary result of the state of things, and he gave the world a specimen of the basest misuse of power in the cruelty which was

imputed to him. Even the archbishop Willigis, a son of the house of Wagner, who was about the best of all the bishops, had the ambition to be chosen Elector, and introduced into the arms of the town the well-known wheel, thus modestly denoting his origin. The Cathedral, the Church of the Holy Virgin, was commenced by Willigis, and under him harmony at length reigned among the citizens. • This soon ended, however, under his successors, and Henry IV., the penitent of Canossa, set a limit to the power of the bishops and protected the constantly contested privileges of the citizens, until, in 1104, the Diet of Mayence declared him to have forfeited his throne. During the life of Archbishop Ruthard—and



SKATING IN THE TRENCHES, MAYENCE.

apparently encouraged by him—the persecution and massacre of the Jews took place, the wealth of these people having long roused envy and vexation. The public pawning-houses, which were in the hands of the Italian Jews (whence the present name of "Lombards") did a large business. This brought great wealth to the owners of these establishments and the banking-houses, who provoked the anger of the people by the ostentatious display of their luxury. At last the smouldering fire broke out in massacre and spoliation; and even the bishop himself shared the booty with the robbers—an act which he had to expiate by seven years' banishment to a Thuringian monastery.

It would, as we have already said, take us too long to follow the long succession of archbishops, with

all the good and evil with which they are associated, and which culminated with Arnold, who was robbed, murdered, and horribly mutilated by the citizens, whom he called "dogs." Before this, however, the lawlessness of the people and of the clergy had reached a critical height. Frederick II. himself incited the people of Mayence against their archbishop Siegfried III., whom they drove out of the town. Siegfried collected an army and besieged Mayence, which was forced by hunger to open its gates. The citizens in revenge attacked him one night while asleep in his castle of Eltville, and forced him, with the knife at his breast, to sign a fresh charter. They sent him again into banishment, drove



CARNIVAL SCENE IN MAYENCE.

all the clergy out of the town, and determined to do without religion, so that for several years no religious services whatever were held. However, friendship with the archbishop was restored under Matthias; who, nevertheless, eventually died by poison. Avarice and a marauding nature were usually the causes of the misfortunes of the archbishops, who but too often preferred making war or carrying on some lucrative trade, to concerning themselves about the spiritual welfare of the people.

In the year 1254 the citizen Walpoden, of Mayence, founded the League of Rhenish Towns, which was again connected with another public calamity, the Robber-Knights. Mayence, as the centre of the

Rhenish towns, received the flattering name of "the Golden." In the year 1492, Adolf of Nassau took the town by treachery, plundered it, and deprived it of its civic freedom. In 1552 it fell into the hands of Albert of Brandenburg. Then came the Swedes, under Gustavus Adolphus, who laid under contribution the monasteries to which the clergy had fled. Later, in 1644, the town was occupied by the French, who left it in 1648, after the Treaty of Westphalia. They returned in 1792, under Custine, to whom Mayence surrendered through treachery and cowardice. It was retaken by the Prussians, under Kalkreuth, in 1793; the French again blockaded the fortress a year later, and it was recovered by the Austrian Marshal Clerfayt. By the Treaty of Luneville, Mayence passed into the hands of the French, and remained in their possession until the fall of Napoleon. The Vienna Congress gave the town, whose fortifications had gained greatly in importance during all these varied fortunes of war, to the Grand-Duke of Hesse. This duke held it as a fortress of the League until, in 1866, the League itself became a thing of the past. Such are the main points in the history of the old Electoral city—a continual struggle with conquerors and oppressors from without, and with priestly political supremacy from within.



None of the spirit of that old oppressive period remains among the present population, though traces of French character are still to be met with in the people of Mayence. French regiments, French fashions, the frivolity of the French colony so long established in the neighbouring town of Coblentz, left behind much light blood in Mayence. It could not be expected that French nature and French *chic* should be readily eradicated, and the trace of it remains at the present day in the graceful women of Mayence. It is difficult now to believe, when we meet the splendid religious processions in the streets, that there were many years during which no public worship was held; though it is true that to-morrow we may meet in the very same street Prince Carnival and all his motley court.

With such a history as that indicated above, Mayence is necessarily rich in antiquities, and especially such as are of Roman origin. Much also that is interesting, belonging to a later period, has survived the destruction and calamities that have visited the town. The Cathedral, the great work of Willigis,

the best of the bishops, which was begun in 978, was six times destroyed or partially destroyed by fire, and in war it has seen wild hordes break into its interior. It was totally destroyed by fire in the year 1009, but was rebuilt, and had approached so near completion in 1024 that Conrad II. was able to be crowned there. In 1024, in 1137, and 1191 it was again a prey to the flames. Gustavus Adolphus, on one occasion, even commanded it to be blown up. During the bombardment of the town in 1793 it again suffered by fire, and in 1813 it was turned into a French forage magazine. Modern times have done their best to restore and complete the beautiful church.

It does not lie within our province to act as cicerone; but we would rather refer our readers for all details to Heyl's book of "The Rhine Countries." We will only mention the numerous tombs and monuments in this Cathedral, and especially the marble tablet inscribed with the year 794, just at the entrance of the church. There is no doubt that this was the tomb of the beautiful Fastrana, the ardently-loved wife of Charlemagne, with whom is connected the story of the costly magic ring, which the Emperor would not allow to be removed from her finger by any one but himself. When he had taken it off he placed it upon his own hand and suffered her remains to be buried in St. Alban's Chapel at Mayence. The story says that the charm of the ring continued to work, and drove him from place to place until he threw it into the moat of his Pfalz at Lower Ingelheim. The monument is not at all destroyed, nor is the above-mentioned stone, which is the original one. The objects of greatest interest are the chapter-house with the Chapel of St. Ægidius, and opposite it the bishop's throne and two rows of stalls; behind these are the cloisters and the garden. Among the monuments is a modern one to the minstrel Count Henry of Meissen, called Heinrich Frauenlob. According to the inscription, it was raised to the pious songster by the women of Mayence, in the year 1842. The sculpture on it is by Schwanthaler. The Church of St. Stephen is also said to have been founded by Willigis in 990. Within it is the tomb of the good man, with his skull and his mass vestments.



BLOCK-HOUSE ON THE FORTIFICATIONS, MAYENCE.

The city of Mayence has long been contemplating the extension of its fortifications, so as to acquire a more open and commanding position, and also to improve it on the land side. It must become a great military depôt, and in preparation for this event a wide embankment on the shore is being built, a great improvement to the present landing-place, which up to this time has been anything but inviting. Whilst the other western fortresses of the Empire are being both geographically and strategically turned into another line by the conquest of Metz and Strasburg, the military importance of Mayence is not lessened,

but rather increased. Its surroundings will all be much enhanced from the great works which are just beginning to be carried out.

In the course of the war Mayence was one of the principal depôts for the French prisoners, whose great camp formed a splendid spectacle. Mayence was at the same time the embarking-place for the transports and commissariat ships. Time, which levels all things, has left here little that is characteristic. Life and its business in Mayence is exceedingly brisk, active, and prosperous. Its peculiarities must be looked for deeper, and our artist has shown something of them in his humorous sketch of the obliging



FUNERAL OF FRAUENLOB.

women called "Rheinadel," who belong to that class among whom the "meenzer" dialect is still spoken in its native purity.

At every season of the year the traffic on the banks of the Rhine is very great, as well as over the boat-bridge at Castel, which forms a favourite rendezvous in the fine summer evenings for the lively people of Mayence. The beautiful "Anlagen" is another favourite resort. This was the case especially at the time when Mayence was still a fortress of the League, and when the alternate performances of the Prussian and Austrian bands collected the fashionable inhabitants for miles round. In winter the ice in the trenches attracts a great many of the nimble young Mayenceers.

We leave Mayence with a few rapid glances at some of the points of interest in the interior. The

only historical interest which is attached to the citadel is that the Eichelstein was within it, in which were found some stones belonging to buildings erected by the first Roman legion which came here. Thorwaldsen's statue of Gutenberg announces that a new light rose upon the world from Mayence. The inscription on it informs us that this monument was erected to Johann Gensfleisch of Guten by his fellow-citizens, aided by subscriptions from all Europe. Gutenberg sprang from a patrician family of Mayence. The whole world knows what it owes to his discovery, but the year of his birth and the house where that event occurred are unknown. The Elector's palace, on the Paradeplatz, was built at a later date, from 1627 to 1678. In the year 1792 it was the residence of the Electors; in the time of the revolution it was the meeting-place of the members of the Mayence clubs. The bishop's palace dates from the year 1666. In its neighbourhood is the convent for English girls, where Ida Hahn Hahn meditates over the vanity of the world and her own folly. The monument of the immortal Schiller stands in the Schillerplatz. It is said that the marble pillar of the fountain, which was built in this square in 1760, came from Charlemagne's palace at Ingelheim. The German House which lies opposite the castle is worthy of notice. It was erected in 1716, and was formerly the house of the German Order; it is now the occasional residence of the grand-duke.

The numerous strangers who visit the town in summer congregate chiefly by the shore in the Rheinstrasse, where there are a large number of hotels facing the railway, which is uncomfortably squeezed in between the shore and the street. The noisy river-bank is disfigured by the coal and waggon sheds, which are enclosed only with a blackened railing. All day long we hear the clanging of the railway bell and the shriek of the engine, as much as to warn us that we have not a minute to spare. Owing to the constant movement of the engines and the shunting of the carriages, we are so detained as to have but a few moments to reach the landing-stage, from whence we embark on board the little *Adolf*, the local steamer; which, ploughing through the water and scattering the spray, sparkling like myriads of diamonds, bears us between the green islands dotting the river, to Biebrich—to the land of Nassau, which is one of the finest jewels of the German Empire.



GUTENBERG'S MONUMENT, MAYENCE.



BIEBRICH CASTLE.

BIEBRICH.

THE Castle of Biebrich rises on the right bank of the Rhine. It is built of red sandstone, and has a light and open situation. It is still the property of the prince who governed the most beautiful little country of Germany, but who, in an anxious, critical hour staked this crown, this diadem of all Germany, upon a doubtful throw, and lost it, as so many have lost their all at the fatal gaming-table. Its fine situation makes it one of the most beautiful of castles. In front of it, immediately on the bank of the river, is a shady avenue which, like the Villa Reale of Naples, is frequented by the lazzaroni of the shore, the so-called "Rheinschnaken," or "loafers," who hang about here waiting for the arrival of the steamers in order to offer their services at a cheap rate to passengers. In the distance, behind the castle, rise the woody heights of the Odenwald and Taunus, forming a chain—a green screen—round the valley lying at its feet, and breaking off abruptly towards the river, as if frightened back by the Rhine, and falling almost precipitously towards the shore in steep terraces opposite Bingen.

From the windows the eye travels far from the flat roof of the castle out into the beautiful Rheingau, from whose heights the Johannisberg peers over the dark ruins of Rudesheim and all the celebrated little wine towns, while on the farther side of the bank the heaped-up clouds shine in the dark-blue distance. It is a wonderful scene: the banks on both sides of the river apparently closing in under the Niederwald; on this side there are sloping vineyards with their little houses, villas, and shady parks, which form a girdle round the bank; on the other the citadel of Klopp, the chapel of St. Roch,

commanding the valley from the heights—the old Ingelheim of the great Frankish emperor—Ehrenfels, and the retired Mouse Tower. In the river between are scattered the green islands, towards which the busy steamer hurries, to vanish behind the lofty rock of Rudesheimer. In the distance, again, are the towers of Mayence and Hochheim, and between them the light arch of the railway bridge and the perforated casemates of Castel. Finally, there is the varied active human life on both banks, the lading and unlading of the bulky Dutch trading-ships, the Rhine skiffs, the lofty minaret-like chimneys of the factories which pour out their smoke in clouds into the blue ether. There can hardly be a pleasanter brighter picture than this place offers to the eye, although the bank opposite the castle is so insipid and monotonous. Many things unite to produce the charm which it exercises: there is the distant view on all sides, the wonderful reflections of the green wooded hills in the golden mirror of the river, the poetic force of the ever-moving water, the sunlit poetry which rests upon it all, and, lastly, the unresting, pulsating life ever pursuing either business or pleasure.


IN THE CASTLE GARDEN AT BIEBRICH.

There seems to be no doubt that Biebrich owes its name to the number of beavers that formerly used to find a suitable situation for their buildings in the islands which lie opposite the town. At the present time proofs are not wanting that these animals were once very numerous in the Rhine. Since the beginning of the last century they have been greatly destroyed and driven away by thoughtless trapping, and more especially by the increasing population of the banks, so that at the present day the name of the place is nearly all that remains of them.

The castle, which is built in the style of the Renaissance, was finished in 1706 by George Augustus of Nassau. The sandstone figures which adorn the roof, otherwise valueless, have a somewhat mournful appearance, for they were very harshly treated in 1793, at the siege of Mayence, when the French planted their guns on the Peters Au. A large and beautiful park with fine trees is situated behind the castle. Duke Adolf of Nassau cultivated this with the greatest care, until his country fell to the share of Prussia. At the last hour he could not save that country, when the choice was placed before him after the battle of Königgrätz. He decided for Austria, less perhaps from his own inclination

than from that of a blind counsellor. The obligation which was imposed on him to maintain a public road through the park, his private property, and the numerous abuses of this privilege, cooled the interest of the absent prince for his favourite spot. He sold the splendid palm-house to the town of Frankfort, which replaced its palm-garden by a rare orangery. The park is still beautiful, for its fine-shady trees are uninjured, but its former cultivation has vanished since the castle lost the princely household.

Deep in the park lie the ruins of old Biburg, also called Moosburg. It stands on other ruins which formed a castle in 992. Its history is obscure and lost in conjecture. The statues at the entrance came from the tombs of the Counts Katzenellenbogen, in the abbey of Eberbach. The sculptor, E. Hopfgarten, formerly made himself a studio in the interior of this castle, and had a commission from the duke to carve a sarcophagus for the Greek chapel at Wiesbaden. Hopfgarten died in 1856. Some of his works, among them a model of a Lorelei, were preserved in this studio till 1874, when they were sold by his heirs and carried away. Since Biebrich has lost its interest as the residence of the Duke of Nassau, its commercial importance, as well as that of the parish of Moosbach, has declined. The State established a military cadet school in the barracks built by the duke, but the court was wanting. Mayence, lying opposite, absorbs all the business, and that jealousy of its neighbours which is found in small towns still exists. It was once great enough to induce an attempt to frustrate the intention of building a harbour at Biebrich by sinking a whole fleet (of which Heine has sung) with stones.



RHEINSCHNAKEN, OR "LOAFERS."



VIEW OF WIESBADEN FROM THE NEROBERG.

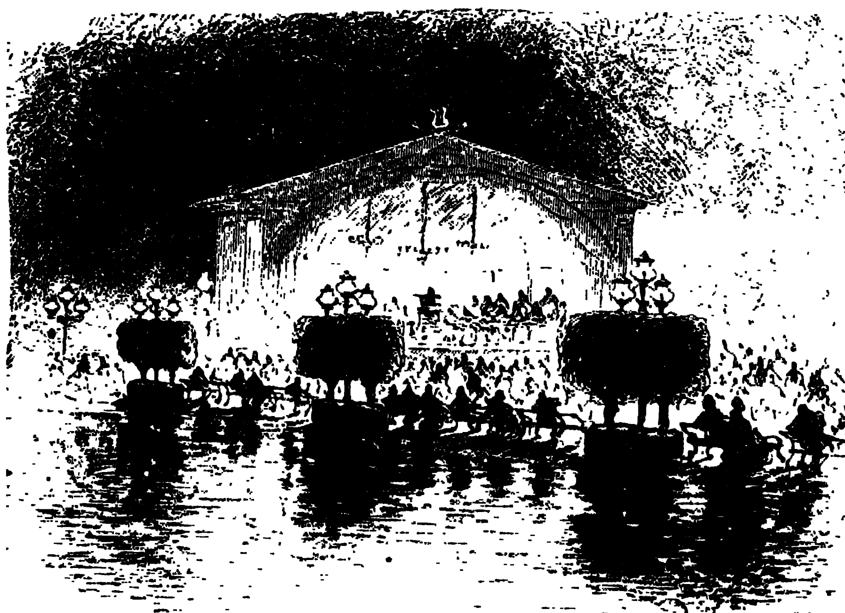
WIESBADEN.

LEAVING the river and passing the Moosbach railway station, the road, which is shaded by a double avenue of trees, rises gently to Adolf's Hill. On one side we get a charming glimpse of the islands and a part of the Rheingau; on the other, quite as attractive, of Mayence, Castel, and the mountain-chain. Before us lies the Taunus, from the plateau of which the hunting-castle, the Platte, and the chapel look down through a break in the woods; whilst to the left the forester's house on the forest-road to Schlangenbad peeps through the rising wood, and to the right, on the ridge of hills, the watchtower of Bierstadt commands the whole of the Rhine Valley.

Even before we reach Moosbach, we meet with the first of those country houses which are, as it were, the outposts of that community that has sought comfortable seclusion in the loveliest of the Rhine valleys, in the "city of idlers," Wiesbaden. On both sides stretch the pastures of fertile green intersected by the Taunus and Nassau Railway. In a few minutes we reach the plateau, and at our feet lies the little paradise which was once the residence of the Dukes of Nassau, the "Mecca" of all those who make a pilgrimage to its warm springs, and the "Nice" of Germany. It is protected from the north-east

wind, and is a favourite resort of those who, tired of the whirl of the great towns, wish to end their days under the Rhenish sun and in the mildest climate. Indeed, it is difficult to find another place so highly favoured by heaven as this. Up the slope of the valley, surrounded by wooded hills, are country houses scattered among luxuriant gardens, and parks environing the town, where the warm vapour of the medicinal spring—like the geysers of Iceland—always emits from the peculiar "Kochbrunnen" a thick column of steam to invigorate and shower its benefits on all who come within its range. Everything here speaks of comfort, wealth, and contentment. A tall chimney, here and there, ventures to creep in between the villas; and the numerous golden-tipped flagstaffs on the roofs announce the readiness of the inmates to avail themselves of every occasion for a holiday.

In the last few years the rage for building has brought the country houses even as far as Adolf's Höhe. They are on each side of us as we stroll down the Adolf Avenue into the neatest and most elegant of German towns, which, forty years ago, was little more than a village, but has now attained



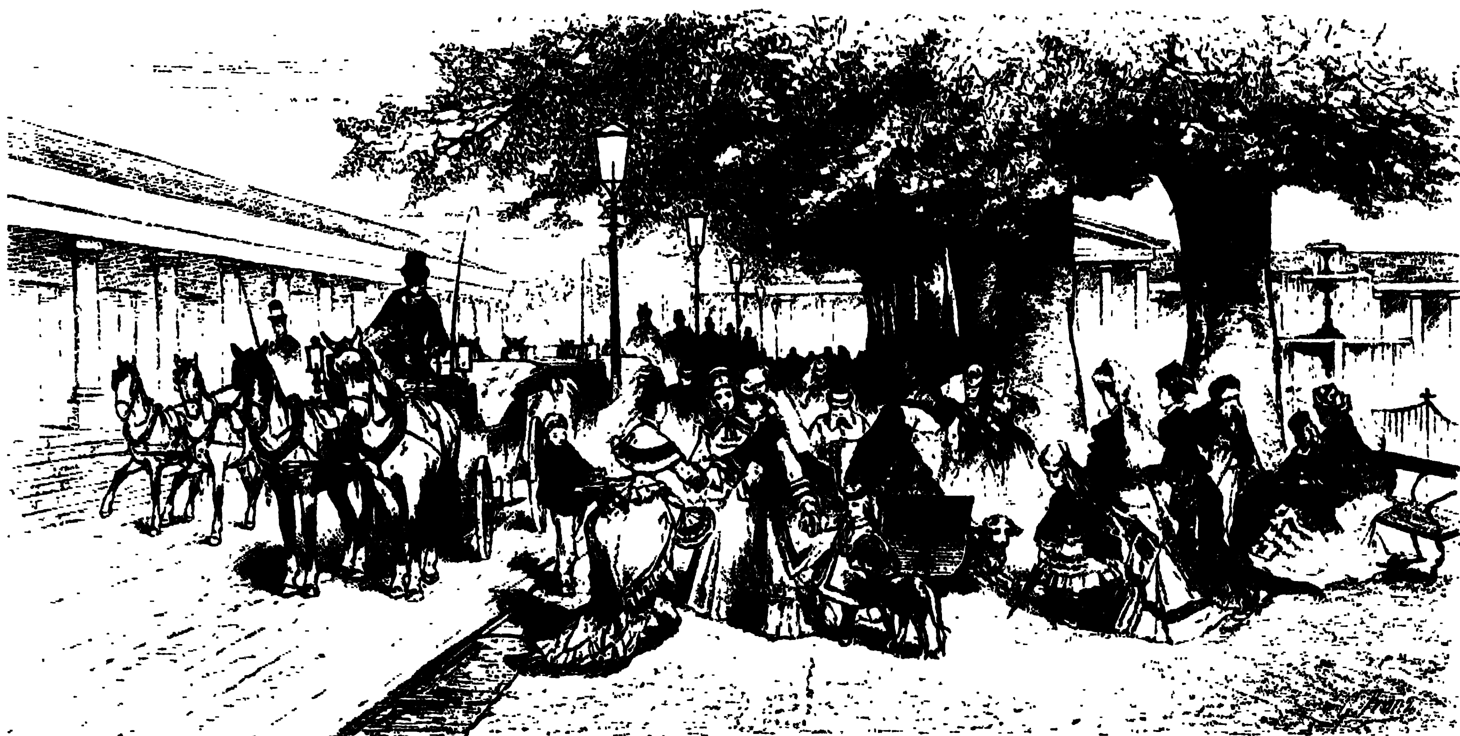
EVENING CONCERT AT WIESBADEN.

a population, good and bad, of more than forty thousand souls. We say of good and bad, for, like Baden, Wiesbaden originally owes its pleasure-gardens to the gaming-table, and it was only when gambling was prohibited by the government that private families began permanently to take up their residence here. What therefore the evil spirit of play commenced has been finished by the good genius of enterprise, and scarcely did the Wiesbadeners perceive that they could get on better without the former, than speculations in houses and land began. The Electoral town became a miniature cosmopolitan city, its society became a mixture of all nations, a neutral settlement of people from all parts of the world, in which every language is understood, and every coinage is current.

The history of Wiesbaden, about which the present mixed society troubles itself but little, begins with the time of the Romans, who built the old *Mattiacum*, and it was the existence of the warm spring which led to its erection. Pliny speaks of it, and the remains which have been found on Heidenberg and Römerberg are said to date from the time when the fourteenth legion, which was afterwards relieved

by the twenty-second, was stationed in these parts. The name Wisibad, Wisibadun, appears in records of 843. The Rhenish "Robber-Knights" ran riot here, and once completely laid the city waste. In 1815 Wiesbaden was the capital of the Duchy of Nassau. In 1866 it was occupied by a Prussian militia company, who met with no opposition, and since then it has been the seat of a Prussian government.

The Kurhaus, with its beautiful gardens, naturally forms the centre of the town. The ascent from the railway-station through the Wilhelmstrasse is quite imposing, bordered as it is on one side by lofty plane-trees, and that part of the Kurgarten named the "warm bank," with its beautiful lawns, ponds, and music tents, which are seen between the trunks of the plane-trees. Next to the open place before the theatre is the garden of the Kurhaus, richly and artistically arranged with flower-beds, and between them are cascades which are illuminated in the evening. Right and left are repeated the avenues of great plane-trees, which lead the fashionable world into the private gardens behind the assembly-rooms.



PROMENADE IN WIESBADEN.

Opposite to these avenues are two rows of very beautiful red-thorns, and behind them again colonnades of shops. This open place presents a gay and busy scene, particularly in the afternoon and evening, when the beginning of the concert summons everybody to the back of the Kurhaus under the shady red chestnuts. The company sit closely packed together under the trees, or wander at will by the banks of the fish-pond, on which a flotilla of white swans swim round and round, though much disturbed at times by the gondolas with their gay-coloured streamers, which move over the still surface with more ease and greater speed than the limited space would seem to warrant. This place has a wonderful effect when, during the concert, the fish-pond is illuminated with Bengal lights, and the fountain is made to throw its column of water higher than the tops of the trees. Bengal lights are in great force at Wiesbaden; with them and fireworks and music, Ferdinand Heyl, the energetic director, keeps his patrons amused and in constant circulation.

The rooms in the Kurhaus are imposing and richly decorated, especially the great assembly-room,

with the little conversation-room and refreshment-room. In four of the saloons at the left side of the house might once be heard the chink of gold and silver and the rustle of bank-notes on the fatal green cloth. The intermittent "rouge gagne et la couleur" and the clear click of the roulette ball has here made many hearts beat anxiously or joyously. All this, however, has long since ended. No one thinks of it now, and the hangers-on who used to gather about the gaming-tables have departed to Saxony and

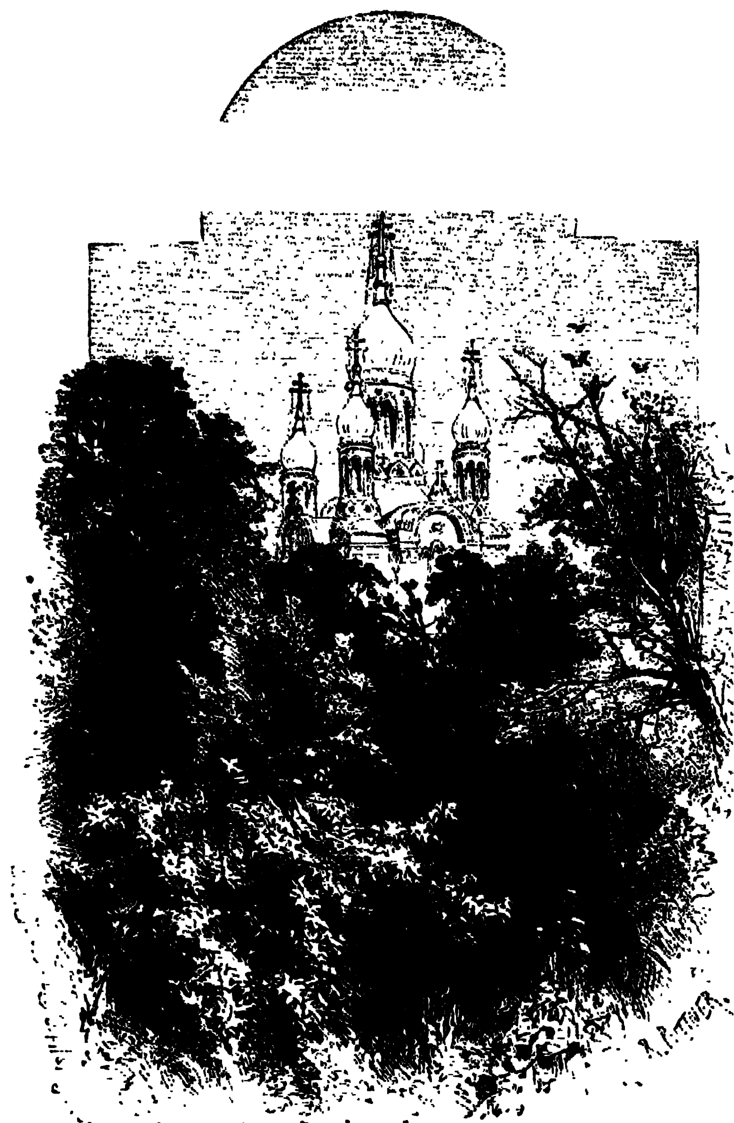


FOUNTAIN IN THE KURGARTEN, WIESBADEN.

Monaco. Wiesbaden has become a steady town. We own ourselves to have been in error when we said elsewhere that the demon of play was like a wall-fungus, and could not be destroyed, for even if—which Heaven forbid—Wiesbaden should be swallowed up by an earthquake, the words "faites le jeu!" would only sound from the depths like the bells of the buried city of Vineta from beneath the waves of the Baltic.

The Wiesbaden Gardens extend for a considerable distance, reaching to the village and ruins of

Sonnenberg and to the Dieten Mill, the much-frequented hydropathic establishment. On one side of the gardens is the Sonnenbergstrasse and on the other the Parkstrasse, both of which are bordered with villas. These gardens possess great attractions on account of the shade they offer, especially in the spring, as the sheltered situation of the place, protected as it is from keen winds, allows the most delicate vegetation to flourish luxuriantly. The abundance of the *Bignonia catalpa* and the trumpet-tree, with its candelabrum-shaped white blossoms, give the pleasure-gardens a peculiar charm. The effect of the gay flower-beds in the neighbourhood of the private houses is also very agreeable.


THE GREEK CHAPEL, WIESBADEN.

At the end of the Wilhelmstrasse, past the Kurhaus and Theaterplatz, we come upon the Taunus road, and at the same time the so-called Trinkhalle. On the right of it, at the beginning of the Sonnenberger road, the Pauline Palace may be seen on the heights of the "Schönen Aussicht." The palace is the property of the duke, and was formerly the dwelling-place of the widowed duchess. It crowns the summit of a somewhat steep ridge, which is covered with park-like trees and flowers, and was built in 1841—43, in a quasi-Alhambra style. Gradually the road leads us up to the iron Trinkhalle, a building which should certainly have afforded some shelter from the weather, but which cannot even keep out snow and rain.

At the end of the Trinkhalle the road leads on the right to the Geisberg, which, with the Agricultural Academy and numerous villas, forms one part of the town. Going straight on, there is a shady avenue of limes, and the Elizabethstrasse, bordered with country houses, after a short distance opens on to the beautiful Nero Valley. Here, in this valley, we are confronted with that great forest on the Neroberg, on whose slopes, which are dotted with vine-dressers' cabins, grows the noble Neroberger, with which the increasing houses seem to contest the costly ground.

From the Kapellenstrasse, which passes over this mountain, the villas on the edge of the forest look down into the valley. This is the road to the Greek chapel, which may also be reached by a footpath that winds between the vineyards and hop-gardens. This chapel is built in the form of a cross, and has a curious effect with its five gilded pinnacles, to each of which a double cross is attached by chains. In dull weather it has almost the effect of a ray of sunshine on the valley. It is built of bright

sandstone, and was completed in 1855, and dedicated by the Duke Adolf to the memory of his early-lost consort, the Princess Elizabeth Michaelovna. The road leads farther up the mountain, through a strong and thickly-grown beech wood, to the plateau of the Neroberg. Here stands the Belvidere, a temple from which may be obtained a splendid view over the Rhine, including Biebrich, Mayence, Darmstadt, and the mountain-chains. Beautiful walks and promenades lead through this wood, which is a mile in



THE STEEL WELL AT SCHWALBACH.

extent. The hunting-castle, "the Platte," lies still higher and more exposed, being nearly 1,500 feet above the sea. It commands the Neroberg and has an extensive view over the Rhine Valley.

The Wiesbaden spring, the most precious heirloom of the town, supplies about a dozen bath-houses. The waters are drunk in the morning at the hall and in its immediate neighbourhood, the inhabitants being roused early by a concert of choral music. After that the visitors retire to their baths, and profound silence reigns on the promenades, which is only disturbed by the children and their nurses, and the melancholy wheel-chairs of those invalids who have escaped early from their bath.

The Kurgarten is also quiet in the forenoon. At the pond the children feed the swans who come waddling clumsily up to them. Among the trees sit a few visitors reading novels, and under the shady chestnuts the waiters loll idly against the trunks, dozing, with their napkins on their knees, and isolated groups of chess-players sit silently round the tables. The morning is claimed entirely by the waters, the afternoon and evening are given up to pleasure and diversion, which are sought, not only in the concerts and festivities of the Kurgarten, but also by making excursions into the beautiful environs.

The favourite resorts of visitors to Wiesbaden are Schlangenbad, to which the road leads through the shade of the thick beech wood, and Schwalbach, two bathing-places lying in the cool valley-side between wood and meadow, in which ladies who are disposed to nervousness often attempt to seek



VISITORS AT SCHLANGENBAD.

restoration to health. Schlangenbad especially was about ten years ago quite a little female Republic, in which the occasional visit of a husband to his wife caused almost a sensation. But there was another period much farther back when the little valley used to collect within the walls of the one building which had been erected and embellished for the purpose a pretty lively assembly of both sexes. The higher clergy and a number of canonesses looked upon Schlangenbad as their own peculiar domain. About the same time also the little place received the noble Prince Eugene (1708) as a guest.

The very simple history of Schlangenbad relates that shortly after the discovery of the spring, it was sold to a doctor of Worms for a puncheon of wine. It lately passed from the possession of Nassau, to which it had belonged since 1816, into the hands of Prussia. There is no doubt that the place owes its name to the great number of snakes which abound in the woods, and are caught by the boys of the

neighbourhood and exhibited to the visitors. One of the most charming and easy excursions is to the Georgenhorn Hill, over which the road from Wiesbaden passes. It presents to the observer a vast panorama of the Rhine, with a distant view of Frankfort and the environs of Worms. The advantages of the situation have induced several enthusiastic lovers of nature to establish themselves in the villas here which command a view of the broad Rhine Valley.

The pleasantest point in Schlangenbad itself is the gallery of the Nassau Hotel, from which we look over the little splashing fountain to the valley yonder. On the left is the Kurgarten, rising in terraces, where a very modest choir is performing its afternoon concert, and a band of jugglers turn their somersaults. Before us lies the promenade, constantly enlivened by the most elegant toilettes; behind and near us, steps hewn in the rock lead to romantic shady spots, for almost everywhere arbours and clear



SCHLANGENBAD.

springs offer such poetic resting-places to the nervous visitors. A pleasant stillness hovers continually over wood and valley, and this is only broken occasionally by a merry party mounted on donkeys who approach near us, or by the arrival of a coach from Wiesbaden loaded with merrymaking tourists.

The discomfort of this place, when the whole valley is covered with snow and everything is wrapped in its winter sleep, is amply atoned for when spring unchains the icebound springs in the woods and strews the meadows with tender blossoms, adorns the beech and oak trees with fresh green tints, and attunes the lays of the feathered songsters to soft melody. But none of all its annual visitors sees all this, for the air is keen and can only be faced by the robust; even when the place is officially opened in the height of summer, there sometimes breaks out a "sauve qui peut" among the earliest guests, which only the boldest can withstand.

The neighbouring Langen-Schwalbach, or familiarly Schwalbach, has a similar, though more circumscribed reputation as a health resort. Its steel springs, and the air which is impregnated by them,

attract all those whose complaints require such a tonic. The company at Schwalbach are indeed at times reminded of the saying of the French writer, who thought that if a servant were engaged to go through all that a nervous lady voluntarily went through in a single winter season, he would sink under the attempt. The place itself lies in a pastoral valley, and first makes its appearance in history in 1352 as the village of Swalhorn. Amongst the historical notabilities who have taken the waters here is Tilly, who stayed in the place in 1628. In later times (1864) the ex-Empress Eugénie arrived here and took up her abode in the boarding-house now called the "Villa Eugénie." The most interesting points in the neighbourhood are the Castles of Schwalbach, with their watchtower Adolfseck, which was reduced to ruins during the Thirty Years' War. These were once the dwelling-places of the favourite of the Emperor Adolf. The castles of Hohenstein and Hohlenfels should also be mentioned, the one of which is situated on a lofty rock and the other on a chalk cliff.



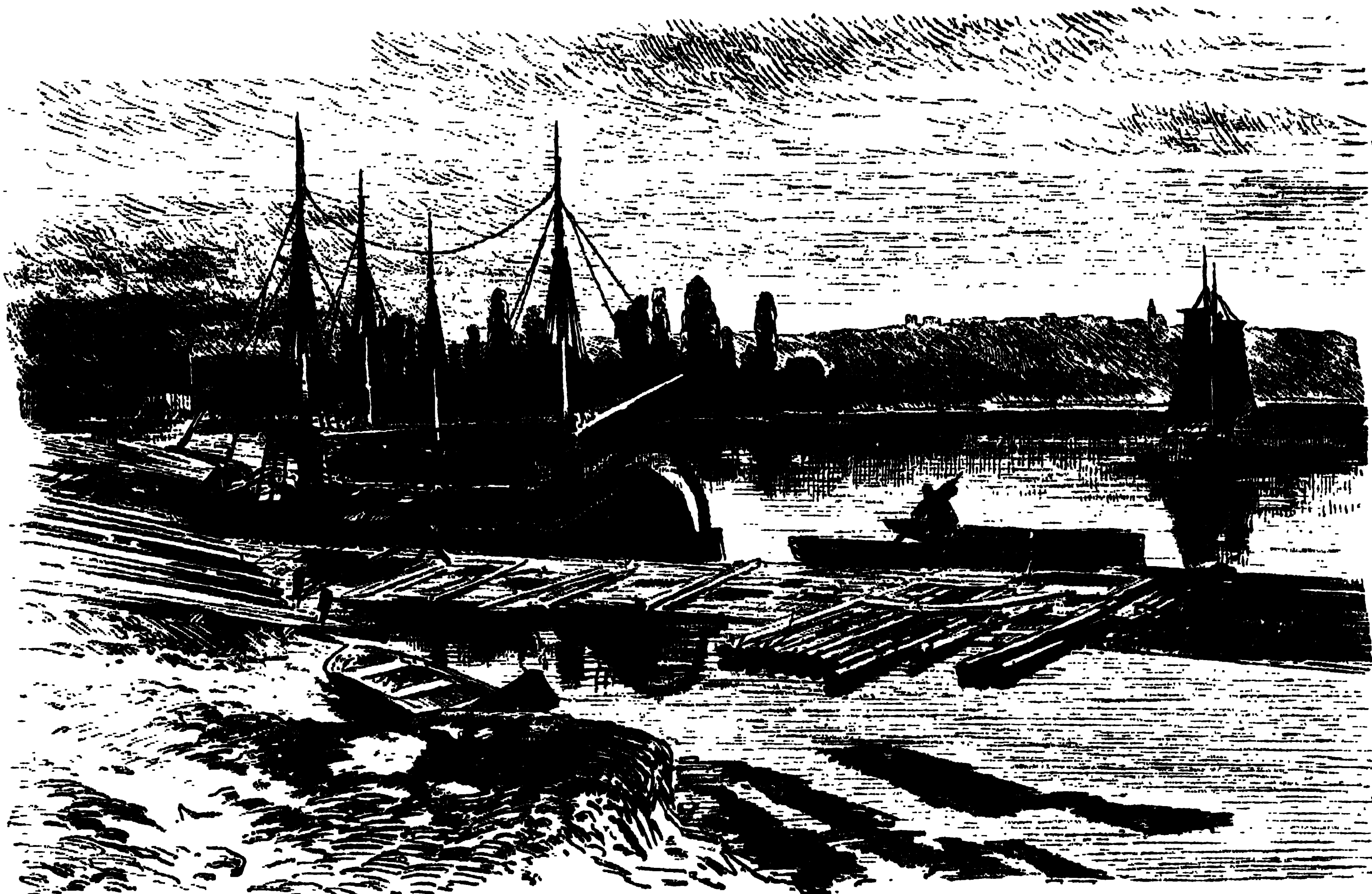


AN EXCURSION TO THE TAUNUS.

As there is no other way to Castel we must retrace our steps and go back past Mosbach. The engine-sheds immediately on the banks of the Rhine have an inhospitable appearance, and the loopholes of the fortifications frown sullenly down upon us as we drive to the railway station along the outworks by the houses and hotels. A great part of the passengers rush from the carriages and hasten across the square to the steam-ferry, between the barracks and the scaffoldings used for the erection of the fortifications. The same features also accompany us on the right along the Main, for we have to pass walls, casemates, trenches, and a boggy marsh. But at length fortifications lie behind us, and stretching out to our view stands the vine-clad hill of Hochheim. The church may be seen from a distance in all directions, as also its factory for the manufacture of sparkling wine, whilst its vineyards extend beyond the railway and slope down to the bank of the Main. It is a noble fruit which grows up there on that yellow sandy-looking hill, especially that on the piece beneath the church, the Hochheim Deanery. It glows through many a man's veins, and those who have quarrelled with it have done so only to become still more firmly attached to it again before long. A monument might indeed be raised here to England, for "sparkling hock," the Hochheim champagne, which is specially prepared for British palates, is sent across the Channel in enormous quantities.

The majestic proportions of the Taunus become more and more clearly defined before us as we approach. On the left yonder lies the modest Kurhaus of Weilbach, also called Lange-Weilbach, on account of the poetic repose which is met with there, even in the height of the season. It is well known for its sulphur springs and for a newly-discovered mineral spring.

Shortly before we reach Frankfurt, at the Höchst station, the guard invites passengers for Soden to alight, while a swarm of children surround the carriages, crying "Bubeschenkel! Bubeschenkel!" a local kind of pastry, supposed to be in the shape of a leg, in which an active imagination may possibly trace a resemblance to the intended form. A little group of passengers respond to the cry of the guard by alighting. These being individuals either with pale faces, on which are written a longing for the healing waters of Soden, or else persons in robust health, with an enterprising, travelling air, carrying thick plaids in strong hand-straps, wearing stout nailed shoes, and holding solid alpenstocks. The remainder of the passengers, warding off the "Bubeschenkel," indulge in speculations about the castle



VIEW OF THE HOCHHEIMER MOUNTAIN.

of Höchst, the builder of which was a tobacco manufacturer belonging to an old Frankfurt family named Bolongaro, and whose reputation at the present day does not extend beyond his business locality.

We will follow the tourists. In an hour we reach Soden, and with it the southern spur of the Taunus. Many invalids are annually attracted here by the mild climate, the tasteful gardens, and the springs containing salt, carbonic acid, and iron, a healing fountain for various ailments. They gaze with longing eyes after the mountain tourists who start from this place on foot, on horseback, and on donkeys. The usual tour is over Cronthal, Cronberg, Falkenstein, and Pfaffenstein to Königstein, where the first night is spent; then over the Fuchstanz, from which place two hours more bring them to the great Feldberg. They then go down over the Altkönig in Oberursel, and reach the table-land of Homburg.

The Taunus has been adopted by the Taunus Club of Frankfurt, who regularly celebrate their festival at the most interesting points. It is covered by thick woods, and stretches between the Rhine, the Main,

and the Lahn for about a hundred miles, declining on the south-west, as the Rheingau chain forms the boundary between North and South Germany. Feldberg is its highest point, and is nearly 3,000 feet above the sea-level; from it may be seen a splendid panorama extending over hundreds of miles in all directions.

The metallic wealth of these mountains once induced speculators to attempt the working of the mines, as the so-called "Goldgrube" at Homburg still testifies. They were, however, not productive enough to repay the trouble and outlay, for only peat and clay were found to be plentiful. It is not until the Lahn district is reached that the soil yields iron and manganese. The mountain district, which received its name from the Romans, who called it *mons taunus*, is, as is well known, very rich in mineral springs.

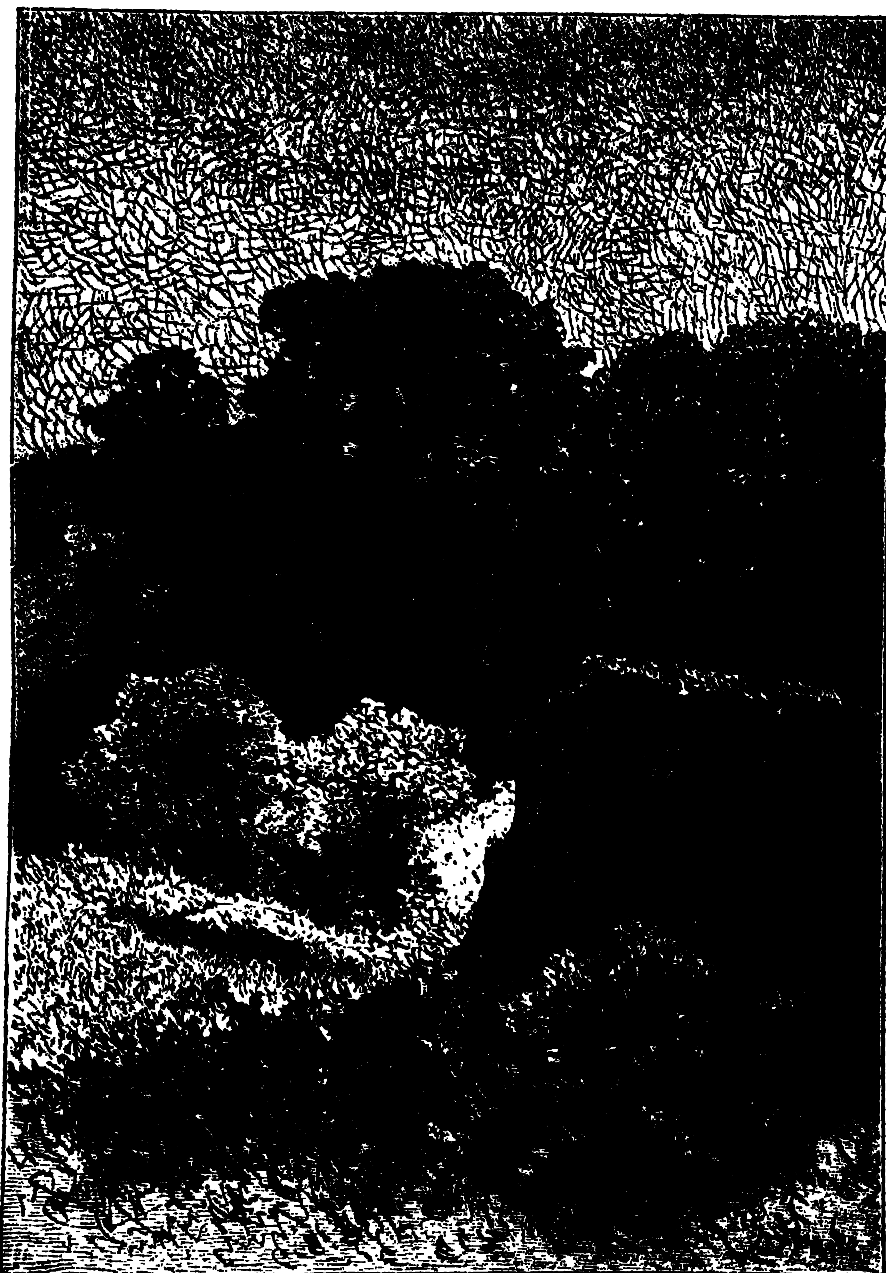


THE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN AT SODEN.

The Celtic race appear as the first inhabitants of the Taunus; they were succeeded by the Helvetii, especially between the Rhine and the Main; then came the Chatti; and lastly, the Alemanni and the Franks, who freed these mountains from the Romans in the fifth century after Christ. At the present day we may judge of the warlike nature of the Roman period from the Ring or Heathen Walls of the plateau, the entrances and exits of which formed the so-called "Rennwege," or courses, whilst the boundaries of the Roman domain are still to be recognised in the ditches fortified with stakes. In the Middle Ages, which swept away the Old German districts, the land was divided among the noble families of Eppstein, Nüringen, Falkenstein, Münzenberg, and the Archbishop of Mayence, till in the course of

time the Taunus (with the exception of Homburg and the Wetterau) passed into the hands of Nassau, and lastly, in 1866, into those of Prussia.

The road takes us uphill over Cronthal—a charming little bathing-place among green pastures—to Cronberg, whose bold inhabitants, supported by the banner of a knight of the Palatinate, once victoriously gave battle to the men of Frankfurt. We then continue on to the Castle of the Knight of Cronberg, of which nothing is now left but a few stones. Farther, and lower down on the hill, stands the stronghold



CHESTNUT WOOD AT CRONBERG.

of Falkenstein on a wooded rock. According to tradition, Irmengarde, a daughter of that house, of whose fate some legend gives a melancholy ending, still wanders among the gloomy walls, her mission being the unthankful one, in these material times, of protecting unfortunate lovers. Heinrich von Ofterdingen, the troubadour, also, it is said, plays here every night upon his harp, and wanders down the bank of the Liederbach to the Rhine; whilst on the great cone of rock yonder, the Altkönig, tradition asserts that a grey mountain mannikin sits and watches some treasure that lies hidden, winding at the same time his ever-growing beard on a reel.

On the heights of Altkönig are still visible the Giant Rings, or the Devil's Walls, which consist of two massive walls formed of rough stones loosely piled together, the exterior of which is two thousand paces in circumference. Three entrances lead into this stony circle, which is apparently of German work, for here formerly stood the Royal Seat of the "Gau-gericht," or district tribunal. According to tradition, Ariovistus and Rando, the sons of the Alemanni, were once enthroned here. Feldberg is the King of the Taunus; it commands the country round for a vast distance, reaching to Thuringia, to Inselsberg, to Hunsrück, and to the Wasgau. It was from this mountain that Queen Brunhilda, waking at daybreak, used to survey her beautiful empire, and on this account the precipitous northern side is called by the people of the locality "Brunhilda's bed." Tradition asserts that it was to the summit of the Feldberg that Hermann der Cherusker summoned the German heroes, in order to form a League against the Roman yoke. Feldberg House, which was completed in 1860, annually entertains the athletic societies of the Main and Rhine districts, who meet here in July.



THE FORTRESS OF KÖNIGSTEIN.

The fortress of Königstein rears itself proudly on its rocky height. At the foot of its throne lies the town of the same name, the gathering-place of all travellers to the Taunus, and especially of Frankfurt society. The Lords of Nüringen first governed here, then the Münzenbergs, and lastly the Falkensteiners and Stolzbergers, from whom it was wrested by Mayence. History records many sad events which have visited Königstein, and among them that in 1793, when its gloomy walls were made to serve as a prison for the clubbists of Mayence. The interest in maintaining this splendid place is enhanced by the fact that Königstein has become, on account of its fine air, a much-frequented health resort. The Duchess Adelaide of Nassau has materially assisted in the embellishment of the town by having built a large country residence in the immediate neighbourhood. It must be somewhat melancholy for the ducal family to look down upon the beautiful land which they have lost; but still the bonds of home-love loosen but slowly, and they consequently appear at their old home every year in the early summer.

Every one who is afraid to attempt the Feldberg ascends Rossert, of which there is nothing to be said except that it is a great imposing group of rocks, to which the name of the "Teufelschloss," or Devil's Castle, has been given, on account of its weird appearance. From here we have a splendid view of

Königstein, Falkenstein, and the ruins which recall to us that mighty race renowned in history, the Eppsteiners. These airy strongholds are fortified by deep abysses and massive walls to withstand all attacks, save that of the unwearying enemy Time. Ruins now stand on the rock overhanging the town, which are clasped round by ivy, plantain, sloe-bushes, and brambles. Shattered towers and a broken chapel are all the remains of the once-proud citadel, which for four centuries kept the whole neighbourhood under its sway, and maintained a bitter feud with the Counts of Nassau. At last, the race of its lowly rulers dying out, it passed to the dominion of the Counts of Stolberg, from whom it was handed over to the electoral city of Mayence. Many ghastly remembrances are associated by the people with the name of the Eppsteiners. Within the arch of the gateway once hung a colossal skeleton in chains, supposed, in those days, to be that of a giant. It is now exhibited in the Museum at Wiesbaden as that of an antediluvian animal. There is another legend about a giant, namely, that of the Great and the Little Mannstein, two rocks which some people fancy, when seen from a distance, resemble two human forms. One of them is supposed to be a knight of Falkenstein, who is fighting with a giant for the possession of his stolen bride.



RUINS OF EPPSTEIN.

FRANKFURT AND HOMBURG.



ARMS OF FRANKFURT.

WE now step out of the bounds of that rocky district, embellished by legend, and shaded by forests, into the battle-field of the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation. It was here that, by reason of the privileges of the Hohenstaufens, and on the authority of the golden bull of Charles IV., those powerful rulers were crowned whose portraits hang in the banquet-room of the Town Hall, which is called the "Römer." These same anointed heads also showed themselves to the shouting and excited people on the balcony, surrounded by the electoral princes. Time has since passed both joyfully and sorrowfully over the town. It has lost and regained its privileges several times over, until at length, after the Vienna Congress of 1816, it was chosen as the seat of the German Diet, and the powdered diplomatists of great and little States strutted through the streets.

The Revolution of 1848 brought the dawn of a new era over Frankfurt—a stormy, ominous era which preceded evil. The National Assembly sat in the Church of St. Paul, and this body, in a most melancholy manner, lost two of its most illustrious members, namely, Prince Felix von Lichnowsky and H. von Auerswald. In 1863 the Emperor of Austria fruitlessly summoned his Congress of Princes hither. In 1866, the great and final change took place; General Vogel von Falkenstein occupied Frankfurt with his army of the Main, and thus it was incorporated with Prussia. The political importance of the former Free Town, as regards its historical prerogatives as well as its geographical situation, was lost with the centralization of the German imperial interests in the North German capital, and those who at first advocated the preservation

of the old traditional privileges were obliged to adapt themselves to moderating circumstances. Another sun rose over Frankfurt in the year 1749, with the birth of Goethe; and Ludwig Börne claimed this as his native city. Poetry and the *belles lettres* were also represented in Frankfurt by Clement Brentano, Bettina von Arnim, Fr. M. von Klinger, and others; science by A. von Feuerbach, Savigny, J. G. Schlosser, and a host of kindred spirits. The particularly favourable situation of the city caused material interests to be even more in request, and the desire for them more deeply rooted than intellectual claims. The city became the great emporium of trade for South-west Germany. Its Exchange became a power even at that time, when the news of its transactions was carried northwards from Frankfurt and Paris by pigeon post, and the greedy stock-jobbers in Berlin strove to ascertain from the foam on the steaming horse left standing by the courier before one of the great banking-houses, whether the rate of exchange was likely to be high or low in Frankfurt. The name of the town is inseparably connected with those of Rothschild, Bethmann, and others; and even at the present day—when Berlin, owing to the enormous French war payments, has naturally taken the lead in the money market—there are not wanting signs that Frankfurt will not be long before she restores herself to her ancient rights in the monetary market of the world.

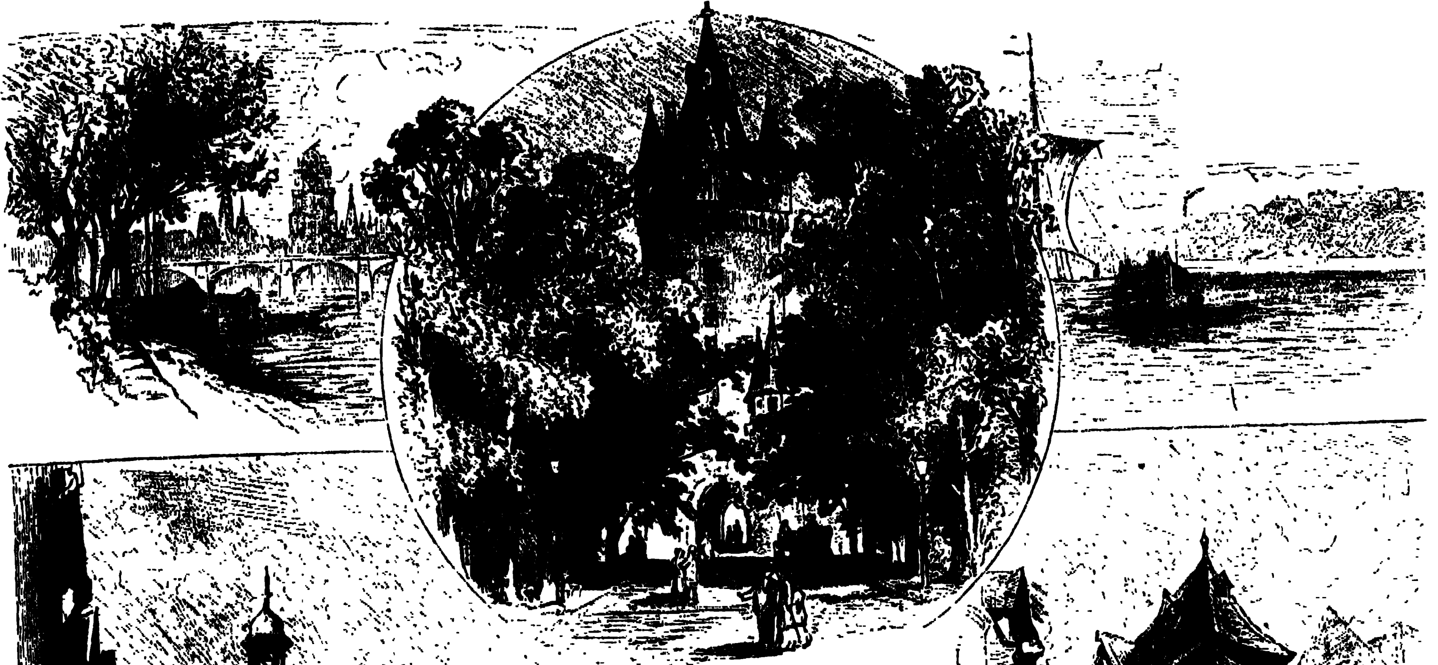


FRANKFURT.—STREET ON THE RÖMERBERG.

The most ancient memorial in Frankfurt is the "Römer," with its imperial hall, its golden bull, and its open square, the "Römerberg," on which tournaments used to be held. The old bridge on the Main should be mentioned, with the statue of Charlemagne

holding the imperial orb; though this, indeed, belongs to a later period. It was this monument which gave the honest Sachsenhäusers the idea that Charlemagne was the man who "invented Aeppelwei," a drink specially in favour in Frankfurt.

The gilded vane, which consists of a cock on an iron rod, has a legendary signification. The devil, it



FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAIN.—ESCHENHEIM TOWER.



THE RÖMER.

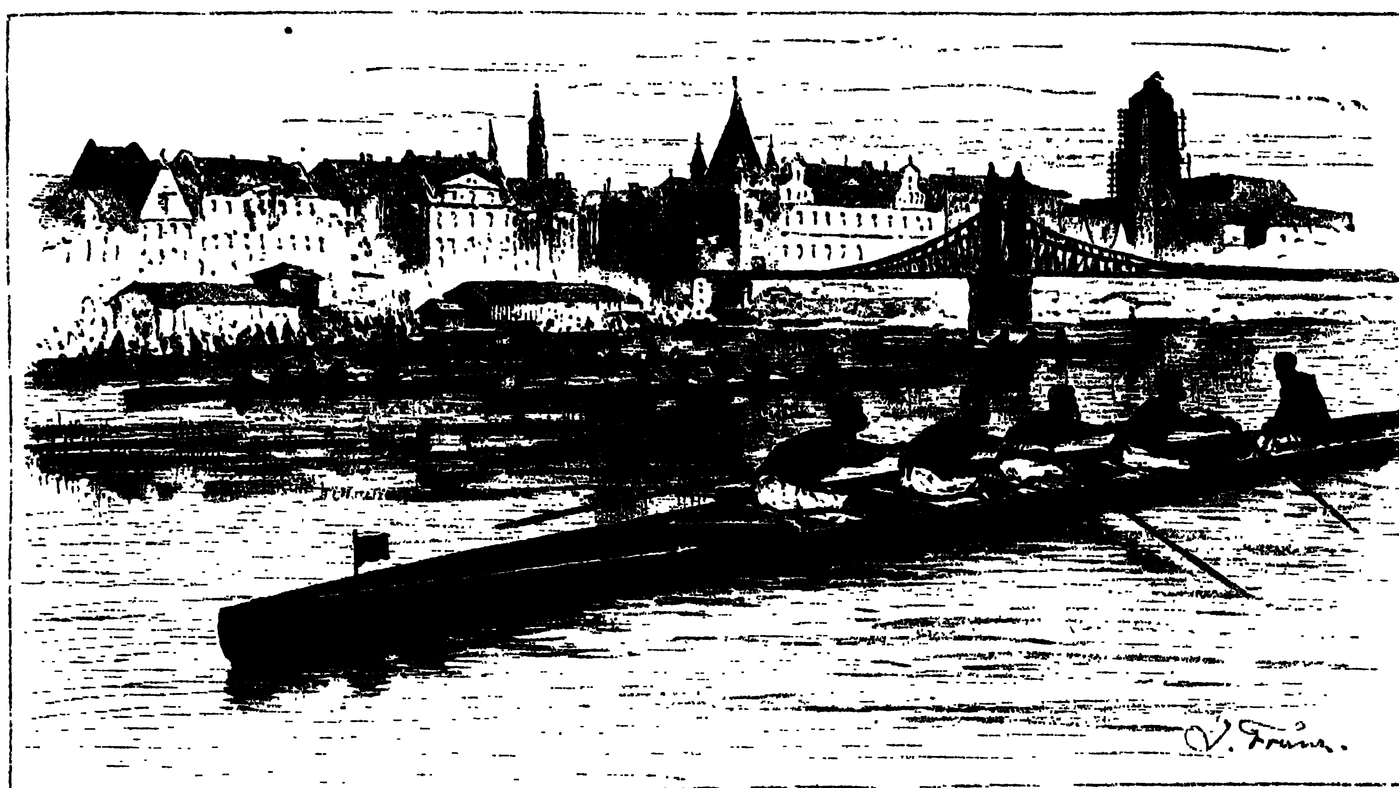


LUTHER'S HOUSE.

is said, did not approve of the building of the bridge, and claimed of the builder the first living being that should pass over it. This had to be granted, and as it is always a satisfaction in local tradition to outwit the devil, poor, half-starved cock was driven over the bridge directly it was completed. In mockery of his Satanic Majesty, the poor creature was afterwards immortalised in the form of a gilded weathercock. Pepin, the father of Charlemagne, is said to have been the founder of the cathedral at Frankfurt. The building was not completed until 1512. Part of the tower and of the church itself was destroyed by a great fire in 1867. Next it, in antiquity, are the churches of St. Leonard, of the Holy Virgin, and of St. Nicholas. The celebrated church of St. Paul was not built until

1782. The first objects that attract the eye of a stranger in walking through the town are the monuments of Gutenberg, Goethe, and Schiller. He will also visit Goethe's house, with its marble tablet; Luther's house, from which the Reformer addressed the people on his journey to Worms; the Bethmann Museum, with Dannecker's incomparable Ariadne; the Städel'sche Art Institute; Rothschild's original house, at the entrance of the Jews' Street; the grave of "Frau Rath," Goethe's mother, in the old churchyard; the Eschenheim Tower, the last relic of the ancient fortifications; the theatre; the Exchange; the Zoological Garden; and lastly, the splendid Palm Garden, with its wealth of leaf and blossom.

Sachsenhausen, the part lying on the left bank of the Main, forms a populous world of itself; the only particular point of interest it possesses is the house of the German Order which stands there. The same may also be said of Bornheim Heath, on which Lichnowsky was murdered. As in most large towns, modern times have added a new quarter, which, when finished, will give the place quite a different



FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAIN.—REGATTA ON THE MAIN.

appearance. Private speculation and joint-stock companies have at Frankfurt gone ahead almost too fast. Time, however, equalises all things, and what is perhaps a sacrifice in the present may in the future be a gain to the town.

The people of Frankfurt are of a merry, active disposition. Strangers are constantly passing through their town, especially in summer. The river Main, with its clear stream, offers to the Frankfurt societies a fine opportunity for water sports, such as regattas, boating, &c. The woods, in which the annual spring festival is held, the Taunus, the Bergstrasse, and the neighbouring towns with their various kinds of baths, are all visited by swarms of excursionists. This is especially the case with Homburg, which lies on a table-land within half an hour's ride, and is the favourite resort of the Frankfurt people.

Two dynasties have fallen in the course of a few years in this much-frequented town, the one favoured by Heaven, the other by the powers below; the one expiring with the last Landgrave of Hesse-

Homburg, who acted, as it were, the prelude of the Prussian war policy by dying in March, 1866, and giving up the government to Darmstadt, only to be readjusted later in the year; the other ruling according to the caprice of four kings, and in vain protesting while packing up its rakes and cards against the Parliament's decree of banishment. The latter was the dynasty of Blanc the Gambler, who was really the Landgrave here, and who bore on his arms, according to a tradition of thirty years ago, the device: "Ici ne gagne ni rouge ni noir, mais toujours *Blanc.*"



PORTRAIT OF GOETHE.

The Landgrave Ferdinand Henry Frederick wished his capital to be described as "vor der Höhe;" the Bohemian population of the town called it "sur l'abyme." It did not matter which name it bore; but the former has been preserved. In Goethe's time the Court of Homburg was a centre of intellectual life. Goethe's "Lila" was the Fraulein von Ziegler, a lady belonging to the Court. Among the scholars who assembled there were Von Sinclair, Jung-Stilling, and Lavater, all of whom certainly visited the Court of Homburg. The unfortunate poet Hölderlin also lived here after his separation from his beloved Diotima. The French Revolution drove a large number of the Waldenses to Homburg, and their descendants still live in the neighbourhood. The town was indebted for many undesirable fugitives and guests to the closing of the Parisian gaming hells, and the cleansing of the Palais-Royal, in 1837. The proprietors of the gaming-tables at this period, with Benazet at their head, crossed the frontier. Many of the West German Princes lent a willing ear to their offers, and thus *roulette* and *trente et quarante* were established in Germany. Benazet, and after him his nephew Dupressoir, ruled in Baden-Baden, and Blanc in Homburg. Both knew how to entice so-called society to their tables. They also loaded the French journalists with benefits, placed money and carriages at their disposal, well knowing that the former would in all



GOETHE'S HOUSE, FRANKFURT.

probability return the same evening to their coffers. Things went on more respectably at Wiesbaden and Ems, whose united undertaking was at least under one control.

The surroundings of the Kurhaus are brilliantly arranged, and were formerly visited at every season



FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAIN.—THE JEWS' STREET.

of the year by a very cosmopolitan society, for the gambling went on all the year round. At the present time the season is very short on account of the climate, and the place is empty for the greater part of the twelve months. The effect from the terrace of the Kurhaus with its glass roof is very magnificent,

and there is a truly lovely view of the pleasure-gardens lying at its foot; these are bounded on both sides by villas and boarding-houses, and crowned by the verdure of the woods in the background. The orange-trees which adorn the banks under the terrace are of rare beauty. The theatre is an elegant building; the Darmstadt company give performances there occasionally during the season. The castle,



THE OLD BRIDGE ON THE MAIN AT SACHSENHAUSEN.

which used to be the residence of the Landgrave's family, and is now reserved for the occasional visit of the Prussian royal family, lies on a hill, surrounded by a green park. Many families of rank reside in the numerous villas and houses round about. The environs of Homburg are particularly attractive, with fine promenades and places for recreation running out in various directions. The air is pure and

invigorating, and is always fresh and clear owing to the proximity of the mountains and forests. The mineral springs, as well as the advantages of climate which Homburg possesses, has attracted an aristocratic society to the place now that the gaming-tables have been removed.

It was, it is true, difficult before the year 1872, which proved fatal to the gambling, to judge of the society by the luxury of their equipages, and the amount of show and wealth that was paraded. Adventure and immorality hid themselves here more than in the other watering-places, where society, indeed, often exhibited itself under false colours, beneath a luxury which covers its inner corruption and hides its social insignificance. That eventful year brought another stamp of visitors; the parvenus



VIEW OF HOMBURG.

of the Exchange, the gilded mushrooms of a night's growth, who naturally could not show themselves without lackeys and carriages, disappeared—they vanished at the first touch of misfortune, to be seen no more. The thunderstorm cleared the air of Homburg society.

The town itself is of inconsiderable extent, with about eight thousand five hundred inhabitants, whose industry and occupations are principally carried on for the advantage of the visitors. Passing over the bridge from the railway station we enter the principal artery of the town, the Louisenstrasse. Here we see one hotel after another, while the buildings which are private houses are erected in the villa style and are beautifully adorned with gardens. These offer a retreat to strangers who have settled here, or who

have come to use the waters. It is curious to be here at the opening of the season, after the long winter sleep, when the earliest visitors arrive. The first cab which rolls over the Louisenstrasse laden with luggage makes quite a sensation. Heads are counted as yet individually; the musicians who throughout the winter have played to a small select society, sit ready in the music tent, and gain new spirit as they see foreign faces appearing which are unknown to them either as residents or as occasional visitors.



THE KURGARTEN AT HOMBURG.

Everything breathes once more; the hotels fill, slowly perhaps at first, till the height of the season approaches and the Spa bursts into full blossom.

Of the numerous interesting places in the neighbourhood, we will here select the little town of Oberursel, with its Gothic church, built in the fifteenth century. This place had also, at one time, an intellectual prominence, for printing was carried on here as early as 1462. Nicodemus Frischlin's printing press, which was raised here in 1590, was an important object in the history of literature. In the neighbourhood of Homburg also we come upon important Roman remains—indeed, upon one of the most

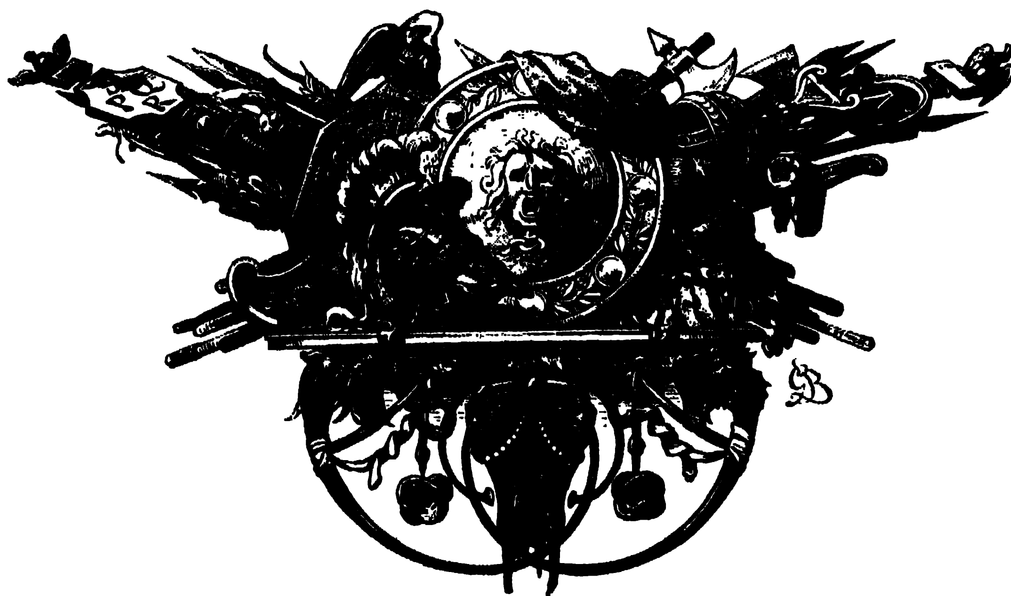
important relics on the Rhine and Main, the so-called Saalburg. As early as 1830, some fine discoveries were made at Heddernheim, among others the foundation-walls of a Mithras temple, the finely-preserved relief of which is in the Museum at Wiesbaden. Many other mutilated relics were brought to light at that time, and prove the residence of the Roman legions here. A Roman military road, which is clearly recognisable, leads almost directly to the ruins of the Roman citadel, the Saalburg, where a little Pompeii might long ago have been laid bare, if only the public had taken sufficient interest in the matter to provide the necessary funds. Imperfect as the excavations have necessarily been under the circumstances, having only been made by degrees by a private association formed for the purpose, this stronghold has



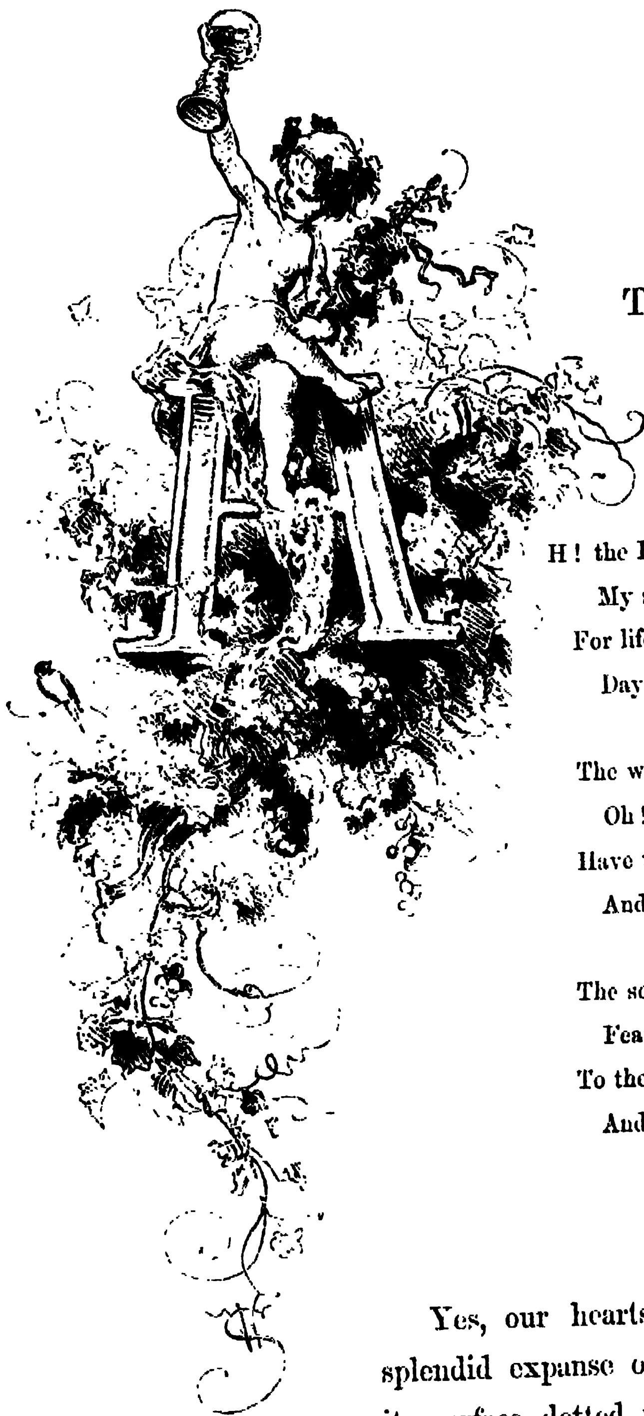
IN THE CASTLE PARK, HOMBURG.

been uncovered for an extent of more than twenty acres; the surrounding fortifications of walls and trenches have, for the most part, been brought to light; four gates with square towers, and behind them the buildings surrounding the citadel, which are tolerably well preserved, have also been disclosed. Among the former are the *porta prætoria* and the *porta decumana.* We also find a prætorium 153 feet long and 132 feet broad, wells, bathrooms, mosaic and other flooring, cellarage, all half ruined, and bearing here and there indications of the mortar which was on the walls. Urns and pitchers have been found at the place where the bodies used to be burnt. Weapons and coins have also been dug up plentifully, and on one occasion an urn containing 550 silver pieces was discovered. Of especial interest is the grave-house which

was erected on one of the old foundations, at a recent period, to cover the graves which were laid open, whilst two years ago the foundation-stone of a real columbarium was laid. The staked ditches which lie a few hundred paces off are also extremely interesting. It is supposed that this fortress was built by N. C. Drusus in the year 10 B.C., and that after being destroyed from the Germanic side in the year 15, it was rebuilt by his son Germanicus. Further excavations would no doubt supply a more definite solution of the history, but up to the present time they clearly testify to the residence in this place of the eighth and twenty-second legions. The Saalburg Association and others have long been calling upon the public and the State to assist in unearthing this fortified Roman place, but so far without result.



THE RHEINGAU.



"AH! the Rhine! to the Rhine! Go not to the Rhine—
My son, to my counsel give heed;
For life on its banks has a flavour too fine,
Days pass with too fatal a speed.

The water-sprite lurks in the depths of the stream—
Oh! has she upon thee e'er smiled?
Have the Lurlei's pale lips, and her eye's fatal gleam,
And her melody's power beguiled?

The sound does bewitch thee, the beauty enthral,
Fear and rapture envelop thee o'er—
To the Rhine! to the Rhine! is thy answer to all,
And homeward thou comest no more."

Yes, our hearts sing "To the Rhine! to the Rhine!" as we enter the splendid expanse of the river, which here lies before us like a polished lake, its surface dotted with islands. The green heights of the Bingerwald and Niederwald tower above it and enclose it in the background. Its waves dance upon the shore of the most favoured and beautiful of the German districts. The sun's rays sparkle in the waters; their reflections kiss, as it were, the cheeks of the maidens who stand on the balconies and in the shady arbours, merrily greeting with waving handkerchiefs the steamer which is passing the bend in the river, leaving behind it a foamy track. Yonder, in softly ascending lines, are the golden-veined vine-gardens on that hill so blessed by heaven, and from which the rich produce goes forth yearly in such abundance.



On the right bank one little town stretches itself out almost to the next, the whole looking like a string of pearls, penetrated by the fragrance of the vines and interspersed with gardens and villas, with churches and chapels. In the background the vine-watchers' houses seem to frown down on the scene, whilst the grave-looking, weather-stained crucifixes smile beneficently upon the gardens, like St. Januarius on the coast of the Bay of Naples. The little townlets of the Rheingau, with smiling aspect, bathe their feet in the bright stream; and cheerful human beings stroll along the banks. In the snug summer-houses overhung with trailing vines the glass filled with the golden wine sparkles, while the humming of the bees announces how the grapes are ripening once more to replenish the store of that good wine,



WALLUF.—DOCKYARD AND MILL.

which for thousands of years has been a joy and a blessing to those who know how to enjoy its use without abusing it.

A gay and varied company are assembled on board the steamer which carries us. On every face we read the poet's words, "Wem Gott will rechte Gunst erweisen, den schickt er in die weite Welt." It would be difficult, indeed, to find a spot more truly lovely than this; we never tire of its beauty. Every visitor to these parts, besides admiring the beauties of nature, should watch the vine-dresser at his heavy, ceaseless work, which the autumn does not, however, always repay. He should also see these slopes when the fair bloom lies on the first half-open leaves; he should mount through the vineyards when the grapes are swelling, and when autumn tints the landscape. He would then, perhaps, better comprehend the enthusiasm of this honest, cheerful people; whose blood, it is true, is sometimes rather too hot and their actions rather too wild, as it has been since the old days of the Rheingau "Gebücks," when the club and the javelin had too great a licence here. Shadows, however, are not wanting in

this sunny valley, and sometimes the vine-dresser has a heavy and careworn look, when, in spite of all his care, the bitter north-east wind has penetrated to his hill, and the frost of a single spring night has destroyed all the bloom which foretold for him so luxuriant a harvest. The fruit in this case, which should have been a source of pleasure to countless numbers, being nipped in the bud, hangs black and shrivelled on the stems that have been so carefully tended.

It is evening. The sun declines slowly towards the west and casts its rays obliquely over the Rhine, the shore, the villas, the vine-dressers' huts, the castles and the fortresses—lighting up the most delicate soft tints in the green wooded mountains and on the grey earth of the gardens, until it vanishes in the haze of the distant hills. Yonder, on the left, a train is just steaming past the village of Budenheim, behind the Rhein-Au or Rettsbergs-Au. On the right lies Schierstein, the outer threshold of the Rheingau, surrounded by fruitful vineyards and orchards. The buildings which crown the hill on the land side are those of the Nürnberger Hof, on whose slopes the vine of the same name grows. Near it is a place frequented by Goethe in 1814, and at its feet is the Hof Armada. The left bank is uninteresting and bare, whilst, on the contrary, the right bank unfolds before us a panorama in which every minute shows a fresh picture.



WALLUF.—BOATMAN'S HOUSE OF CALL.

Lower Walluf lies on the Waldava, a stream which once formed the boundary of the "Gebücks," a line of demarcation, protected by ditches, which at one time reached as far as Lorch, and by means of which the Rheingau fortresses, towns, and villages sought to protect themselves against attack from without. The men of the Rheingau, as is well known, held fast to their own independence and acknowledged allegiance to no one, so that even the great lords were careful to keep on good terms with them. The little town of Lower Walluf stretches itself invitingly under its vine-clad hills right along to the shore, facing which are the hospitable and much-frequented shady gardens of the burgomaster and Prince Wittgenstein. The town retains a mediæval look. Though the space is small the little dockyard is always full of life, and so is the boatman's inn, with its barrack-like appearance. On summer afternoons the shore is always crowded with visitors eager to sail about on the river, or to make a journey up the Rhine. A large number also hang about the steamers as they land their passengers, either in small boats or at the pier, while in the shady arbours of the garden the burgomaster himself may be seen.

Up yonder, in the background above Walluf, where the mountains seem to beckon us, and the spires

of the churches peep out at us from among the trees, lies Rauenthal—so called because it stands upon the mountain. Its vineyards stretch down towards the Rhine, receiving the full glow of the sun, that ripens for us those priceless grapes which yield the wine that was crowned Queen of the Rhine at the last Paris Exhibition. This distinction is, however, not acknowledged by those proud lords, the princely Abbot of Johannisberg, the Master of Rüdesheim, the Knight of Stein, and the Dean of Hochheim. Since 1867 many a one has made a pilgrimage to Rauenthal in order to solve for himself the critical question. In doing this he has to mount to the splendid plateau of the "Schönen Aussicht," and look over that wonderful district—over that country on the other side of the Rhine, and over that which lies near him stretching far away to the Wasgau. He enters the village and sits in the comfortable garden of the Nassau Hof, where he orders a bottle of the "best," and for which, even at the fountain-head, he has to pay two thalers at least. However low he may have doffed his hat to the newly-anointed queen, on his return to the Rhine, the chances are that he again drinks eternal brotherhood with the Lord of Rüdesheim, and that he is equally fickle when the princely Abbot of Johannisberg tries to convert him as to his claim to rule alone among the priceless products of the grape.



RAUENTHAL.

We pass on, along the foaming river; the vine-hills become higher and closer together as we proceed, for since passing Walluf we are in the "Gau" proper. Before us, on the left, lies the Eltville-Au, with its Swiss farm. Before the town, on the right, extends the most beautiful park, with the usual little castles and pavilions, the estate of Julienheim, and the Castle of Rheinberg, which was once called also Christoffelsberg, from a figure of the saint on its tower. Until a few years ago this was the property of the Counts Grünne, but is now a public garden. The name of the place has been said to be derived from the Roman *alta villa*, which time has corrupted into "Eltville;" but traces of the Romans have been sought for in vain. It is more probable that Bodmann is right when he traces the name from *alter Weiler*. The origin of the town must, at any rate, be sought for in the Frankish period. From a small beginning it became the principal place in the Mayence part of the Rheingau, and was a favourite resort and refuge to the archbishops when Mayence became too hot for them. In consequence of this the terrible Baldwin of Luxemburg erected the citadel in 1330, and Louis IV., on account of its fortifications, granted to the place the privileges of a town. The castle and a portion of the walls are still preserved, as well as the watchtower, although the Swedes and the French have greatly destroyed the fortress. One chronicle relates that Günther von Schwarzburg was poisoned here, but it is more correct to say that he had the fatal poison in his body when, seeing his end approach, he signed a peace with his opponent Charles IV. Eltville became a favourite resort for

pilgrims when, in 1402, the miraculous Host was brought here from Gladbach. This raised the town to a state of great prosperity, for much more was ventured at that time in the way of pilgrimages and penances than now. The church of Eltville, which is built in the style of the fourteenth century, contains the tomb of Agnes of Hoppenstein, the wife of Frederick von Stockheim.

The place is indebted for one bright spot in its history to Gutenberg's pupil, Henry Bechtermünz (also called Bechtelmünze), who, with the assistance of his brother Nicholas and of Wigand Spiesz of Ortenburg, set up a printing-press here in the middle of the fifteenth century. A few specimens of its work have been preserved. Simrock, indeed, expresses an opinion that Gutenberg, towards the end of his life, settled here with his relatives, but nothing certain is known on the subject except that the neglected grave of one of his relatives, Jacob von Sorgenloch, may be seen in the churchyard.



ELTVILLE.

Eltville at the present day is a favourite resort of the wealthy on account of its villas and parks. The gardens of the houses join one another and form a beautiful border to the shore. The hotel system has developed to a high degree through the omnibus communication of Eltville with Schlangenbad and Schwalbach, and although no wine of Eltville figures in the list of the favourites of the Rheingau, it has its factory of sparkling wine which competes closely with champagne both at home and abroad.

As we continue on our way, on the right the island of Rheinau rises before us like a dark shady spot out of the glittering surface of the river. On the shore of Erbach we see the pointed towers of the Gothic church peeping out of the chain of villas, surrounded by the parsonage, the schools, and a little garden. These were all built in 1866 and given to the people by the benefactress and patroness of the place, the Princess Marianne of the Netherlands, who resides here in her Castle of Reinhardshausen.

Her castle contains an interesting collection of paintings and coins, and is open to the public on certain days. Marcobrunnen, which belongs to the same province, is hardly distinguishable among the other vineyards, for we seek in vain for a monumental sign to indicate to us the wine-famed spot of the Strahlenberg. Only a well of red sandstone, called the "Marktbrunnen," or market-well, by the country people, stands by the highway; though it is probable that this rather represents a boundary-mark, for the vineyards here were, and still are, divided between ecclesiastical foundations and private persons.

The celebrated Steinberger also grows here, with similar modesty, on a slight declivity surrounded by a wall. The traveller in vain seeks the "Rose Garden." He shall not, however, be denied one glass of the fiery "golden beaker," but Heaven preserve him from some that bears the noble name of Steinberger. It is impossible that all so-called can be grown on this field of hardly eight acres in extent. The same may be said of the Gräfenberger yonder, which is a noble wine, but cannot be compared with the Steinberger.

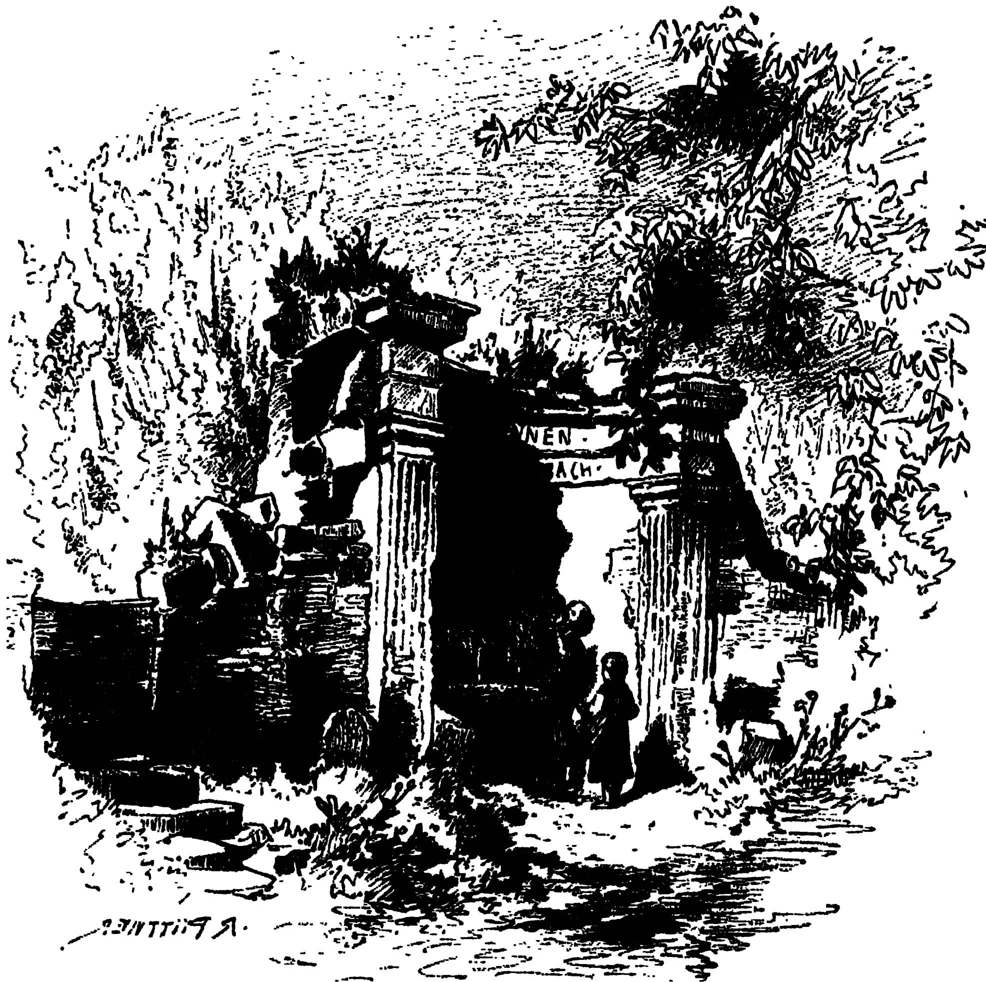
The village of Kiedrich, and farther inland the ruins of Scharfenstein with its round towers, have just come in sight, and with them the Eichberg lunatic asylum, established in 1843. A great number of historic associations are crowded together here, and from yonder Lower Ingelheim peers at us, while above us already towers the Johannisberg. We must next mention Kiedrich and Scharfenstein, and the long-decayed family of Löwentrotz, the most powerful noble house of the Rheingau, rich in strongholds, with their different family branches, all of which have perished. Kiedrich appears as early as the tenth century, under the name of Cherdercho, whilst Scharfenstein, on the right bank of the Rhine, may be named as the oldest of the castles. It was decidedly the largest if, as tradition tells us, it sheltered the whole of the tribe, whose common interests demanded their cohesion. The family of the Scharfenstein must have been one of the most wealthy, and consequently one of the most powerful, since it possessed the greatest number of castles and fiefs.

It seems that either the Scharfensteins began with the decline of the lords of Kiedrich, or that the latter merged into the Counts of Scharfenstein when this stronghold was given in fee to them by the Archbishop of Mayence, whose most trusty servants they became. The chronicle names as different branches of this family, the Greens, the Browns, the Blacks, the Gennens, the Eselweeks, the Steins, and the Crazzes von Scharfenstein. Their principal stronghold seems to have been specially destined to be a refuge for the archbishops, and under their protection there were often great doings within the walls of Scharfenstein, till Albert of Austria appeared before it in 1301, in order to besiege it. He retreated, after storming it in vain for thirty days. The "Lion of Luxemburg," also, the bold Archbishop Baldwin of Treves—who was better acquainted with the sword than with the Cross—in vain laid siege to Scharfenstein. Albert of Brandenburg succeeded no better, and it was not until the Swedes came that the stubborn walls fell before an enemy on whom they had not reckoned, namely Gunpowder. Mélac's French incendiaries laid waste what was left by the Swedes, and now nothing is to be found of the mighty Scharfenstein but a ruin.

Every one who has ever read a wine-card knows Hattenheimer. The place has been traced from Hatto II., who built it. The district itself is only an unimportant link in the chain which stretches, ring after ring, along the bank of the river. More important to us is the Abbey of Eberbach, lying inland in its idyllic green valley half enclosed by wooded hills, and the golden wine, the Steinberger

Cabinet, which is hidden in its cellars. It once had a great and a splendid history, but it has experienced many changes, until at length it became an asylum for the insane, who were afterwards removed to the Eichberg. Last of all it was used as a prison. Above it lies the Hallgart rampart, with the little village of Hallgarten, on the slopes on which the wine of the same name flourishes. A German, named Adam von Itzstein, lies buried here: "a brave heart," says his gravestone, "weary of the youthful struggle for German freedom;" and here on his property, surrounded by his friends, he planned out and prophesied the existence of the German parliament.

It is said that when the pious Bernard of Clairvaux came here under the protection of Adalbert of



MARCOBRUNNEN.

Mayence, to seek a spot for a house in which to establish his order, a boar came out of the thicket, and rooting up the earth with his tusks, marked out the area which the saint destined for his monastery. Further than this, the boar also rolled hither the great stones for the foundation, and angels brought the smaller stones for the walls. In this way the building for the pious foundation was completed in the year 1116, under circumstances which, at the present day, we should consider somewhat exceptional and favourable, but which do not appear to have been so very remarkable in those periods.

When finished, the Archbishop Adalbert summoned the Augustine monks into the monastery, but the order of monks often changed; for the walls seem at first to have been somewhat deserted, indicating not a little ingratitude to the angels. The monks, however, soon took to wine-growing. It was they who

had the finest Marcobrunner and who tended the Steinberger, so that the great cask in the cellar of the monastery of Eberbach had a world-wide reputation. It was capable of containing 12,000 gallons, and the entire harvest of the Steinberg was poured into it if there was room. But in the Peasant War of 1525, the Rheingau insurrectionists drank to the very bottom of the great cask and sacked the interior of the monastery. The industrious monks, no sooner was peace restored, set to work again and



ABBEY OF EBERBACH.

repaired the damage that had been done, and worked on undisturbed until Albert of Brandenburg fell upon the abbey with equally insatiable thirst. In the year 1803 the abbey was disestablished, and the property given to the domains whose noblest wines the monastery has since that time hidden in its cellars. The former refectory, now the press-house, dates from the twelfth century, and still reminds us, with its pillars and capitals, of the shrewd, industrious monks to whom vine-culture is so greatly

indebted—wise men of business, who knew well how to obtain from emperors and princes free passage for their casks along the Rhine, till the stress of war destroyed all their blessings.

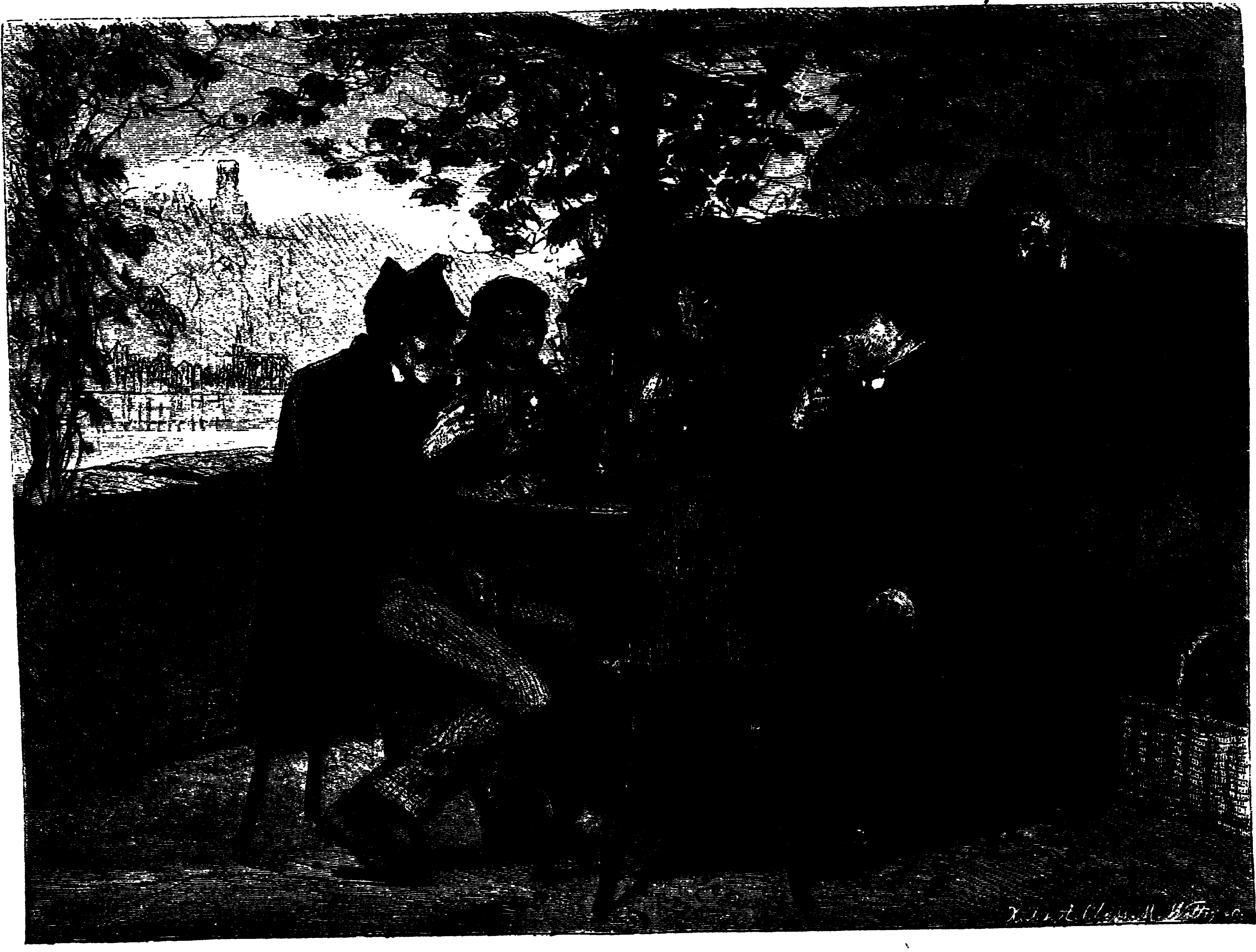
The ruins are still worth a visit: the church, dated 1156, with its monuments; the Cabinet cellar, with its true Rhine gold, and the magic names of Steinberg, Marcobrunner, Rüdesheim, Grafenberg, and Hallenheim! Even at the present day, the annual sale by auction of the wine which has been rejected as being unworthy of the "Cabinet," is an important event in the life of the Rheingau. Whoever comes to it, be he buyer or tourist, is invited to a "wine meal," and at the end there is handed to him a sample of the finest wine, which does honour to Eberbach's cellar and to its hospitality.

Only speak to a native of the Rheingau of "wine-testing," and his heart will rejoice. He may not, indeed, be able to take part in the proceedings at Eberbach, Hochheim, or any of the finest sources; but he will do so probably at a peasant's, at a vine-grower's, at the steward's of the castle, or at a rich wine-grower's, who sets before us thirty different sorts of his produce. Wine-testing is, to the man of the Rhine, an act of love—we might almost say of faith or religion—which he performs with all his attention and devotion; and in one way or another a good deal is tested on the Rhine, not only at the auctions, but, indeed, whenever it is necessary or agreeable to look into the goblet's golden depths.

Johannisberg! the pride, the King of the Rheingau! The castle stands on its vine-garlanded heights, having the Mummische Schloss for its pedestal. At its feet lie stretched Oestrich, Winkel, and Mittelheim, belonging, as it were, to one another. To the right, above the last-named place, is the Castle of Vollrath; on the left is the newly-completed erection, now called Johannisburg; and yonder, on the left bank, on the other side of the Au, basking in the sunshine, lies Lower Ingelheim, which a thousand years ago was the soul of the holy Roman Empire—Charlemagne's beautiful palace. It was here, in these halls adorned with the art-treasures of the world, that the mighty emperor summoned the princes of his empire to assemble in order to determine the fate of nations, if not of Europe. It was also here that his own paternal heart had to bear the heaviest of all trials.

The glory is faded which once streamed from the mighty imperial crown at Ingelheim, where, perhaps, also the cradle of the noblest of men once rocked. The pillars are broken and decayed which supported the most magnificent, the most imposing of palaces. All the splendour has mouldered and perished to the last trace, and only a voice from the Thirty Years' War tells us, on a fragment of crumbling sandstone, that the hundred pillars which once adorned the "Saal" (so this place is still called, on which the palace stood) were conveyed hither from Ravenna by the Emperor Charlemagne. It would be well if other stony records could tell us of those mighty bygone days; but all such witnesses have been destroyed by the rough events which have passed over these spots during the course of centuries. Ingelheim was, next to that of Aix-la-Chapelle, the most splendid of the imperial palaces, from which the great monarch looked over the loveliest of German river-valleys to the Paradise on the farther bank.

From Ingelheim the emperor made his hunting excursions, on one of which he found, in a farmhouse in the Odenwald, his beloved daughter Emma, whom he had banished from her home. He had once discovered her in the arms of his trusted secretary Eginhard, and had then caused them to be married by night and sent away. Emma died soon after the meeting with her father, from grief at the loss of her child; Eginhard followed her, and Charlemagne never saw the Odenwald again.



WINE-TESTING.

At Ingelheim he promoted the planting and culture of the vine, which the Romans had already brought hither with the chestnut-tree. He also did a great deal for the cultivation of fruit in general. It must have been here that he assembled the Diet of 788, at which Duke Thassilo of Bavaria was deposed from his dignity. The Danish king Harold fled hither in 826, with his wife and faithful followers, and was baptized by St. Alban. It was here that Charlemagne received ambassadors, whose arrival was celebrated with the most brilliant pageants. It was at Ingelheim that Ernest of Swabia was condemned to excommunication and outlawry, and here also Henry V. summoned the Diet in order to declare the deposition of his father Henry IV.—who was under the excommunication of the Pope—and to order him to be imprisoned at Bingen. The palace, however, was allowed to fall to pieces; but Frederick I. restored it, and made it his favourite residence. Being again destroyed, it was rebuilt in

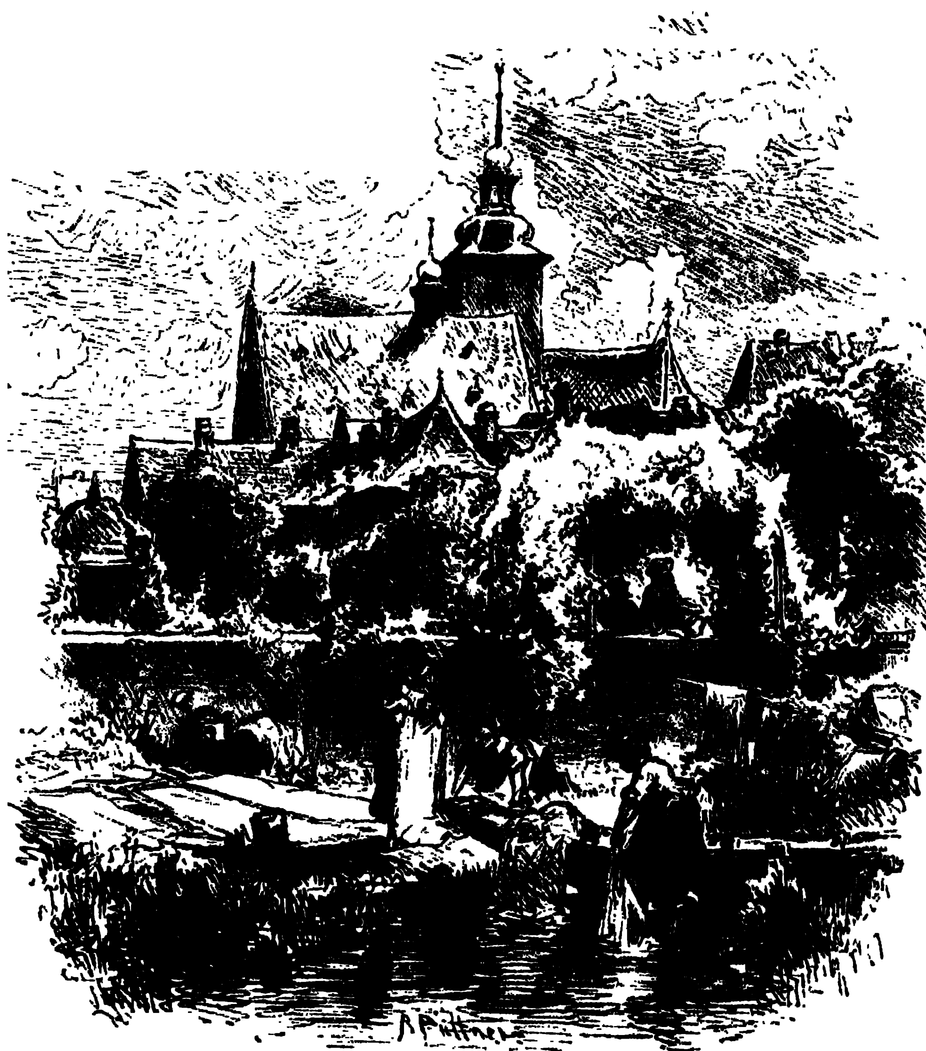


MITTELHEIM.

1354 by Charles IV., but only to be mortgaged to the Elector-Palatine. The people of Mayence set fire to it during the war between Frederick the Victorious and the Archbishop Adolf of Mayence. The Spaniards and the Swedes finished the work of destruction, and in 1689 the French cooled their courage on the empty ruins, so that now nothing remains of the former magnificent edifice but the fragments of a few pillars scattered about the spot.

Not even a breath of the spirit of its great past hovers now over the gardens to which we owe the dark juice of Ingelheim's grapes, and the traveller in vain seeks for a trace of it. From the Oestrich-Winkel shore, however, he will look up with a sensation of pleasure at the majestic hill, the foremost elevation of the "Rabenköpfe," where the renowned vineyards, the darlings of the sun, slope down with soft undulations. They look, indeed, like a carpet surrounding the cloister-castle of Johannisberg and its surrounding buildings. The Archbishop Hrabanus Maurus lived from 850 to 856 in the grey house

in Winkel, which lies just below. With all his learning he must have found time to re-establish the old Roman wine-store. Goethe stayed at this place in the house of his friends, the Brentano family, which still shows some remembrances of him. It was here that Bettina wrote her letters to him, and it was from the river-bank at this place that Caroline von Günderode sought death in the waters of the Rhine. In a retired little house, almost hidden among vines and orchards, Robert von Hornstein, the composer, spends his summers. Many of his popular songs have been heard for the first time from that garden-terrace overlooking the Rhine. No traveller scans the heights of Johannisberg without being



VIEW OF WINKEL.

tempted to ascend them, although the place is not so rich in historical associations as Ingelheim. It presents to us in the main, as compared with its pious neighbour Eberbach, only the allegory of the idle and the industrious monks.

The extent of the prospect from here, over to Mayence and Donnersberg, to the peaks of the Eifel, and especially over the great river-bed and its luxuriant green pastures, is almost overpowering. It is a well-known fact that wherever the neighbourhood is most beautiful, there stands a convent or an inn, or indeed usually both. The beauty of Johannisberg can only be compared with that of Camaldoli at Naples. Perhaps, next to Charlemagne, we owe the culture of the divine grape of Johannisberg to the

Bishop Hrabanus, for the hill was at first called the "Bishop's Mountain." After the well-known persecution of the Jews the Archbishop Ruthard built a monastery on the mountain, and placed it under the Abbot of St. Alban. He dedicated it to St. John the Baptist, perhaps as an atonement for the massacre of the children of Israel. The Archbishop Adalbert gave over Eberbach also to Johannisberg, on account of the recklessness and extravagance of the monks in that establishment; and it is curious that in the course of time they should so completely have turned over a new leaf that Eberbach became a model of industry. Johannisberg then became independent of St. Alban, and was a free Benedictine abbey, in which the monks very soon had little else to do than to eat and drink and grow fat, whilst in Eberbach moderation and industry were more characteristic features. The crimes of the Abbey of Johannisberg increased; even the finding of a number of relics, which were exhibited, did not suffice to



JOHANNISBERG.

fill the empty coffers, and the scandal became so loud that Archbishop Dietrich commanded an examination of the monastery to be made, which resulted in the monks, who had not promised penance, being driven out, and others sent in from St. Jacobsberg to take their place. The revolted peasants plundered Johannisberg, and the casks of the monks were emptied and their monastery laid waste. What little prosperity was regained in later years soon again departed, and they were then obliged to sell some of their land.

Thirty years more had not passed over the country before Albert von Brandenburg and his wild host laid the Johannisberg under contribution. The monks were insulted, ill-treated, and driven away, their wine drunk, their church plundered, and the monastery set on fire. The spearmen then retired, but the monastery was a ruin. The Abbot Valentine Horn was too indolent a man to set to work to repair the

misfortune, but for the sake of his creature comforts he sold more land and mortgaged the slender rents, until the Archbishop Daniel of Mayence, in order to rescue the monastery again for the Benedictines, expelled both the monks and their abbot. Daniel himself undertook the management, but he also absorbed the revenues. The Swedes then came and left the monastery behind them in ruins. At this period the distress was greater than ever, until Hubert von Bleymann came forward and took the property and the revenues on a mortgage of thirty thousand florins. When he died the Abbey of Fulda paid off the mortgage, and, in 1716, took possession of the Johannisberg. But even then, there were merry days after the old fashion in the monastery. Alexander Kaufmann tells us, in his well-known poem, how the bold Abbot of Fulda came to Johannisberg, not to see if the faith prospered, but to ascertain, personally and experimentally, whether the vines were flourishing.

The princely Abbot Adalbert in the meantime erected a castle on the ruins, near the church which still stands. In 1803 the abbey passed into the hands of William of Orange. Napoleon presented it to Marshal Kellerman in a moment of good-humour, the latter having cried out on seeing it, "Oh! how beautiful it is!" "Would you like it?" asked Napoleon; "well, take it." In the year 1815 it came into the possession of Austria, while Frederick William III. would gladly have had the beautiful castle for General Blucher. When the question arose among the Allies as to whom it should be given, the Emperor Alexander proposed that it should be presented to the brave Stein. The latter, however, is said to have remarked, "No, I thank your Majesty; the receiver is always as bad as the thief!" It was accordingly given in fee to Metternich, who gained by the transaction about sixty acres of the most incomparable vine land, and about a thousand acres of forest and arable land.

In the place where the monks neglected their duties, and themselves drank the best of the wine in copious draughts, and led so disorderly a life that no blessing or prosperity could enter their dwelling, careful accounts are now kept of the produce of the harvest, which was formerly recklessly sold, or pledged to the honour of Bacchus. The prince's managers supply strangers with samples for ready money at from three to fourteen florins the bottle. The stranger may, indeed, well depart satisfied with his draught and with a glance over the splendid panorama before him. The interior of the castle presents nothing specially interesting, and in the chapel the only thing that deserves mention is the tomb of the Rhenish historian, Nicholas Vogt, who died in 1836. It was raised by his "friend and grateful pupil," Prince Metternich. His heart rests, according to his own wish, in the quartz rock in the Rhine at Bingen, in a silver case; a small iron cross marks the spot. A statue of St. John the Baptist stands in the open space before the church. The whole of this fine property at present belongs to Richard von Metternich, who was formerly the Austrian ambassador in Paris, and he and his wife reside here in the summer. It may seem out of place to speak here—and to him whom we have just supposed to have drained a cup of the glowing "sixty-eight" at the castle—of the cold-water establishment in the village below; it, may as well be mentioned, however, particularly as many may have need of such an institution.

Of the neighbouring town of Geisenheim there is little that is historical to relate. The place has a charming appearance on account of its pleasant situation, the great breadth of the Rhine here, and the villas that adorn the town. At the east end are the houses of the Counts Ingelheim and Schönborn; and at the west end, on the Rüdesheimer side, the villas of the Lade and Brentano families, the villa of Mon-Repos, with its fine fruit-garden, and the gardens round the Pomological Institute, which has been

lately founded under the direction of Consul-general Lade. The traveller who is at all learned in wines will no doubt recognise the town by the lofty double tower, with which he will be familiar from the wine labels. The noble family of Von Geisenheim died out in the fourteenth century. In the so-called Schönborn House, Prince John Philip of Schönborn dwelt, and it is probable that the treaty of Westphalia was arranged there. Fine grapes grow on the reddish-coloured Rothenberg, which lies rather behind the town, and on the Kosackenberg. The monastery of Marienthal, which is a resort for pilgrims, is situated in the meadow-land a few miles from Geisenheim. In 1468 the monks set up a printing-press, with the type which Gutenberg had invented. Still nearer to the town there is another monastery, the miraculous image from which is to be found in the church of Rüdesheim.

The Rhine traveller will at this part of the river be more impressed than he has yet been with the idea that he is sailing on a romantic lake, for the high banks, overgrown with vine and forest, draw closer round him; the Bingerwald and the Niederwald, crowned with mist, rise higher before him, while the rocky terraces of Rüdesheim exhibit their grotesque forms. The left bank also closes in, with the Rochus-Kapelle (Chapel of St. Roch) on its elevated site, together with the Castle of Klopp, and the town



VIEW OF GEISENHEIM.

of Bingen; and far below, the Mouse Tower on its little island washed by the waves, with its red pennon fluttering towards us from the embowering foliage. The railway trains running close to the shore send their white wreaths of vapour on the left over the Villa of Landy, and on the right over the towers of Rüdesheim, each losing itself in white threads among the vineyards beyond.

Whoever has a heart in his breast will feel it beat joyfully within him at this lovely spot, where land and water together form the most beautiful poem; where legend and history have written so thoughtfully upon its imperishable leaves; where Nature, as it were, sings to her Creator a grateful hallelujah; and where, even in the golden rays of the sun, there is a fragrance, for they have absorbed the perfume of the most costly wine! We almost fancy that we see before us the vine-crowned giant, as Schrödter has described him in his "Triumph of King Wine."

The boat bears us past the houses of Rüdesheim, which lie stretched along at the foot of the vine-hills, separated in front of us by the elevated stone terraces of the "Rüdesheim Berg." We leave behind us the old tower and the masses of red stone; the train, outstripping us, rushes close to the houses gaily adorned with their summer festoons of green leaves. The railway, as a necessary evil, has penetrated to the romance of the shore, suffusing it with smoke and steam. At the same time, however,

it brings perpetual life; and while the train snorts, handkerchiefs wave to us out of a vine-covered arbour, jovial companions appear among the foliage, goblet in hand, hailing the thirsty traveller, who even under the awning of the boat feels his throat dried by the heat of the August sun, and looks wistfully at his more fortunate friend yonder.

Towards the north end of the town there lies on the shore a shapeless mass of stones, a giant cube, apparently the torso of a magnificent building, yet in no way corresponding with the aims and customs of the time to which this clumsy, awkward colossus owes its discovery. Masonry of vast thickness, out of which glare staring windows provided with iron balconies, and full of gloomy corners, stands before us. It is apparently divided, being a double building which from the outside appears to be one. It is covered with creepers on its flat broken summit, which looks mournfully towards us, weird, and yet bearing signs of modern comfort. Such is the impression which this gloomy building gives to the



VINEYARD WORKERS AT REST.

stranger, who vainly puzzles his brain as to what can be the meaning of this giant; the least possible idea being, perhaps, that it can by any means be made into a comfortable habitation.

Many have been thus puzzled. "It must have been a Roman citadel, which was destroyed by the Alemanni, and rebuilt by Charlemagne," says one. "It is possible that it may have been an imperial palace," says another. "Could we not imagine that it had been a barrack?" asks a third. In truth it is none of these, though in later times it became the dwelling of the family of Rüdesheim, to whom it was given in fee. It then passed to the Brömsers of Rüdesheim, whence the name of Brömserburg, also called Niederburg; and lastly, a Countess of Ingelheim conceived the idea of elegantly fitting up the interior as a modern dwelling-place. The old walls have, therefore, to thank this lady for their fashionable decorations, with flowers and creepers.

Farther up the town we meet with the towers of Boosenburg, erected by the family of Rüdesheim.

In 1474 it came by marriage into the possession of Boos of Waldeck, whence its name. The Brömserhof, situated still higher up in the town, dates from the fifteenth century, and beyond being used as an almshouse is without further interest.

Mahomet said, "Everything lives by water:" in Rüdesheim everything lives on and for the wine with which Nature has so bountifully blessed it; the great champagne factories of Dietrich and Ewald provide for this artificial taste. This spot was once called "the finest pearl in the coronet of Mayence." Its produce, dissolved in a cask of liquid gold, belongs to the whole world—that world of happy beings who are permitted to enjoy its fruit pure and unadulterated. All the softly-undulating country which we see as far as the eye can reach, is covered with vineyards, the finest being those on the steeply-rising mountain. The view from this elevated spot, over the Rhine Valley to the farther bank, is splendid; but it is still finer and more majestic from the Chapel of St. Roch yonder, where the countless treasures of the Rheingau are disclosed to us.

The sunlight rests like bright bronze on the Rüdesheimer vineyards when the grapes are beginning



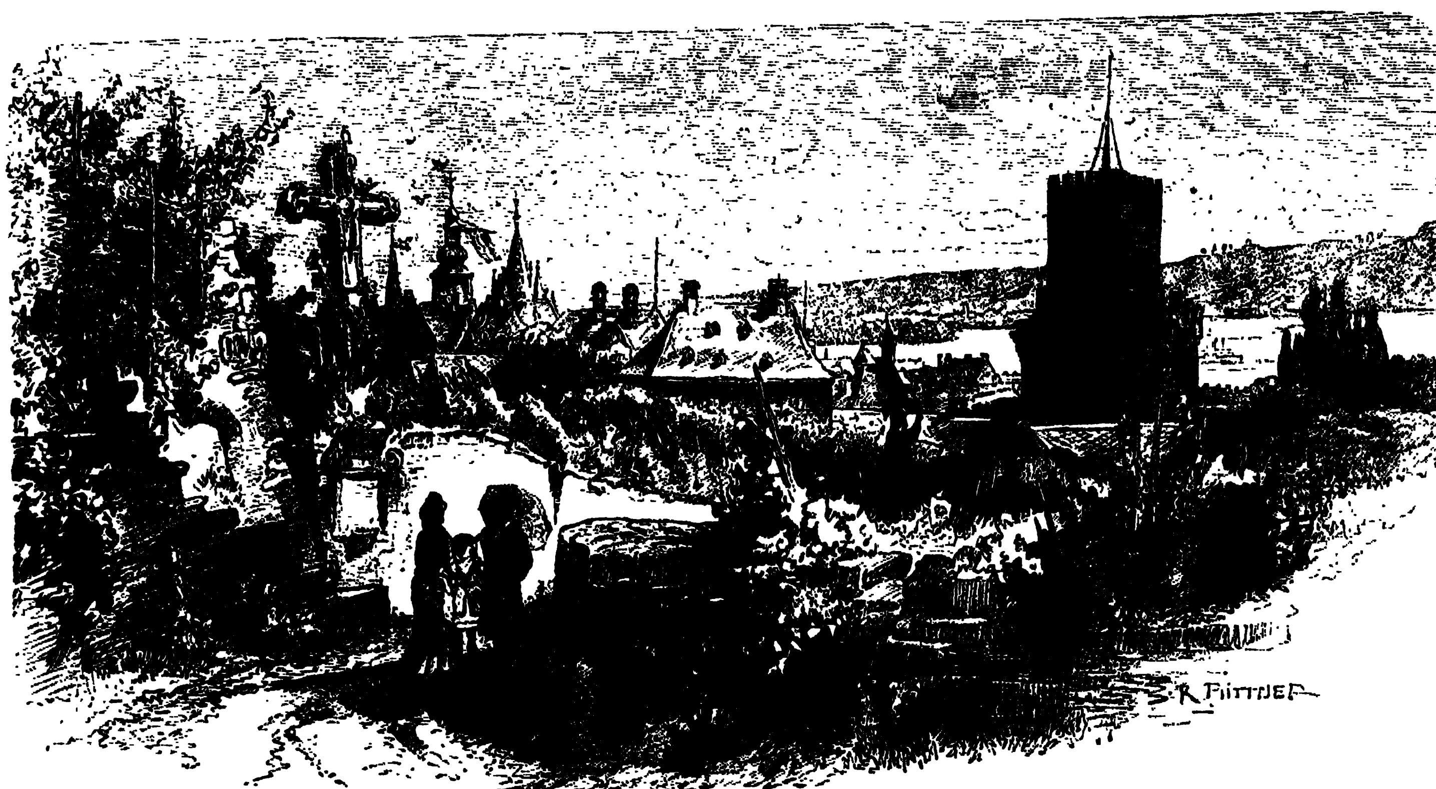
ON THE NIEDERWALD.

to "cook," as it is technically called. One November we stood among the vine-dressers; the vintage had begun on the previous day, and the barriers which usually enclosed the gardens had been removed. There had been no sun for a fortnight, and during that time a mist had hung over the valley of the Rhine; the farther bank was scarcely visible through the fog, so that we seemed to be placed on the shore of an open sea, and the meadow islands looked as though they might be shifting sandbanks, where the seals could clamber up and stretch themselves on the dry surface left bare by the tide. The hills looked moist and heavy in the grey chaos; only now and then a sudden breeze lifted the veil for a moment, and St. Roch, Burg Klopp, and the Niederwald stole a look from behind the shifting curtain.

But no sun was visible, not even could we get a cold, wintry glimpse of its beams. An arctic night lay over the Rhine, and yet there was delight in every eye and in every heart as far as the vinelands extended. There were guns, bonfires, laughter; and thousands of joyful faces moved about the mist-

enveloped vineyard, gathering in the costly harvest, so valuable, so rich, so sweet and delicate as the wildest hopes of the vine-grower and the palate of the drinker had hardly dared to dream!

The thicker the fog outside, the brighter is it within the heart of the vine-dresser. If the stalks are heavy with grapes and the sun fills them with sweetness in the height of the summer, the fog produces the *Edelfäule*, or what we must call the ripe rot, which selects the choicest fruit. Even when the snow lies on the mountains the gatherers pick up the grapes with a fork, contesting their possession with the feathered thieves. This *Edelfäule* is everything to the wine-grower; its discovery is attributed to several sources. According to one, the Abbot of Fulda one year, through forgetfulness, was too late in giving permission to commence the harvest. According to another, the harvest could not be got in in proper time on account of some war, and the house of Mumm bought the whole of the harvest, which was supposed to be spoiled, for a ridiculously small sum of money: on making use of the fruit, the



RÜDESHEIM.

withered, half-dried berries yielded the most splendid wine. It seems as though a secret was then discovered on the Rhine, which had been known as early as the time of the Pharaohs, and is practised at the present day by the wine-growing Christians of the East, the Greeks and Armenians; they train the vine on a warm ground, and let the grapes lie on the earth till they may almost be called rotten.

In Rüdesheim also the vintage had been fixed for the 3rd of November, in the year to which we refer, provided the mist did not lay too heavily on the grapes, for then a drop of water hangs to each one, and it is important that the grapes should come clean and dry into the press. On many mountains around, indeed, the crop had been already picked, but interest usually dictates a common action among the larger landowners. Sometimes indeed it happens, as it has in the last few unproductive years, that many hardly have the heart to gather the few measures of which alone their harvest consists.

And how eagerly is the harvest looked forward to in good years! The baskets, the measures, and the



THE LAST BARREL.

presses are cleaned, everything is prepared for the reception of the juice, so that the contents of the tubs, after they have been pressed down with the *kolben* (a kind of wooden mace) in the vineyard itself, can be carried at once to the press-house, either on the backs of the porters who pass constantly to and fro, or on drays, in great casks. The juice cannot be kept till the next morning, and though it is a fatiguing night's work, the strong arms work cheerfully on; and throughout the day of the vintage there is not a strong limb in the place that is not devoted to the work.

Groups of gatherers and gleaners move about the mountain in troops, filling the little measures or creels, joyfully loosening the grapes from their bines, which have been dragged by the weight of fruit to the ground. They are all looked after by the overseer, lest too many grapes should find their way into the merry mouths. The grapes are emptied out of the creels into tubs, and pressed down with a rapid dexterous double movement; the porters carry them on their backs to the press-house, or else they are placed on the dray which moves slowly down the path till the last load is carried to the press. Usually this dray reaches its destination hung with garlands and surrounded by the cheering vintagers.



The overseer or steward naturally keeps an account of the quantity gathered. It is measured by the tub, and however clumsy the vessel may appear which the porter carries easily on his back by means of two straps, it holds a quarter of an *ohm*, or about seven and a half gallons of wine. From this it is easy to estimate what an *ohm* of the fine Rhine wine is worth, say, for instance, of Johannisberg, of Rüdesheim, or of Steinberger, when every bottle costs from two to eight florins! It is only friends who are invited to the vintage that have the privilege of mounting through the clay, which is probably wet and saturated with the rain or fog. These favoured few may pluck and eat as many as they like of the little Orleans grapes. The amount thus wasted is not very serious when the visitor carries the berries to his mouth modestly one by one; but the practised vintage guest often thinks that he cannot judge of the flavour unless he has his mouth full, and thus secures a plentiful booty while he munches the grapes together and tests the quality of the precious *Edelfäule*.

The year we speak of was a glorious one. The grapes hung in clusters from the low stems (which had made little wood, on account of the heat) on the bright slaty ground, with the *Edelfäule* bloom, like waxen beads of a brownish-yellow, shimmering like mother-of-pearl. The precious syrup oozed from the berries, promising a beverage not inferior to the '68. But from the time when the future wine is but juice, as we now see it, to that when it stands as bright wine on our table, to gather us together again in imagination under the shady vines, and to rouse the native of the Rhine country once more to enthusiasm,

much water will flow down the Rhine, and some, we suspect, will find its way into the cellars close at hand. During the bad years some growers, it is to be feared, have learnt chemistry, and judging from what is sometimes sold, some are not willing to let the knowledge they have gained lie useless!

A wise Arab, who accompanied us on our last tour on the Nile, said when we expressed a suspicion that the Arab servants had left behind the wine which we had stored in the bottom of the boat, "Sir, it seems to me quite right that you Christians should drink wine, for you drink only as much as is good for you. If the Prophet had not forbidden Arabs to drink, the whole earth would not grow sufficient for their use." Abdul-Wachad Bey had, it appears, a very high opinion of us, but if he could only see



A BOAT STATION.

the quantity of the juice of the grape which an otherwise good Christian of the Rhine can pour down his throat, he would, we think, shake his tarbush and cry, "Sir, your Prophet has forgotten to give you *one* commandment, probably because he knew you would not keep it!"

The steamer *Rheinhalle*, however, carries us down the river from Rüdesheim. On our right stands the "Iron Gate" of the Rhine. That eddying and bubbling which we see here comes from the rapids of the Bingen Lock, which are not indeed so bad as they look, but are rather dangerous to boats; they terminate at once the splendid bay and the Rheingau. From that point the banks assume a new character. Ehrenfels and the Rheinstein look down at us from among the bushes on their rocks, and we see the

pennon waving on the top of the Mouse Tower which will ever be associated with the sad fate of Bishop Hatto—a blot which all the rain of heaven can never wash out.

Another gate opens before us, between Burg Klopp and the Castellated Villa. The bed which the river Nahe has cut out for itself between the mountains, as the Rhine broke through the Taunus and the Hunsrück, marks the division of the Upper and the Lower Rhine, and forms the boundary between Prussia



BINGEN, FROM BURG KLOPP.

and Hesse. It has been asserted that, in the Roman period, this bed once lay much higher, but it does not appear to be at all clear whether the old Bingium of the Romans stood on the right or left bank of the Nahe. At any rate, no more beautiful situation than the present one can be imagined. If Bingen does not offer so splendid a view to the Rheingau, it indemnifies itself doubly on the Rheingau by the indescribably beautiful prospect from the Scharlachberg, which rises with its vineyards above the town and chapel.

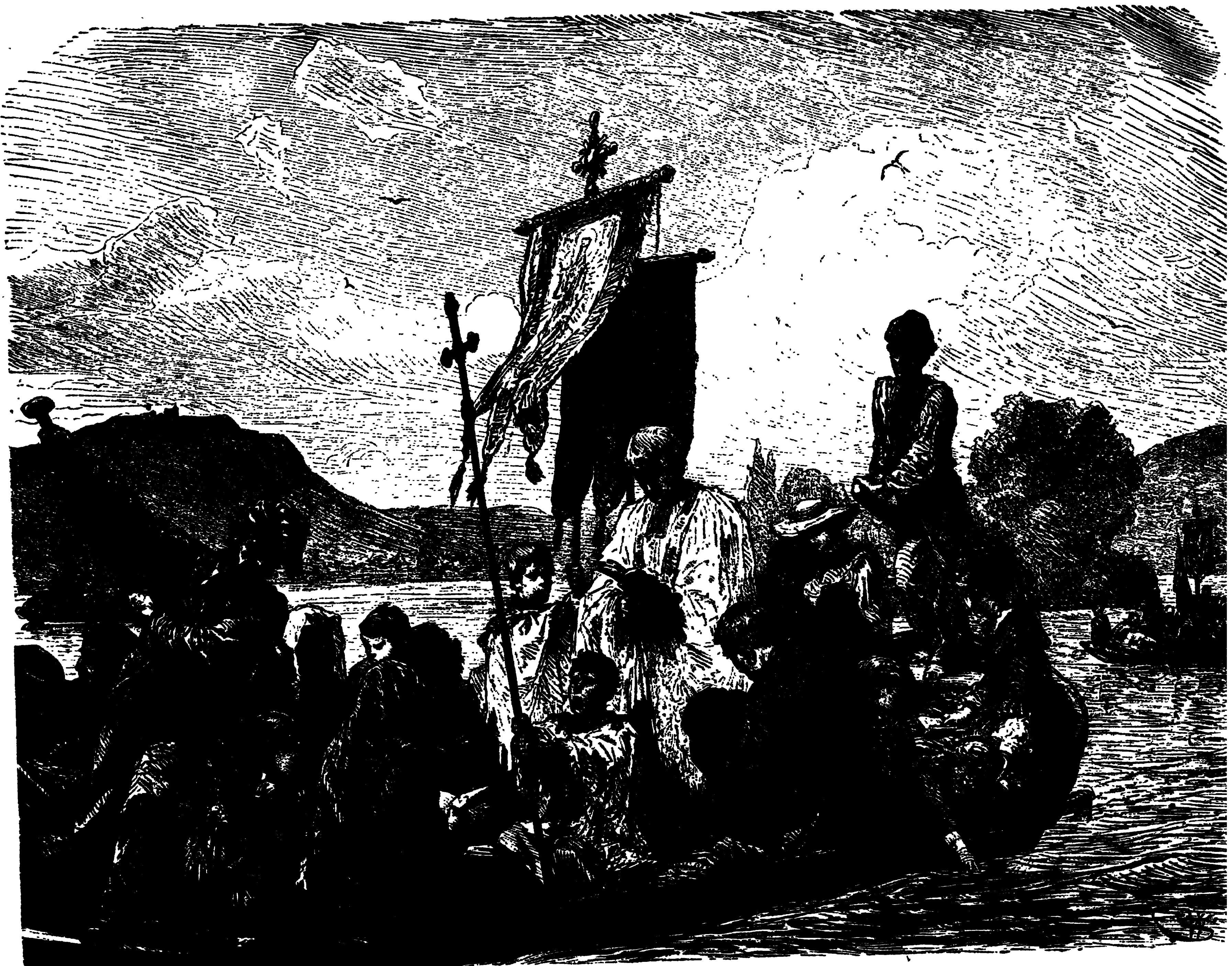
The stone remains tell us who built the old fortress of Bingen; there is the Drusus Bridge, the Drusus Tower, and the Drusus Well. The place was very early subjected to severe trials. The first bridge was destroyed as early as the year 70, in a battle with the Treviri; it was rebuilt in A.D. 368. In 1254 Bingen belonged to the League of Rhenish Towns. Albert of Austria besieged it in 1301, ruthlessly plundered the rich merchants, especially the Lombardian Jews, and left a bloodthirsty garrison behind him. That nocturnal storm is still called the "Night of Bingen." The Elector Philip besieged the town in 1495; the Swedes took it in 1632; it was destroyed by the French in 1689, and cannonaded by the Prussians in 1793.

Burg Klopp is an interesting old building, grand in appearance and overflowing with historical associations. There is no doubt that Drusus built a fortress here for the protection of the Nahe bridge and the control of the Roman road. It makes its appearance in history as Burg Klopp in 1282, and it was



THE FEAST OF ST. ROCH.

here, and not in Bockelheim, that Henry V. betrayed his unsuspecting father as he was on his way to the Diet at Ingelheim. The son approached the father feigning repentance and reconciliation, and promising to induce the Pope to remove the ban of excommunication from him. Henry IV. rejected all the warnings of his friends, and he would not heed the fact that his son's partisans were more numerous than his own. On his arrival before Bingen he allowed himself to be so far persuaded as to wait at the citadel while his son went to explain matters to the Archbishop of Mayence. Henry IV. rode unsuspectingly up into the stronghold, accompanied by a few faithful followers. Hardly had he entered the courtyard than the drawbridge was raised behind him, and he was surrounded by his son's people, who had been hidden here, and now declared him their prisoner. At the same time a signal was given from the castle to fall upon the emperor's followers who had been left behind in Bingen. The same evening the Margrave Wigbert von Meiszen, the emperor's deadly enemy, appeared before the latter sword in hand, demanding that he



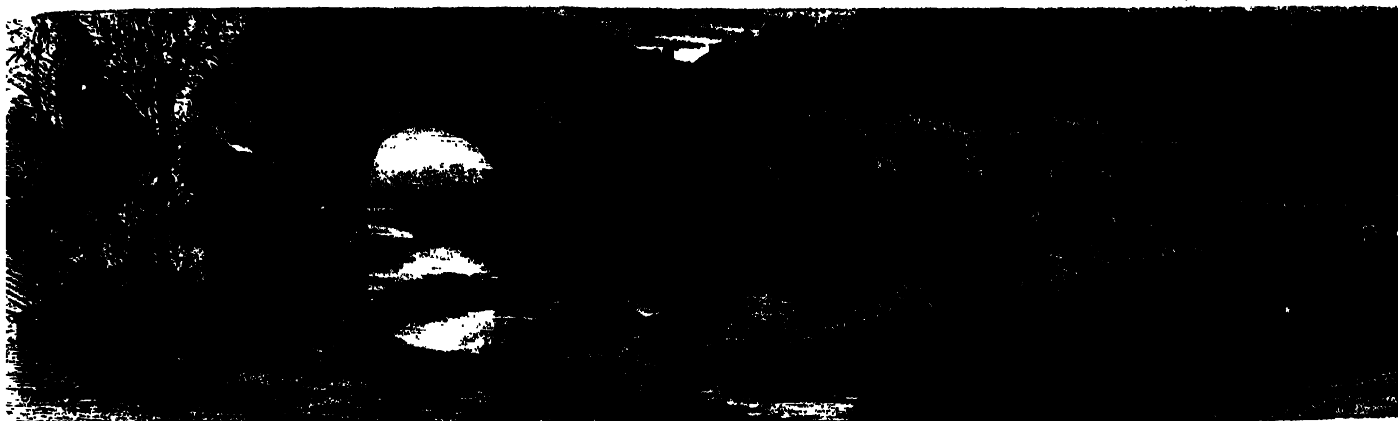
PILGRIMAGE TO THE ROCHUSBERG.

should abdicate in favour of his son and give up the crown jewels. Henry refused with royal dignity. Then the Archbishops of Mayence, Cologne, and Worms came to him, and, encouraged by the margrave, tore the insignia of his rank from the emperor's body. Powerless as he was, he was dragged to Ingelheim, and there compelled, with tears in his eyes, to sign his abdication. Being brought back to Klopp, he escaped thence to the Castle of Hammerstein at Andernach. He died of grief, and the hatred of his enemies denied him even burial in consecrated ground.

From Bingen a short road leads to the Chapel of St. Roch, which rises beyond the Villa Landy (now Braun). At this spot, the whole of the farther shore of the Rheingau lies spread before us with all its treasures, the Rhine Pfalz, and the Nahe Valley. Once more, we repeat, wherever the country is most beautiful there stands an inn and a monastery, even if the latter is only a chapel. In the present instance the chapel was built in the middle of the seventeenth century, and laid waste by the French in 1795, when they used it for a stable. On the eastern side of the building a pulpit has been constructed, attached to the outside wall; and the festival of the patron of the grape, St. Roch, is annually celebrated here by the country people on the 16th of August, the date of the re-opening of the chapel. The hill is then covered with a perfect camp of refreshment tents. The people come to the fête from far and wide, summoned by the sound of the village bells. Processions march along the roads towards the mountain, and boats carry them over the Rhine. Every one has music, streamers, and banners adorned with ecclesiastical emblems. The people sing and pray all day long until the night begins, when festivity and drinking commence in right good earnest, and the "Bingen Pencil," as the corkscrew is called, is constantly at work. When the sermon from the pulpit is over and the merriment begins, it is of little consequence whether or not the saint has done his duty and made the vines flourish, for the festival must be kept, and even in bad times it is one of the most boisterous holidays on the merry Rhine.



FESTIVAL OF ST. ROCH.



DRUSUS BRIDGE.

EXCURSION INTO THE NAHE VALLEY.

ON leaving Bingen we leave also the Rheingau. We say farewell to the grotesque stone masses of the Gau, and approach the Nahe, which is rushing towards us on its course from Seelbach, in the forest of Hommerich, whose pine-trees wave high up on the Birkenfeld. The Nahe rises here and flows through the smiling meadows which surround Kreuznach, and empties itself into the Rhine below the Scharlachberg. In this district of the Nahe, which is rich in castles, there was in the Middle Ages a constant change of ownership. The higher clergy of Mayence, Worms, Treves, and Cologne, the Counts-Palatine, the Counts of Sponheim, and the Counts of the Rhine, all had a share at one time or another, either rightly or wrongly, by force or by favour, in some part of this territory. The confusion of ownership became even still greater during the long French period. Even at the present day we stumble over the boundaries of four different rulers—Prussia, Bavaria, Oldenburg, and Hesse Darmstadt—whose territories change at least six times without a boundary-stone informing us to which master we should doff our hat.

On our right rises the Hunsrück, gradually changing into the Hardtwald, the Soonwald, and the Idarwald. The character of the people changes with the landscape; instead of the hasty, frivolous Rheingauer, we meet here with a serious, thoughtful, industrious population, whose character and occupation vary with the soil, or the rock on which they live. They also cultivate and drink their own wines, foremost among which are those of the Scharlachberg, Kauzenberg, Monzing and Ebernburg, Laubenheim and Rosenheim. Their vines are indeed just as old as those of their proud neighbours yonder, for they date from the Emperor Probus. The farther we proceed, however, up the Nahe Valley, the more rugged does its character become; it is stiff and stony, until at length it merges into the great coal basin of Saarbrück.

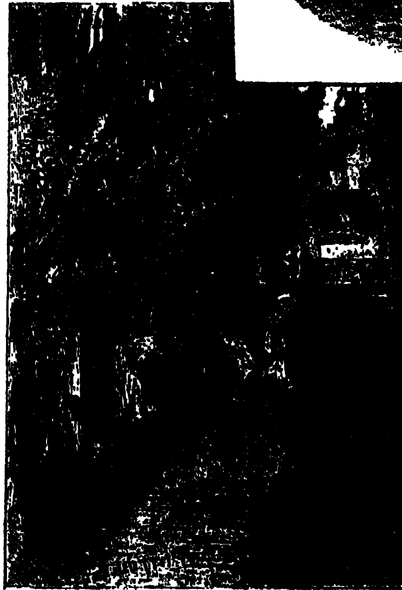
As we go by train from Bingerbruck to the bathing-place of Kreuznach, the Drusus bridge and Scharlachberg lie on our left, and the ruins of the Tower of Trutzbingen, which once protected the trade

of the Palatinate, lies on our right. Kreuznach owes its name to the cross planted here by the first Christian missionaries:

> "Then to the island, from the forest, came those pilgrims bold,
> And by their cross converted to the Cross both young and old;
> And now, where only huts once stood, there stands a noble town,
> Which from near cross, or Nahenkreuz, as Kreuznach now is known."

Here also the Roman general has left traces behind him in the old *Crucenacum*, or the Frankish *Crucinaha*. This place also once possessed its imperial palace, which was destroyed by the Normans. After







KREUZNACH, FROM THE HAMBURG GARDEN.

numerous vicissitudes Kreuznach became part of the dominions of the Gaugrafs of Sponheim, then was handed over to the Elector-Palatine, and lastly, in 1815, to Prussia. Bridges built across the Nahe unite the two portions of the town. Only one of these has any interest, namely the old stone bridge, with its eight arches. Among the medicinal springs on the island may be named the Elizabeth's Well (iodine and bromine) springing from a porphyry rock which stands there. At Liebig the waters contain sodic chloride, calcium, magnesia, iodine, and bromine. The Kurhaus was built in 1840. The situation of Kreuznach is particularly beautiful, and the well-known painter Müller was born here.



ON THE OLD NAHE BRIDGE.

The neighbourhood has much historical interest. There is Schlossberg, or Kauzenberg, with a splendid view of the Nahethal, a ruin of the old Castle of Sponheim, where the lion on the archway immortalises the memory of the heroic butcher of Kreuznach, Michael Mort, who saved his master in the battle of Sprendlingen, at the expense of his own life. "At the parting of the two brothers, John and

Simon von Sponheim," relates Simrock, "Kreuznach became the capital of the province which fell to the lot of the latter. Simon's son, John I., called 'the Lame,' because he limped on one leg, wished to lessen the paternal inheritance for his brother Henry. In anger at this, Henry sold a third of his Castle of Bockelheim to the Archbishop Werner of Mayence. John tried to prevent this sale, which was decided without his consent; and this caused the well-known feud between Mayence and Sponheim, which the battle of Sprendlingen, in 1279, decided disadvantageously to the latter. John would have been taken prisoner, his flight being impeded by his lameness, had not Michael Mort, a butcher of Kreuznach, at the sacrifice of his own life, kept the enemy at bay until John had time and opportunity to escape. Until quite recent times, the butchers enjoyed special privileges, which were accorded to them by John out of gratitude to his preserver."



RHEINGRAFENSTEIN.

The stronghold of Stromberg lies on a bare rock, above the little town of the same name. It was built about the year 1050, by a Count Stromberg, and was afterwards given to Mayence. Both town and castle were burnt down by the French in 1689. Opposite to Stromberg lies the Castle of Goldenfels, built on the ruins of an old fortress. Near the castle is a monument to the Prussian lieutenant Von Gauvain, who in 1793, with a handful of men, heroically defended himself here against the French.

The so-called Gaus affords a fine view, including the road to Rheingrafenstein, where the Counts of the Rhine dwelt when they were driven out of the Rheingau. Their castle, which is still majestic even in its ruins, stands with remarkable boldness on a precipitous porphyry rock, looking like a stone eyrie. It is said that this proud fortress was built as early as the eighth century, but history first mentions the Counts of the Rhine at the beginning of the second century, and their power and possessions are recorded a few hundred years later. John I. of Mayence, in conjunction with Counts Dhaun and Sponheim, conquered the castle in 1328, and they in their turn became victims to the French marauders. The Spanish Duke of Osuna or his wife gained possession of the castle and all the land belonging to it. A legend which has been treated poetically by Pfarrius, is associated with Rheingrafenstein. According to this, the Knight Boos of Waldeck, for a wager made with the Counts of the Rhine, emptied a riding-boot full of wine at one draught, and so won the village of Hüffelsheim; hence the thirsty tradition of the "good boot."

Of far greater interest to us is Ebernburg, the "Harbour of Righteousness" of Franz von Sickingen,

who was outlawed by the emperor. This strong fortress was the place where he entertained Ulrich von Hutten, Œcolampadius, Bucer, and Melancthon, as his guests, and protected them against the Emperor Charles and all the enmity of his nobles. Ebernburg was the safe retreat for freedom of thought, of belief, and of conscience, until the firm protector, being besieged in his Castle of Landstuhl, after vainly contending with his more powerful opponents, the Elector-Archbishop of Treves and the Counts-Palatine Louis and Philip, was constrained, when suffering from severe injuries, to capitulate. He died of his wounds before the peace was concluded, on May 7th, 1523, and we are told that the castle was destroyed by his enemies. When restored, it still belonged to the family of Von Sickingen, whose last representative died in 1836 in the village of Saurthal, in Lorch, in great poverty. He was buried where he died, his only mourner being a friend of national history. Ebernburg is of itself an especially attractive spot to



THE BOOT OF WALDECK.

all travellers, though the castle was destroyed by the French in 1689. The Castle Inn shows us, besides the pictures and statues in the dining-room, many objects of a later date which have been dug up among the ruins. On its wall is a stone with this inscription:—

"Doch begehr ich niemals Uebels zu thun
Zur Noth wird mir der Herr beistan."

which may be freely translated-

"As evil I did ne'er intend,
At need the Lord will me befriend."

The little village of Ebernburg lies at the foot of the hill of the same name, on which the castle stands. The figure of a wild boar (Eber) carved in the wall over the gate, appears to give an explanation of the name. According to the legend, both village and castle were besieged by a powerful enemy, and hunger

must have forced them to surrender, had not the lord of the castle hit upon a stratagem at the right moment. A great boar, which was the only animal remaining to be killed for the food of the hungry



CASTLE AND VILLAGE OF EBERNBURG

people, was brought out in sight of the enemy, and a butcher apparently went through the ceremony of slaughtering it. He, however, only pretended to do so, and the animal was merely removed and then brought back alive, and made to go through the same performance over and over again. The deluded enemy, despairing of starving out a fortress containing such an endless supply of boars, raised the siege and departed.



FRANZ VON SICKINGEN.

From Ebernburg across to the charmingly-situated Münster-on-Stein is only a journey of a few minutes. This is a pet place of the tourist of the Nahe, but, unfortunately, its space is too contracted for the reception of many visitors. The refining works of Münster, and the visits of the bathing guests and tourists, support a population of about five hundred inhabitants. In a break in the Lemberg rise the ruins of the Castle of Montfort, an edifice which, even at the present day, has unpleasant associations with the people. At one time it was a notorious robber's nest, the owners of which were hung by Rudolf of Hapsburg. Some time later it harboured another bandit, whose home was on the Nahe—namely, the notorious Schinderhannes—

concerning whom the people round retain numerous legends and ballads. Many other interesting points crowd together in this fanciful neighbourhood; conspicuous among them is Rothenfels, with a fine view from its rugged wall of red rock, beneath which the railway winds.

Meanwhile, we approach the ruins of the Castle of Böckelheim, of which very little indeed remains,



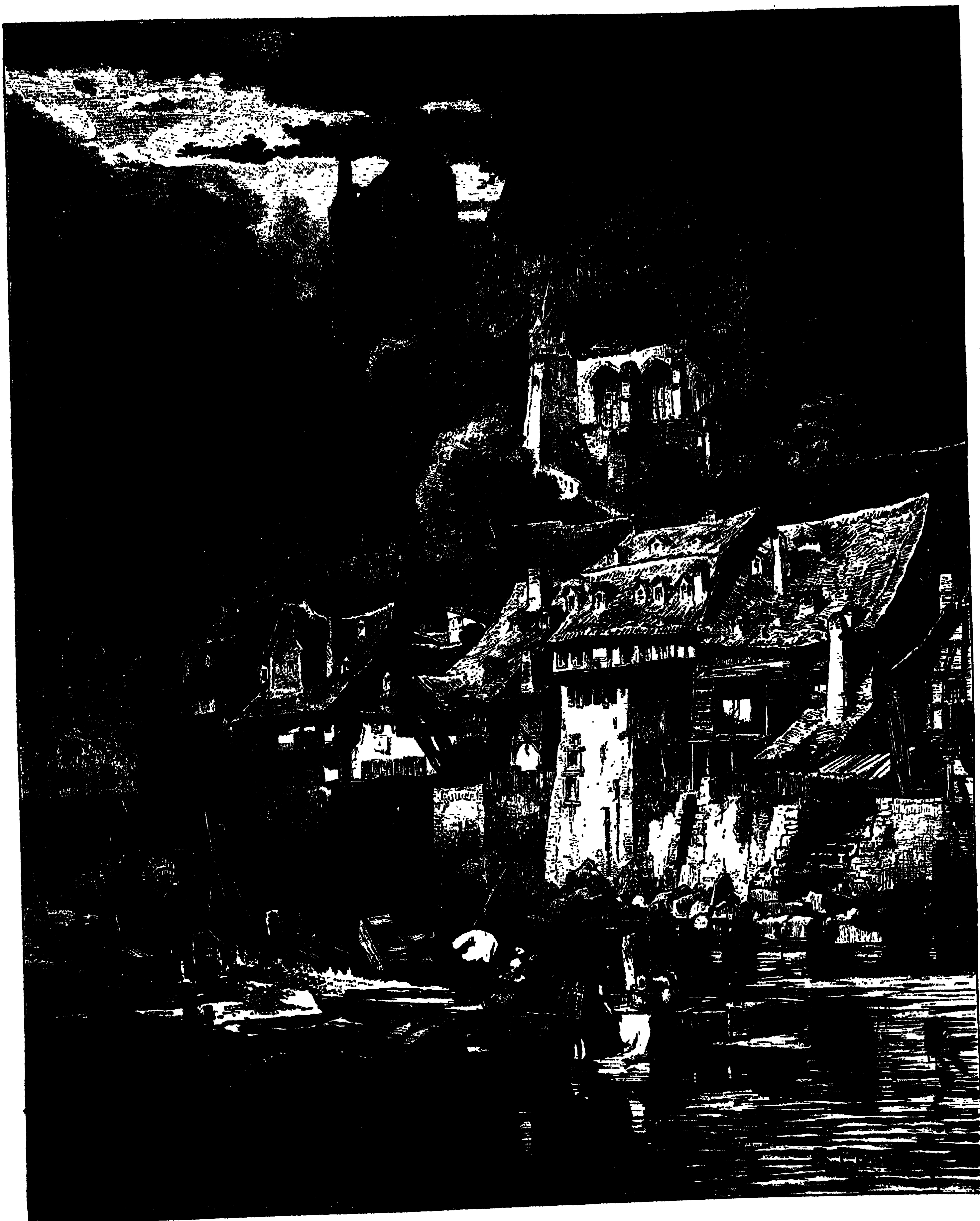
ROTHENFELS.

and with which history erroneously couples the event of the arrest of Henry IV., when he was betrayed by his son. It is much more probable that this event happened, as has been already related, at Burg Klopp. Böckelheim, like all the rest of the fortified places in this district, was destroyed by the French, who left behind them here sad monuments of their destructive power, such as will never be effaced. The village of Schloss-Böckelheim surrounds the ruins of the castle. The abbot and historian Johann von Trittenheim, J. Trithemius, once lived in the Abbey and Castle of Sponheim. The Benedictine monastery, erected by Eberhard von Sponheim, was built in 1100, and contained a celebrated library. Being in very bad repair, the church was restored in the Roman style, and the interior decorated in a very tasteless manner. The ruins of the Castle of Sponheim lie close at hand, having also been devastated by the French. The beautiful old church of Sobernheim is worthy of notice; close by it, the little river Glan winds into the Nahe.



ULRICH VON HUTTEN.

From Standernheim we reach the renowned monastery of Disibodenberg, on its woody hill. Very little is left of the place where Disibod, Bishop of Erin, set up his altar in 590, when he came to Germany to spread Christianity among the people. Charles Martel treated the monastery very badly; and the bones of the holy man were only buried under the altar in the church after the restoration of the monastery. Archbishop Willigis repaired the damage which had been done by the wars of centuries, and in 1112



OBERSTEIN, ON THE NAHE.

the ape was nursing the child, and had just given it an apple. "A monument of stone to the memory of the ape was erected, which still remains," says Simrock. A number of other castles and fortresses look down on us from the hills and mountains round about, all of which have played their part in the feuds of the Middle Ages. We must hasten onward, however, continually ascending, over the "Fallen Rock," to the end of our journey in the Nahe Valley, and to the point which crowns it, namely, Oberstein, which is more interesting, both on account of its peculiar situation and of its being the spot where the Idarbach, flowing through the wood of the same name, joins the Nahe.

Oberstein belongs to the Enclave of Oldenburg. The old castle is placed on the so-called Upper Stone



VIEW OF THE CASTLE OF DHAUN.

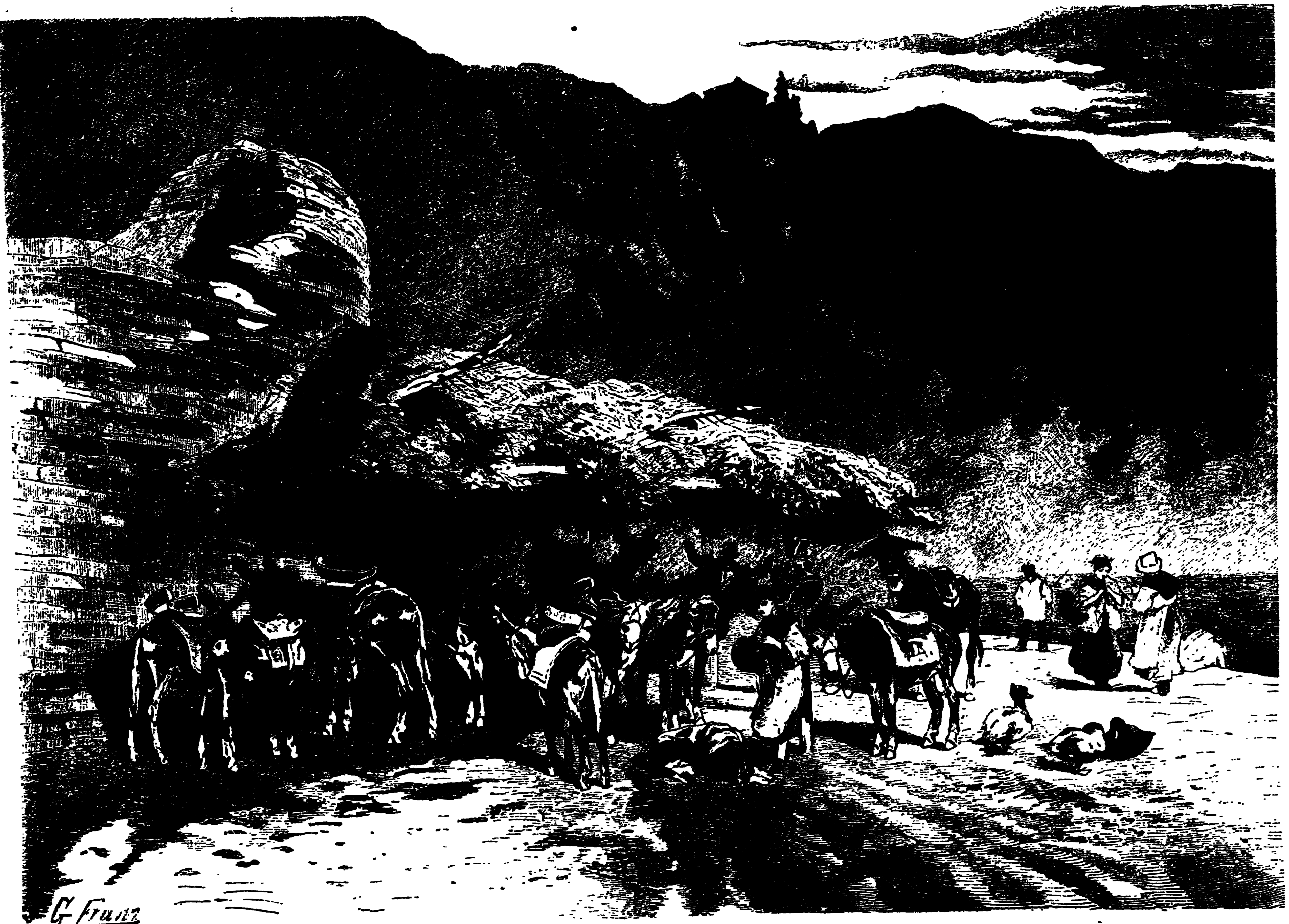
(Oberer Stein), commanding the church, which is built on a ledge of rock below it. The new castle, which is situated quite near to the other, was built about a hundred years later, in 1194; but both are in ruins, though the latter is surrounded by pleasant modern pleasure-gardens. The little town is celebrated for its agate grinding, and the situation of the church gives it a somewhat original appearance. It stands on the front of the lofty rock of black porphyry, facing the railway, and every traveller asks the question, "Why was this holy building placed where it is?" This is explained by the gloomy legend which relates how Weyrich von Dhaun threw his younger brother Emich from the top of the rock, and that having made a pilgrimage to Rome he was ordered as a penance to build a church with his own hands on the spot where

the event occurred. The legends differ as to the motive which led to the act.. Some say that it was committed through jealousy; others assert that a practical joke cost the younger brother his life. According to this, the elder brother had a great aversion to cats, and the younger knowing this to be the case, put one in his great riding-boot. In his anger at the trick, the elder pushed the younger over the rock. The reader is at liberty to believe either of the two explanations which best suits his fancy.

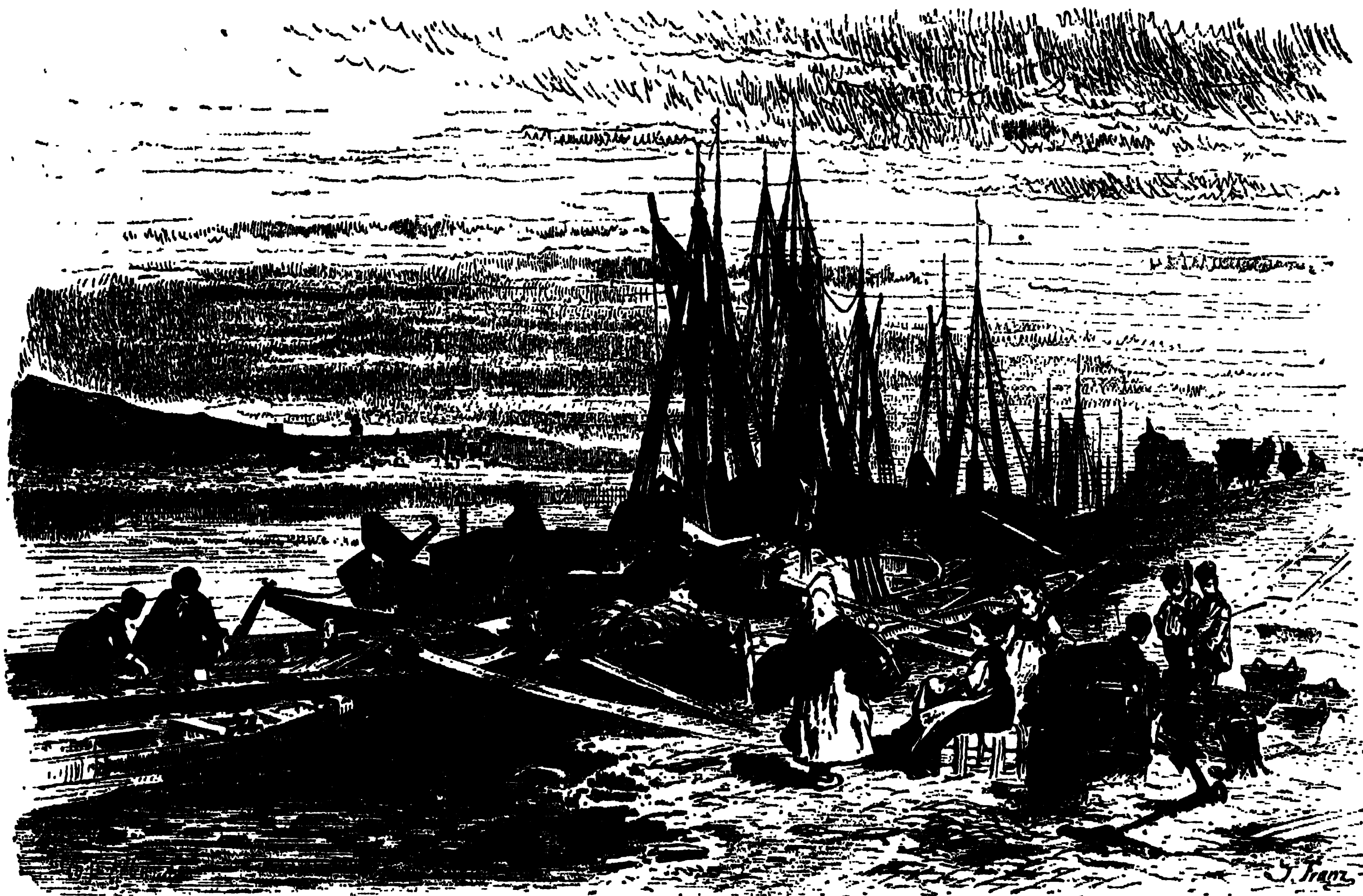
At Oberstein the romantic character of the Nahe Valley reaches a climax. It would be endless work to describe all the strongholds in which the Wildgraves and Raugraves led their riotous lives, and which includes Schmidtburg, Kirburg, Dhaun, and their offshoots, Grumbach, Newkirburg, Salm, and Salm-Salm. The road constantly ascends from Oberstein to Neunkirchen, whence the view comprises the whole of the Saarbrück coal-basin, in which is the drill-ground of Saarbrück, high above the town. It was here that the first French shells fell on the 27th July, 1870, when Frossard sent forth his first iron greeting. Further on are the memorable heights of Spicher, which the Germans climbed in the face of death on the 6th of August, and on these precipitous slopes the tombs of the heroes extend as far as the Forbach Chaussée and the Ehrenthal. In short, this is the place where Napoleon III. commanded in person, and where his son picked up bullets at his side.



STREET IN MONZINGEN.



STABLING RIDING-DONKEYS NEAR ASSMANNSHAUSEN.



MARKET-BOATS AT BINGERBRÜCK.

FROM BINGEN TO COBLENTZ.

NO one has yet decided which reach of the Rhine is the more beautiful, that which we have just left behind us, or that which lies before us, and which winds for nearly seventy miles between high rocks, stretching from Bingen to Rheineck, near the Siebengebirge, in the most sublime natural forms, interspersed with the stony relics of bygone days. The poetry, the romance of Nature have no laws; but they have an irreconcilable enemy in the materialism of the present day, which for years also threatened the Rheingau with a project for regulating the current of the river. The mighty Rhine, after being unmolested for thousands of years, to become an artificially-levelled highway! What poetry, what romance, what care for the vine, and what advantages could compensate for such a sacrilege? Besides, consider the danger of inundation when the contracted bed became too narrow for the stream. Be this as it might, the luggage-boats, all the bulky Dutchmen, the flotillas of black colliers, cried out for a deeper passage. No matter whether the slowly-formed foreshore behind the artificial embankment, with its effluvia, threaten the smiling shore with fever—no matter whether the vines on the sloping hills lose the reflection of the sun from the water—the Rhine must be disciplined and regulated! What care and

trouble it has cost the Rheingauers to preserve the glow for the grapes and its poetry for the stream, and to resist this idea of improvement! but what joy reigned throughout the Rheingau when the nightmare of so ominous a future was at last removed from them!

In the meantime, we again embark at Bingen, in order to see a new panorama open before us, over the rapids of the well-known Binger Lock, and between the Mouse Tower and the Castle of Ehrenfels, which towers above the vineyards on the right.



MOUSE TOWER AND EHRENFELS.

"Hark! what a noise the field-mice make, those mice which, by the 'decree of Heaven,' devoured the merciless Bishop Hatto alive!" Such is the story told by the Rhenish antiquarian; but it is much more probable that the bishop ate the mice, than that the mice devoured him. It was not he, but Wagner's son Willigis, who built the Mouse Tower. No one ever spoke ill of poor Hatto in his lifetime; but the monks, whom he had offended, originated a story, which says that when the poor people, during a time of dearth, implored him to give them bread, he had a number of them shut in a barn, and the barn set on fire, and while the cries of the unfortunate people were heard from out the flames, he laughingly remarked, "Hark! what a noise the field-mice make." After that he could never save himself from the mice, and they even swam across to this tower to attack him. The position of the tower, however, shows that it was placed here on account of the tolls which were at that time levied on boats passing up and down the Rhine.

Formerly, to go from here over the rocky bridge of the Binger Lock was like going in a Turkish caïque through the iron door; the eddy is not so strong now as it was then. A little stone on the left reminds us that the blasting of the rocks began in 1832.



RHEINSTEIN.

The Niederwald rises above us in the watery ravine, with the cliff and the Rosselthurm, and in the distance is the Castle of Rheinstein and the Chapel of St. Clement. We land at Assmannshausen, where donkeys, horses, and guides are waiting to take us to the heights of the Niederwald. This is where the Germanic monument in memory of the victories of 1870 is being placed. It will look over the German "Gaus" as far as the Vosges, where the first great battles of 1870 were fought.

In Assmannshausen, as in Ingelheim yonder, the Moor appears among the grapes, the well-known dark wine, concerning the introduction of which the records of the year 1108 give us some information. At the end of the seventeenth century the Archbishop of Mayence erected a bath-house here, but the inundations washed away the spring, which had been known as early as the time of the Romans. It was found again in 1864, and now new baths are about to be erected. The bridle-path, which is also used by foot-passengers, leads past the Hilgen House, up to the Niederwald, and to the Hellenberg planted with vines. Winding on, it takes us to the hunting-castle on the plateau, which affords a fine view of the



ASSMANNSHAUSEN.

Rhine Valley. At Whitsuntide, thousands of people from all the districts round about assemble here in right Rhenish fashion to keep holiday. The merry Rhinelander must keep the May festival in the forest. At break of day—sometimes, indeed, on the evening before—he goes with his wife and children into the wood, preceded by a band of music, and nothing will drive him out of it until the sun has set. The Whitsuntide holiday brings from five to eight thousand happy people together in the Niederwald, from the Rhine and Nahe districts. They deck themselves with garlands, and amuse themselves in the beautiful shady spots in a variety of ways, and if the weather be mild they even spend the night in the woods, in order to save themselves the fatigue of the ascent next morning.

From the hunting-castle the path leads to the magic cave, a dark passage with an outlook over the panorama, and thence upward to the Rossel, where the vine-dressers' stone houses are clustered together like ruins. From the beautiful summit here the traveller sees lying before him all the romantic spots through which he has passed, as well as those he has yet to traverse. Another but a less attractive view

is obtained from the Adolfshöhe. Thence the road goes to the Hermitage and the Temple, along which we have before us the splendid panorama which has so often inspired the poet. On the slope towards Rudesheim is the spot which the committee, together with the artists who are concerned in it, have selected for the National Monument. The colossal memorial of the war is, therefore, to stand here on "Vogler's Rest," and at its feet no doubt the Rhinelanders, with the participation of the thousands whom the summer brings to the place, will annually keep a national holiday in a manner worthy of the deeds which the place glorifies.

The road to Rudesheim goes downwards over the Brömser Höhe and through the vineyards; but we turn back shortly, crossing the river to the gem of castles the Rheinstein. This stands boldly on its grauwacke rock; it is built between the verdure of the mountain-slopes, and has so coquettish an air in its



CHAPEL OF ST. CLEMENT AND THE FALKENBURG.

mantle of green ivy, that no one would suppose it had ever troubled the water at its feet, or had ever been disturbed by the revengeful League. Yet, though little is known of its antecedents, it is certain that, after it had been rebuilt by Philip von Hohenfels, it was one of the robber-castles, whose knightly owners were no better than highwaymen, and whom Rudolf, whenever they could be captured, treated as such by hanging them. Indeed, it was from this place that the emperor issued the command that the knights of the stirrup, who laughed at all his pains to preserve peace, should be hung wherever they might be caught. The Castles of Reichenstein, Sooneck, Heimburg, Rheinburg, and others were stormed, and the sentence carried out on their owners; but the wily Lord of Rheinstein escaped because he willingly opened his gate to the emperor. At that time the castle was called Vautzberg, or Vogtberg, and afterwards Königstein. Since 1825, New Rheinstein has stood on the ruins of that robber's nest. This building was



HUNTING IN THE RHENISH SOONWALD.

erected by Prince Frederick of Prussia, who chose his resting-place in the chapel, and at present it belongs to his sons the Princes Alexander and George. The museum of the castle contains interesting pictures, and other objects of art. A few minutes' walk takes us down to the Chapel of St. Clement, raised, as the chronicles tell us, by the families of the knights who were hung at this place by Rudolf of Hapsburg.



SOONECK.

Falkenburg, or Reichenstein, is near the chapel. It was once destroyed by the League, and being rebuilt, was again demolished by Rudolf of Hapsburg. On the shore, behind Reichenstein, lies the village of Trechtlingshausen, also called Dreieckshausen, Dreidingshausen, and Trechtingshausen, once a landmark of the Trachgau. Behind it, on a rugged and precipitous ridge of rock, rises another of those robber-castles which suffered punishment by Rudolf. It derives its name from the Soonwald, which contains the richest and most romantic hunting-grounds, sloping from here to the valley. The wild boar and the wolf still lurk within the thick forest, whose covers yield rich booty. We ourselves have nothing to relate respecting the adventures of the chase, and therefore leave our artist to speak for us in a drawing made on the spot, when, on one occasion, the forester by whom he was accompanied came upon two fine stags who were fighting, and succeeded in shooting the larger of the two.

The last possessors of Sooneck, the Counts of Waldeck, died out in the sixteenth century; but a great part of the castle and the tower were so well preserved that they were worth rebuilding at a more recent date. At present the place is

in the possession of the Emperor of Germany and Prince Charles of Prussia. Above the village of Niederheimbach, whose walls helped to fortify the old castle, rises the massive tower of the Castle of Heimburg, which appears to have been formerly a Roman fortress, and later a boundary-mark of the Nahegau. It must have received Gustavus Adolphus as a guest in 1632.

We must pass over once again to the right bank of the river, and to the old Laureacum, now called Lorch, a favourite place with tourists of the Middle Rhine. The boundary of the Rheingau, the "Gebück," reached as far as Lorchhausen; but the busy place was chiefly regarded as an intellectual centre, for it contained the college for the young nobility of the Rhine of the Middle Ages. We are reminded here at every corner of the spirit of feudalism; as, for example, by the Hilgen House, and the



ON THE WISPER: THE RUINS OF NOLLICH.

abode of the Lords of Hausen, which tell us of the splendid days which Lorch has seen. The ruins of the Castle of Nollich, or Nollingen, at the mouth of the Wisper, which rise above the market-place, once belonged to the Lords of Lorch. We go up to them over the "Devil's Ladder," which, however, presents no danger to the traveller, either to his body or his soul. There is connected with this path to the castle a legend of a young knight who rode up it to fetch his bride, a story which is told of several places on the Rhine. The tomb of Hilgen von Lorch, who fought the Saracens, and was the comrade of Sickingen, may still be seen in the church. The wine of Lorch is good, and it is very pleasant to sit in the shady gardens and drink it, although the Arcadian repose is often disturbed by the puffing and snorting of a passing locomotive. The wind blowing out of the Wisper Valley, which begins behind the town, is, however, anything but agreeable. Sauerburg, the castle of the Sickingens, is situated in the vine-covered valley, and under its shadow, as has been related, the last of the Sickingens died in 1836, in the deepest distress.



BACHARACH.

The continual appearance of fresh objects of interest, first on one side and then on the other side of the river, seems to make our journey somewhat of a zigzag. Up yonder we see the ruins of the Castle of Fürstenberg looking down upon us, and below, on the shore, lies the village of Rheindiebach. We now enter a fresh historical district. In 1243, Fürstenberg was a fief of Cologne, as was also the proud Castle of Stahleck, above the little town of Bacharach, and the valleys of Mannbach, Diebach, and Steeg, with their vineyards, which produce "Stälchen." Here dwelt the Margrave Hermann von Katzenellenbogen-stahleck, who, on account of his continual quarrels, was severely punished and deprived of his honours by Frederick Barbarossa. He eventually died in a monastery, after which the Pfalz passed to his brother



STREET IN BACHARACH.

Conrad. It was at the Castle of Stahleck that the reconciliation between the Guelphs and Ghibellines was made. Mélac destroyed it, and at the present time the ruins belong to the Queen-dowager of Prussia.

The pleasant little town of Bacharach, with its mediæval towers, which is situated beneath the Castle and close to the Rhine, boasts a very distinguished godfather—no other than the god Bacchus, after whom it is named. The inhabitants, however, must not be misjudged on this account, though there may be, perhaps, some truth in the tradition that in the time of the Romans the pagan inhabitants of the neighbourhood used to bring sacrifices to the island of Wörth on the Rhine in order to offer them to their gods, and especially to the Roman god of wine, Bacchus. The "Altar-stone," as it is called, is sometimes visible at low tide. The saying still is—

"At Würzburg on the Stein,
At Hochheim on the Main,
At Bacharach on the Rhine,
You find the best of wine;"

and although the grapes which grow undisturbed are not to be despised, these words refer rather to the great produce of the busy monastery of Eberbach. Bacharach was formerly the chief emporium of the finest Rhine wines, which were brought here from every part of the Rheingau, to be packed into great boats and sent to Cologne. Here they became known in commerce as "Bacharach wines," and as such



WERNER CHAPEL, BACHARACH.

gained great celebrity. Much more interesting to us, however, than all this, is the beautiful Werner Chapel, a building which reminds us with its pure forms of the Cathedral of Cologne. It probably belongs to the fourteenth century, and appears never to have been finished. The legend relates that the sainted Werner when a boy was martyred here by the Jews, and that his body, which was thrown into the water, was carried back by the stream up the Rhine again to Bacharach.



RUINS OF THE WERNER CHAPEL, BACHARACH.



CAUB AND

The course of the river leads us past the submarine stratum of rock of the Island of Wörth and its continuation past the game tract, to the Pfalz, which rises in the midst of the Rhine, and lies suddenly before us on rounding a bend of the stream. The exterior of this island-fortress is not very interesting, except that its form is striking, being that of a ship. It was apparently placed here as a safeguard to secure that no boats should escape the toll; and a papal bull directed against Louis the Bavarian, by its complaints shows us that great extortion was once carried on here. The passer-by at the present day does not know what to make of the curious, many-turreted breakwater, built upon its slate rock and red sandstone blocks, and bearing the lion of the Palatinate on its shield. It is generally agreed that it was erected in the fourteenth century, and it is probably only because it was situated in so inconvenient a position that it has escaped the various destroyers who have laid their marks on all sides during the course of centuries. The Spaniards had once fixed themselves firmly here; but the Landgrave William of Hesse drove them out.



IN THE PFALZ.

According to an existing tradition, the Countesses-Palatine came to this place to give birth to their children, that they might be carefully watched. It is more probable that the Pfalzgrafenstein was the place where the reconciliation of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines took place. This was brought about in the following way. Henry of Brunswick, called the Long, had secretly engaged the affections of the beautiful daughter of the Count-Palatine Conrad, the niece to the Emperor Barbarossa. The mother knew secretly of their betrothal; but a spy brought the tidings of it to the Count-Palatine, who ordered both mother and daughter to be banished to the river castle, and a guard to be placed over them. The guard was soon overpowered, and Henry slipped into the castle, taking with him a priest, who pronounced the blessing of the Church over the lovers. When the Count-Palatine began at length to feel lonely and desolate at Stahleck, he crossed over to see his child, whom he found pale and sad. The mother then confessed what had happened, and the count was, of course, furious with rage when he read the priest's certificate; but finally forgave the lovers, and was reconciled to Henry. The beautiful Agnes gave birth to her first child in the Pfalz, and from this fact arises the tradition respecting the Countesses-Palatine.

The shore on either side is here full of interest. On the left stands a monument, informing every one who does not already know the fact, that on New-Year's night of 1813-14, General Blücher crossed the Rhine at this point with the first Prussian Army Corps, and the Russians, under Langeron. General von

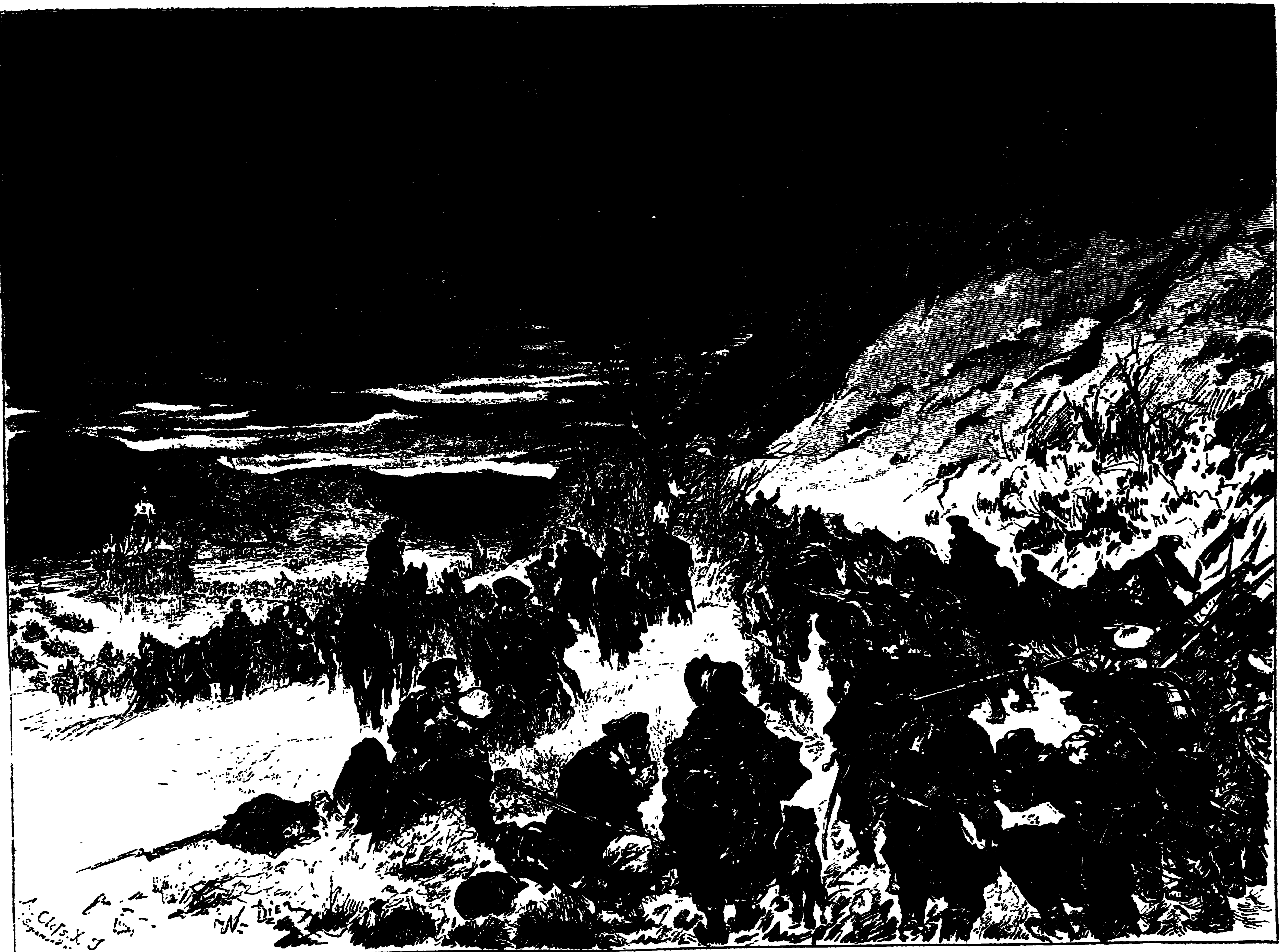
Hühnebein was the first to stand at daybreak on the morning of the new year on the German soil of the left bank, which had so long been occupied by the enemy. After him old Blücher followed with his staff, to drive out the enemy before him. Caub had before this time been the crossing-point of a Prussian corps, when Frederick William II. took his army over to the other side, in order to oppose the Revolutionists.

The little town of Caub and the Blücher Valley are commanded by the ruin of Gutenfels, which once sheltered Gustavus Adolphus. The gigantic walls and the Roman windows which still remain speak of its former strength, and indicate the numerous sieges through which it has gone. We are still shown the window at which the Swedish king sat and looked out upon the valley. Caub appeared in very early



COTTAGE IN THE BLÜCHER VALLEY.

times as the Villula Cuba, and hence its supposed Roman origin. The name Cupa, or Kube, has, however, a better foundation in the legend which says that the missionary Theonest floated down the Rhine in a wine-barrel (*kufe*) instead of a boat, and was cast ashore at Caub. Here he made a shelter for himself out of his tub, dwelling in it *à la* Diogenes while he preached to the fishermen: with better results than St. Anthony, who addressed himself to the fishes. A saint who lived in a wine-barrel could hardly help thinking of the cultivation of the vine, and this he did to encourage the pagan fishermen to clear the ground. The name of Caub as early as the twelfth century had an unpleasant association in the ears of all Rhine boatmen, on account of the rigorous exaction of the toll.



BLUCHER CROSSING THE RHINE AT CAUB.

The working of the slate quarries has been a profitable source of trade to the place, but the very thing that has supported the little community squeezed in between the rock and the shore caused the dread of a landslip to hover over them for years. Their cry for help found a hearing in the Chamber of Representatives, and attempts were made to shore up the masses of slate with stonework. Just, however, when the official report was issued in Berlin, to the effect that the measures taken were sufficient to avert all danger, the continuous rainfall in March, 1876, set the slate in motion, and a tremendous landslip came down into the valley in the night, and buried a number of houses with their unfortunate inhabitants. This sad catastrophe is fresh in the memory of all.

The Rhine, with its capricious windings, gives out its treasures one after the other, each one causing fresh delight. The rugged slate rocks tower above the shore, cutting off the view, but presently they retire to give place to an opening, through which the Castle of Schönburg, with its huge towers, looks down at us, steeped in the golden light of the sun. This is one of the finest objects on the Rhine, and has an overpowering effect, commanding as it does the little town of Oberwesel, which has seen better days, whilst the lights in the ravines at the sides are very beautiful and varied, shadowed down to grey and almost to sombre black. That part of the hill known as the "enge Hölle" produces on its slopes the finest grapes. This majestic castle was once inhabited by the Counts of Schönburg, that noble race whose descendants we meet with later as Counts of Schönburg, Schönberg, Schomburg, and Schomberg. They entered upon the rights of the Counts of the Trachgau, who ruled before them as lords of the castle, and of the town lying below them, until the Emperor Frederick II. purchased their privileges, and declared Oberwesel a free imperial town. Henry VII., however, found this circumstance no obstacle to his pledging the tower to the Lion Baldwin of Treves, who, on his side, well understood how to crush the well-founded opposition of the free citizens with his iron fist. They owed to his successor at least a small part of their former privileges.


MILL IN THE BLÜCHER VALLEY.

The remains from the Middle Ages speak to us even now of greater times, and we may specially mention among them the Liebfrauenkirche, or Church of the Holy Virgin, with its red sandstone walls visible from a long distance, at the foot of the castle hill. The exterior of this noble building is simple, but inside it has a beautiful high altar, and finished wood-carving on the choir stalls and doors. It was built by Baldwin of Treves. The Werner Chapel, which is built on the city wall, the Church of St. Martin, the Ochsen Tower, are all beautifully quaint, and are well worthy of notice.

Schönburg was the birthplace, in 1615, of Frederick Hermann von Schönburg, Schomburg, or Schomberg, who, having first entered the service of Holland, afterwards earned a marshal's *bâton* in

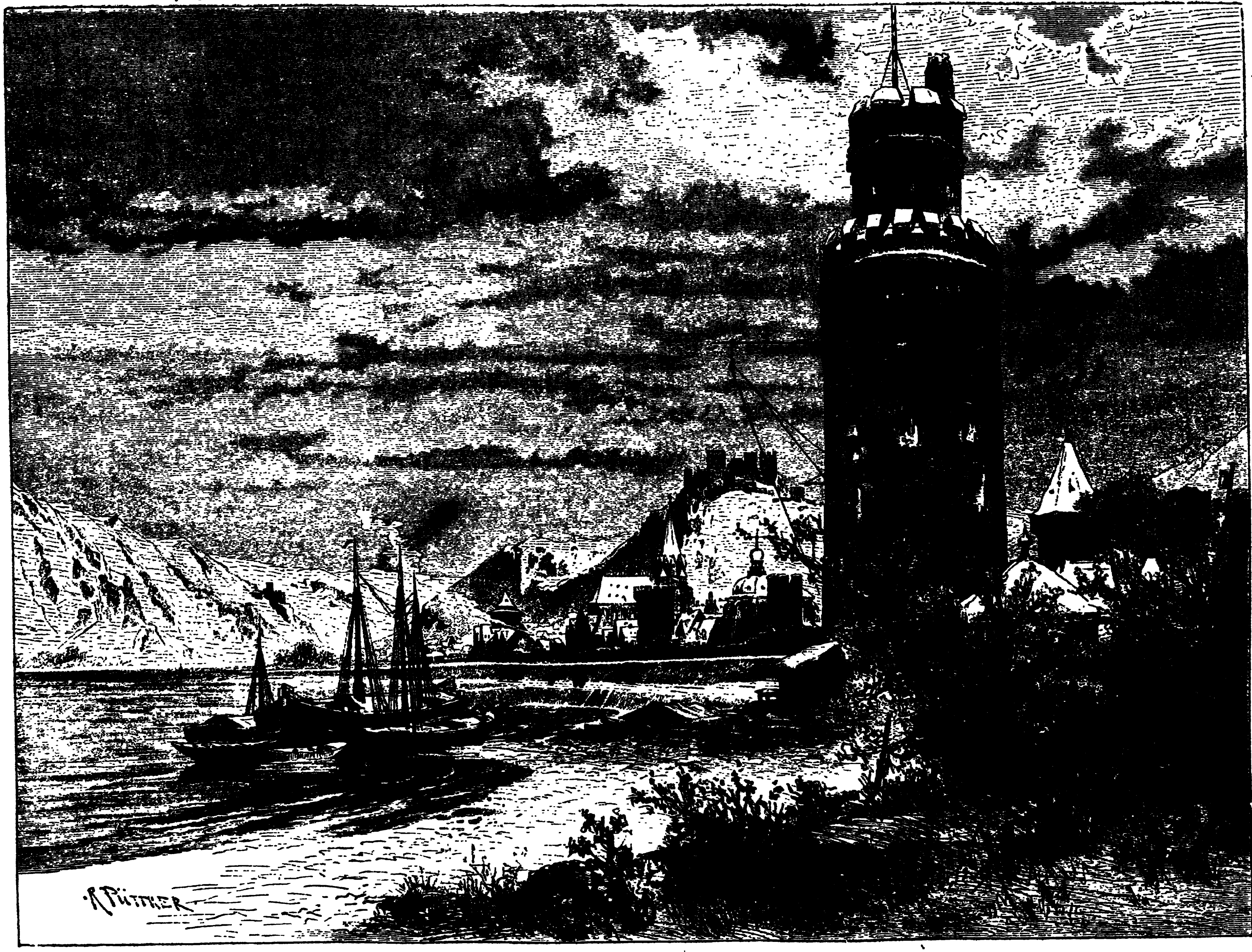
France. On the removal of the Edict of Nantes, he, being a Protestant, fled to the Elector of Brandenburg, who made him governor and generalissimo, and afterwards minister of state. But Prussia became too narrow a field for him, as his native place had been before, so he landed in England with William of Orange and fought against the Stuarts, till he himself was slain at the Battle of the Boyne. His body was buried in Westminster Abbey, and it is remarkable that he combined



LIEBFRAUENKIRCHE IN OBERWESEL, AND CASTLE OF SCHÖNBURG.

in one person the rank of a marshal of France, a peer of England, and a grandee of Portugal. The Castle of Schönburg fell a victim first to the Swedes, and then to the French, who left it in ruins.

Before us, on the right, the Rosstein stretches its grey masses into the Rhine, with a tunnel running through it. It still hides from us the seven maidens, as the crags are called, after the seven sisters of Schönburg,—



OBERWESEL.

"Of love they ever made a jest,
For a stony heart was in each breast;
Now sunk in the Rhine for their sins to atone
They are changed into rock and senseless stone."

The stream once more makes a large bend. On both sides of us the gloomy rocks rise in great masses, and stand like grey walls before us. We now reach a spot consecrated by poetry, which recalls the verses



WERNER CHAPEL, OBERWESEL.

of Ossian, when in autumn the mist rolls its wild masses into huge balls, and spreads an impenetrable veil over river and rock, while the locomotive rushes like a fire-breathing mountain-demon out of a black fissure in the cliff, darting along close to the shore on our right.

The rock which projects into the Rhine, and is rounded off towards the top, suggested to Brentano the poem, "Der Felsen ist so jähe, so steil ist seine Wand." He was, however, far from "Bacharach am

Rheine," and the poet had no desire that the rock hallowed by legend should be basely bored through for a tunnel because it was in the way of the business world. It is the Lorelei, the Enchantress Rock:—

". . . It is the Lorelei;
She sits enthroned upon the rock-top yonder,
Her golden locks reflected in the wave,
While spirit choirs sound from some unseen cave,
Hidden the mass of clust'ring vine-leaves under;
But through their song, filling the air with wonder,
Is heard the nymph's weird and alluring lay."

Hundreds of times every day those who pass by that rock look to the grisly wall of stone with a



LORELEI.

secret shudder, as if they would see the "fairest maiden" of the well-known poem. But the legend and the murmurs in the depths of the water are silent, and it is only in the evening, when the waves beat on the stones, and the ghostly moonlight lies pale on the rocks, that it seems to the passer-by that he must see the form of forsaken Lorelei, with her golden hair floating around her, and hear her sing—

"I see
A boat sail o'er the Rhine;
Whoe'er in that boat may be,
He surely shall be mine!"



THE LORELEI.

Calm yourself, sensitive heart! for however the poet may sing, hard prose also will make itself heard, and that tells us that the sorceress is a myth, and that if the waves at the point swallow up ships and boats, the rapids and the eddy are answerable for the "wild journey." The rock is called "Lei," from the name by which the slate found there is known by the country-people; and the word "Lure," which has been converted into Lore, means either "lauern," pointing to the necessity of being on the watch, on account, as Simrock supposes, of the dangerous rocks; or "lauter," "pure," that is, pure slate, which is met with here. But it would be unkind to rob the Rhine of its most beautiful legend, so we leave it with the unhappy Lorelei, who seeks her beloved, yet in whose arms "every one must expire who looks into her eyes."

There are also imaginative people who are able to make out the profile of Napoleon I. on the rock, and the sound with which he answers the question of the traveller is an excellent echo. Much more real is the salmon fishery called the "Waag," which is fairly remunerative, though at one time the fish were so plentiful that the servants in St. Goar and St. Goarshausen used to stipulate that they should not be obliged to eat salmon more than three times a week.



ST. GOARSHAUSEN AND THE 'CAT.

The two towns, with their unmistakably Rhenish characteristics, lie right and left of us, close on to the edge of the shore. We see them over the "Bank," a place full of rocks, which was at one time most dangerous to vessels. St. Goar, on the left, was named after the neighbour of the Lorelei, the sainted recluse, who died in 611. He was the converter of the heathen, whose power of performing miracles was so great that when summoned before the Bishop of Treves to account for his deeds he hung his cloak on a sunbeam, and so reproved the doubter. He even went further, and when asked by the bishop to give a name to a child which had been picked up in the street, he caused the infant to cry out, "Bishop Rusticus is my father!"

The saint must have been a merry fellow, and that made him unusually popular, for his rock-hewn cell

was constantly besieged by pilgrims. A small abbey was raised on the same spot after his death, and even then the miraculous power of the good man was continued. Charlemagne presented the abbey with a great cask, which was to be kept constantly filled in the cellar. The man in charge having one day by mistake left the tap running, the spirit of the saint ordered a spider to close it with a web. The creature spun this so rapidly and so thickly that not a drop of the wine escaped.

The humour of the old patron-saint seems to have been transferred to the town and its inhabitants, and to have remained with them for centuries. An iron collar is still shown as a remembrance of the "Hänseln," one of the ceremonies dating from the time of Charlemagne. This was performed as follows:—Every stranger coming for the first time to St. Goar was placed on this iron, and asked whether



WELLMICH, WITH THE CASTLE OF THE "MOUSE."

he would be rechristened with wine or with water. Some chose water, and a bucketful was thrown over their heads; others chose wine, and a goblet filled with it was given to them, and a crown placed on their heads. A book was kept of these ceremonies, and in it are inscribed the names of Charlemagne, Franz von Sickengen, Götz von Berlichingen, and others who took part in these inviolably-observed customs. The Catholic Church of the place contains an image of the saint, and the Evangelical Church has a crypt in which the bones of St. Goar were formerly preserved.

The Rheinfels, which towers above the town, once served to protect it. It is one of the largest ruins on the river, and was erected by Diether III., of Katzenellenbogen, in the thirteenth century, on the site of an old castle. The Rheinfels, which was destroyed in 1797, now belongs to the kings of Prussia.



EVENING AT THE LORELEI ROCK.

There is but little to be said of St. Goarshausen, which lies on the opposite or right side of the Rhine, though the castle above it is very interesting. This is the Castle of New Katzenellenbogen, familiarly called the "Cat." It has an historical connection with the ruins of Deurenburg, which are situated high above the village of Wellmich, and are called Kunoberg, Petersock and Thurmberg, though commonly known as the "Mouse." This name was given to it by Count John III. when he sent greetings to the Archbishop Kuno, of Falkenstein, and told him he must take care of his "Mouse" lest it should be



LIEBENSTEIN AND STERNBERG.

devoured by the "Cat." Thus it is that at the present day the two castles are still called the "Cat" and the "Mouse."

The Counts of Katzenellenbogen were once a mighty race, and were celebrated in song by Walter von der Vogelweide. They well knew how to levy heavy toll on the vessels on the Rhine. The rocky Schweizer Valley is a place to which an excursion may be made from St. Goarshausen, and it will well repay the tourist for his trouble. The Hasebach flows out of this valley, and the ruins of Reichenberg tower above it. This castle also belonged to the Katzenellenbogen, and from here we can visit the little watchtower which was restored by the Margrave von Gagern-Reichenberg, one of the most original of

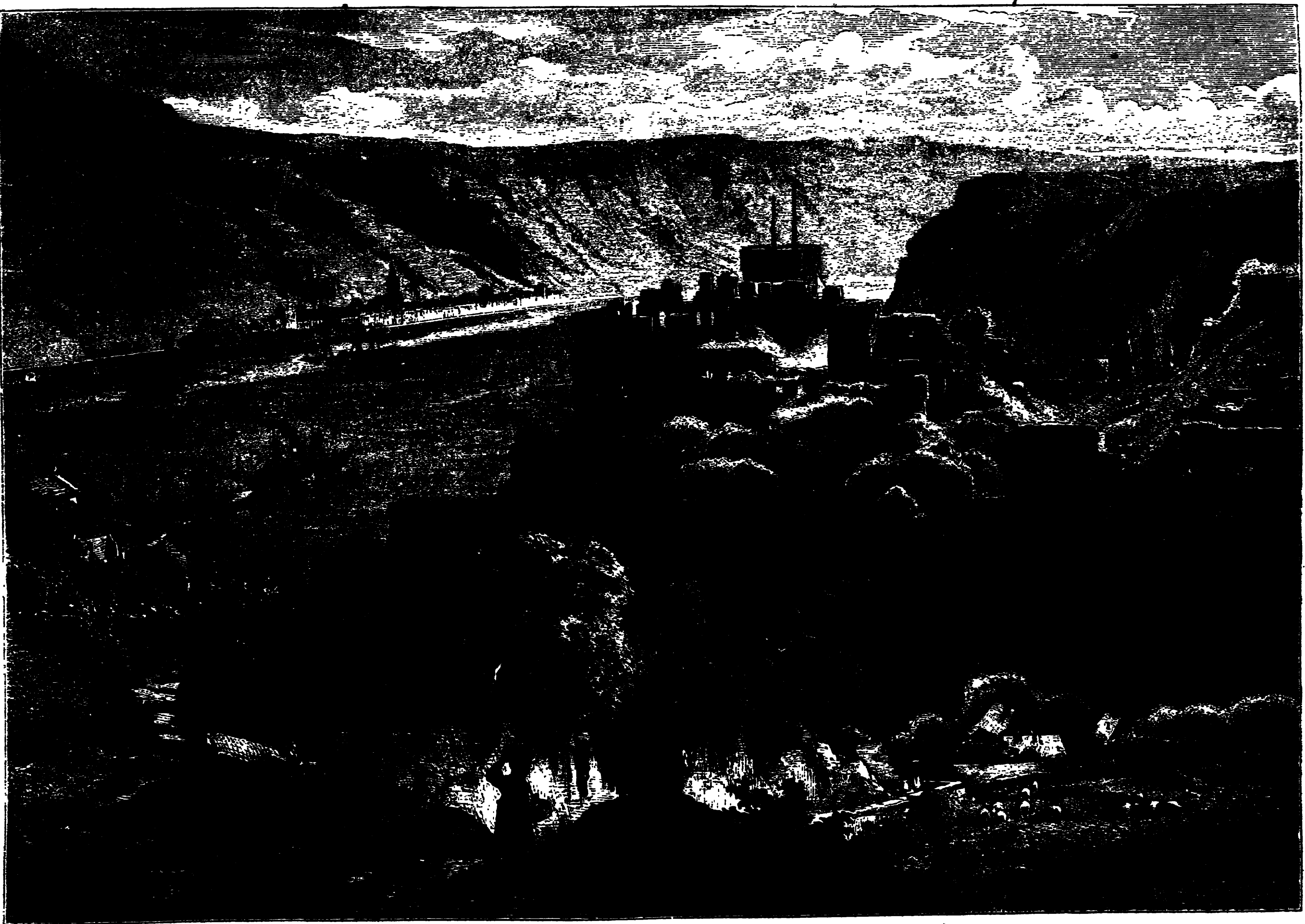
the German strongholds. It was built in the Moorish style, with elegant pillars and peculiarly-constructed towers, and was destroyed by the Emperor Albrecht in the Toll Wars of 1302. The whole of the ruins, which are tolerably well preserved, form a beautiful picture, and are worthy of the time spent in a visit to the Schweizer Valley. The pillars stand one above another, forming two stories. The castle has an entrance with a courtyard and an imposing chapel. The present possessor is endeavouring, at great expense, to have the castle restored in its original style.

Beyond Wellmich the Rhine takes another deep curve towards the west. The village of Ehrenthal lies on the right at the foot of the cliff, with its lead, iron, and silver works; on the left, two pointed slate rocks, the higher of which is called the "Prinzenköpfchen," overshadow the river, and in the valley are the silver-smelting works. Passing the little lonely rock-island, we come to the village of Hirzenach,



THE CONVENT OF BORNHOFEN, AND THE TWO UNFRIENDLY BROTHERS.

which produces roofing-slate. In front of us, on the right, is Nieder-kestert, and at the entrance to the valley stands the lonely Rheinberg Inn. On the same side of the river we see two ruins, Liebenstein and Sternberg, standing on lofty peaks before us; and at their feet is the Monastery of Bornhofen. These two bold ruins, which are associated with numerous legends, are called by the people of the place "The Brothers." Heine, Wolfgang, Müller, and others have sung of these two castles, and Bulwer has used one of the legends in his "Pilgrims of the Rhine." This tells us of two brothers who lived in the castles on very cordial terms, until unfortunately they both became enamoured with the same lady, and killed each other in a desperate combat to which they were driven by jealousy. It is said that even now the clatter of their swords may be heard at midnight in the valley. The lady (whose name is not given in the story) founded the Convent of Bornhofen at the foot of the castles; and,



RHEINFELS.

having renounced the world, retired there to die. Simrock tells another version: according to him, "The two brothers had to share their inheritance with their blind sister, of whose misfortune they took advantage and deceived her. The money to be divided was measured in a bushel measure, and every time they gave a share to the blind sister they turned the measure upside down, and putting some gold pieces on the top,



THE CONVENT OF CAMP.

gave it her to feel, when she believed it to be full. She, of course, came off with a very poor share; but the blessing of Heaven was with the money of the deceived sister. The brothers, on the contrary, quarrelled with each other, and their ill-gotten wealth was ill-spent. When the property was gone they were reconciled, but even then their friendship was unfortunate. One day they arranged to start for the

chase early the next morning, and agreed that whichever should awake first should arouse the other. One of them on rising, and seeing that the shutter of his brother's room was still closed, shot an arrow at it in order to wake him. At the same moment the brother opened the shutter and received the fatal weapon in his heart. The unintentional fratricide wandered to the Holy Land, where he died, and the inheritance of both the brothers went to strangers." According to some records Bornhofen was originally an imperial town; a miraculous image of the Virgin became a rich source of revenue to the town by attracting large numbers of pilgrims to it, and is still the occasion of pious industry to the inhabitants.

The river now becomes wider, and the rocky character of the shore is changed to softer slopes and pastures. On the right we reach the village of Camp, which derives its name from the Roman camp once standing here; it presents no object worthy of notice except the church and the convent-yard. On the left is situated the quaint, purely Rhenish town of Boppard, whose romanesque church is a worthy



BOPPARD.

memorial of the twelfth century, and is visible from a considerable distance. It is the ancient Baudobriga of the Romans, and there are numerous relics of this epoch, among others some indicating the presence of the Thirteenth Legion. A royal palace stood here in the time of the Franks; and at a later period, when the place became a free city belonging to the League, it was taken by Baldwin, Bishop of Treves, and the Thirty Years' War put an end to what was left of its former greatness. The town in which magnificent imperial assemblies were held is now only distinguished by its mediæval character, the feudal architecture of the gabled houses, and its charming situation on the bank of the Rhine. The former Benedictine convent, St. Marienberg, is now a much-frequented hydropathic establishment, contributing materially to the industrial prosperity of the town. Other objects of interest are the parish church with its porch, its double towers, its arcaded windows, and the covered connecting bridge, and the Church of St. Severin, built in the Gothic style, with antique carved choir stalls, a double nave, and various monuments.

The Bayers of Boppard were an old respected Rhenish family. The ballad tells us of the knight



BOPPARD.

Conrad Bayer of Boppard, who faithlessly left his betrothed. The maiden thereupon clad herself in knightly attire, presented herself before him with closed vizor, and, feigning to be the brother of the forsaken lady just returned from the Holy Land, demanded that he should answer for his conduct in mortal combat—

"Speak, faithless knight, and tell to me
Why hast thou from thy Mary gone,
So dear she ever was to thee,
She ever loved but thee alone.
Stand, Conrad, stand, for now 'fore Heaven,
In combat answer shall be given,
So quickly draw thy faithless sword."



THE KNIGHT CONRAD BAYER OF BOPPARD.

The combat began, and the maiden was soon fatally wounded in the arm and sank to the ground, when Conrad tore off her helmet:—

"Alas! he sees two fading eyes
Which once with love did on him fall;
Two lips, whose bloom he once did prize,
Now faintly do on 'Conrad' call.
His Mary by his sword is slain—
Thus is avenged her grief and pain,
By death from his unhappy hand.

"Then took he all his gold and gear,
His bitter ruth to satisfy,
And o'er the grave to him so dear,
Where his belovèd now doth lie,

3 P

He raised a cloister passing fair—
In Rhineland there is none so rare—
And called it Saint Marienberg.

'There he could never rest again,
So went as Templar to the war;
But nought could ease the bitter pain
He carried with him from afar.
At length the welcome hour did sound,
When from the foe a deathly wound
Did still his long-tormented heart."

Such is the legend given by Adelaide von Stolterfoth, who has embodied nearly all the Rhine legends in a series of romances and ballads. It is an historical fact that a knight Conrad Bayer of



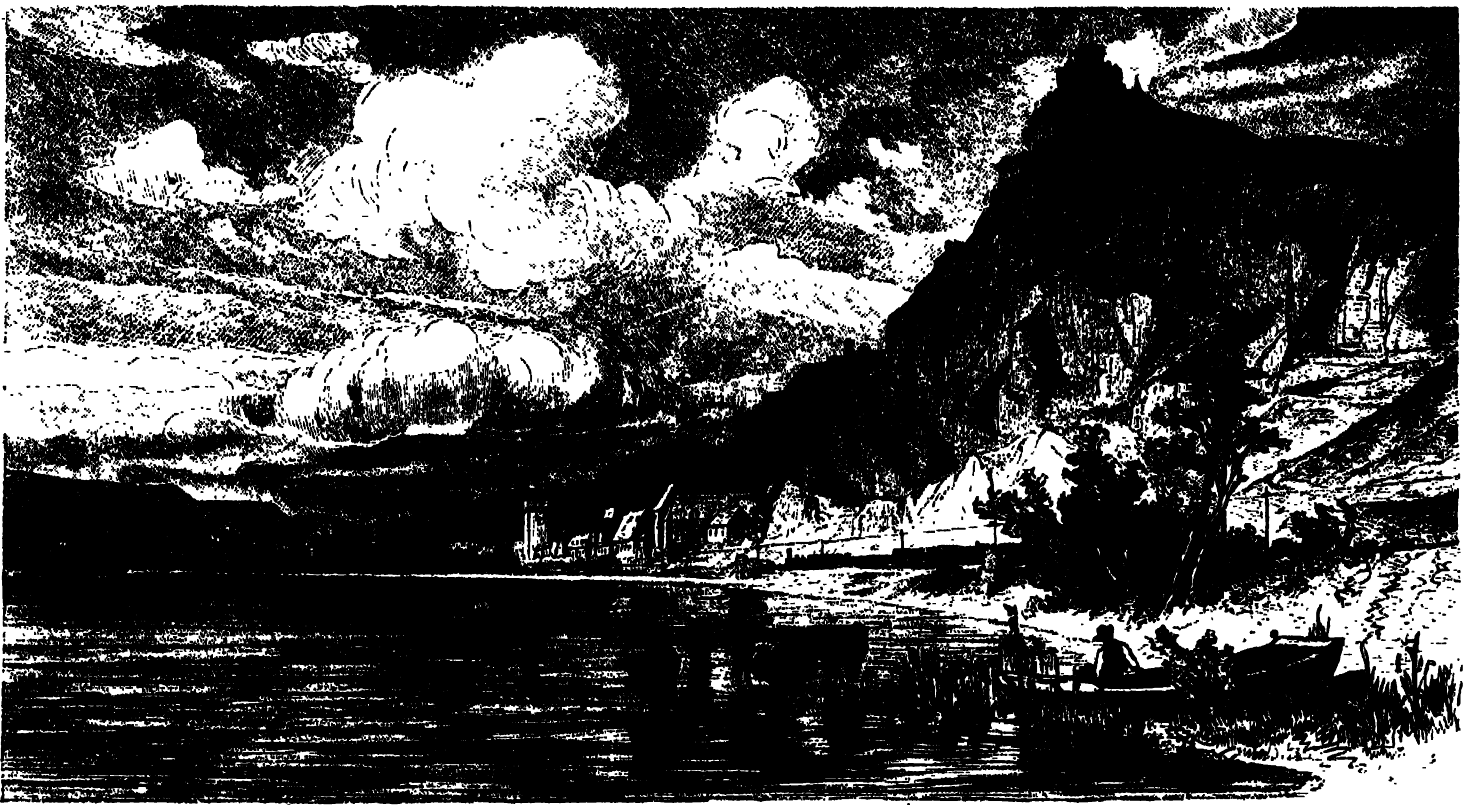
INN IN OBERSPAY.

Boppard distinguished himself by his bravery at the siege of Ptolemais, and bore the banner of the Knights Templars.

On another bend in the river lies the village of Filsen, with its Mühlbad, or hydropathic establishment, its church, and its detached, quaint old houses. Oberspay comes next, with its restored church and the recently-erected Castle of Liebeneck, which towers above the town, but has no historical associations. The Rhine forms a bay here and then flows northward, passing on the right the Dinkholder Spring, which lies in a gorge, and on the left the towns of Ober- and Nieder-spay. It then flows past Braubach, above which rises Marksburg, or Marxburg, on a curious, imposing mass of rock. This is still a fortress, and in Nassau's time was used as a state prison. The chapel and churchyard of the town are on the road up to the fortress, the interior of which contains nothing worthy of remark except the Swedish and French guns

and a torture-chamber. The castle received its name from the Markus Tower, which was erected in 1437 by one of the Counts of Katzenellenbogen. The Thirty Years' War destroyed this fortress, but it was rebuilt by John the Warlike in 1644.

Opposite Braubach is Rhense, whose old fortified walls and towers date from the year 1370. Behind this is the King's Seat, shaded by fruit trees, and hardly visible from the river, but all the more remarkable on that account. It was erected by the command of Charles IV., and was the scene of the Diets and Electoral Assemblies in which Henry VII., Charles IV., and the Count-Palatine Rupert III. were elected. Bodmann says that it was the powerful influential Baldwin of Treves who wrested from Mayence the right to elect the German king on its territory, and contrived that the election of his brother Henry VII. should take place in Rhense for the first time. Rhense was within easy reach of all four Electors whose provinces met here, and was an especially convenient and favourable spot for Treves. It



BRAUBACH, WITH MARKSBURG.

was not until 1376 that Charles IV., who was elected here, commanded that the inhabitants of Rhense, "in return for the freedom of trade which he had bestowed upon them," should make "a royal seat, sound throughout, and keep it for ever." The seat was built, as Winkelmann informs us, surrounded with blocks of stone, and with seven arches. It stood on nine stone pillars, and it was approached by eighteen steps. "The circumference of the building was about forty ells, and the height eight, and seven seats were placed in it for the seven Electors. When the trumpet sounded all the four Rhenish Electors—namely, Mayence at Lahneck, Treves at Stolzenfels, Cologne at Rhense, and the Palatine at Marksburg, in Braubach—were able to hear it at their castles." This last statement must, however, be an exaggeration, for if the very trumpets of Jericho sounded it would have been hardly possible for them to be heard as far as the castles of Stolzenfels, Lahneck, and Marksburg. Probably, however, it was only wished to show how acute the hearing of these worthy gentlemen was when their worldly power was

at stake. This monument stood in the way of the French, and they unfortunately destroyed it, so that in the present King's Seat, which has been built in the style of the old one, only the foundation belongs to the original structure.

"'What for Imperial pomp care I,
With all its cares and riot?
I'd rather drain this goblet dry,
Alone in peace and quiet.'
So spake the Emperor Wenceslaus,
Then drained his bumper without pause,
By the King's Seat at Rhense."

The worthy Wenzel who uttered these sentiments did not fare very well, for the four archbishops, who



CHAPEL AT BRAUBACH.

had long felt a grudge against him, conspired to depose him, and on the shore just opposite Oberlahnstein, also hidden among fruit trees, and where the Wenzel Chapel, or Chapel of St. Mary, is situated, the idle Wenceslaus was deposed in favour of the Count-Palatine Rupert.

Two proud mountain-giants now rise before us on our right and left—namely, Stolzenfels and Lahneck. The former stands on the green slope of the rock, and the latter, an old stronghold situated on a lofty ridge, exposed to every storm, commands a vast extent of country. At the foot of Stolzenfels is the little town of Capellen, and below Lahneck stands Oberlahnstein, an old town, though its youthful appearance

has been constantly renewed, owing to the unfortunate fires which have happened so often as to have become almost proverbial. It is the point at which the railways cross, and their lines run between the town and the shore, forming a complete network. The well-preserved old fortress contrasts curiously with these characteristics of modern times. "If Marksburg," says Simrock, "be represented as the only inhabited (old) castle of the Rhine Valley, Oberlahnstein may be named as the only town of which the fortifications are still undestroyed. The walls and towers which enclose it in a square are precisely the same as those we see in Merian's picture. Whoever would investigate the old fortresses must not fail to visit Oberlahnstein and Braubach. Lahnstein has also at its upper end another castle, which is older than Lahneck."

Lahneck, with its almost inaccessible position, was the harbour of safety in times of danger. The town,

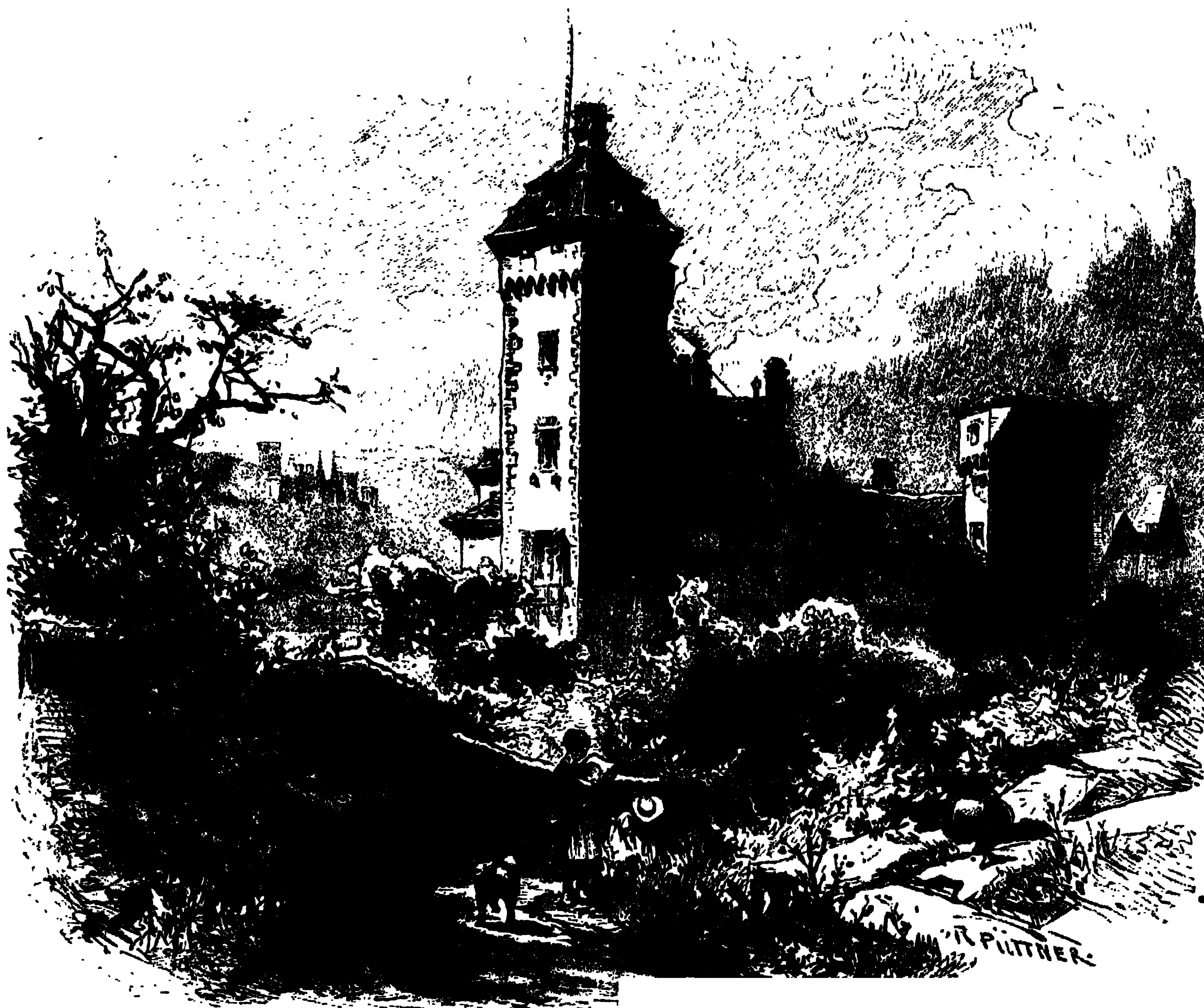


KING'S SEAT, AND VIEW OF OBERLAHNSTEIN.

which is situated before it in the valley, with its old church dating from 978, already mentioned, its former Palace of the Electors of Mayence, built in 1394, and its towers and walls, remind us of the time when the great ecclesiastical rulers of Mayence, the Palatinate, Treves, and Cologne used to combine their power to dictate the fate of the Empire.

So this point where the Lahn joins the Rhine may, to a certain extent, be considered the keystone of the highway of robbery and extortion on which the knights of noble family, ruining and oppressing trade, spent most of their time. The only temporary check they received was from Rudolf of Hapsburg, who declared that, "They are no knights, but wretched robbers and thieves. True knighthood keeps its faith and trust. He who breaks the laws of honour shall not die by the sword." After this, as we have already stated, he had all those hanged whom he could catch.

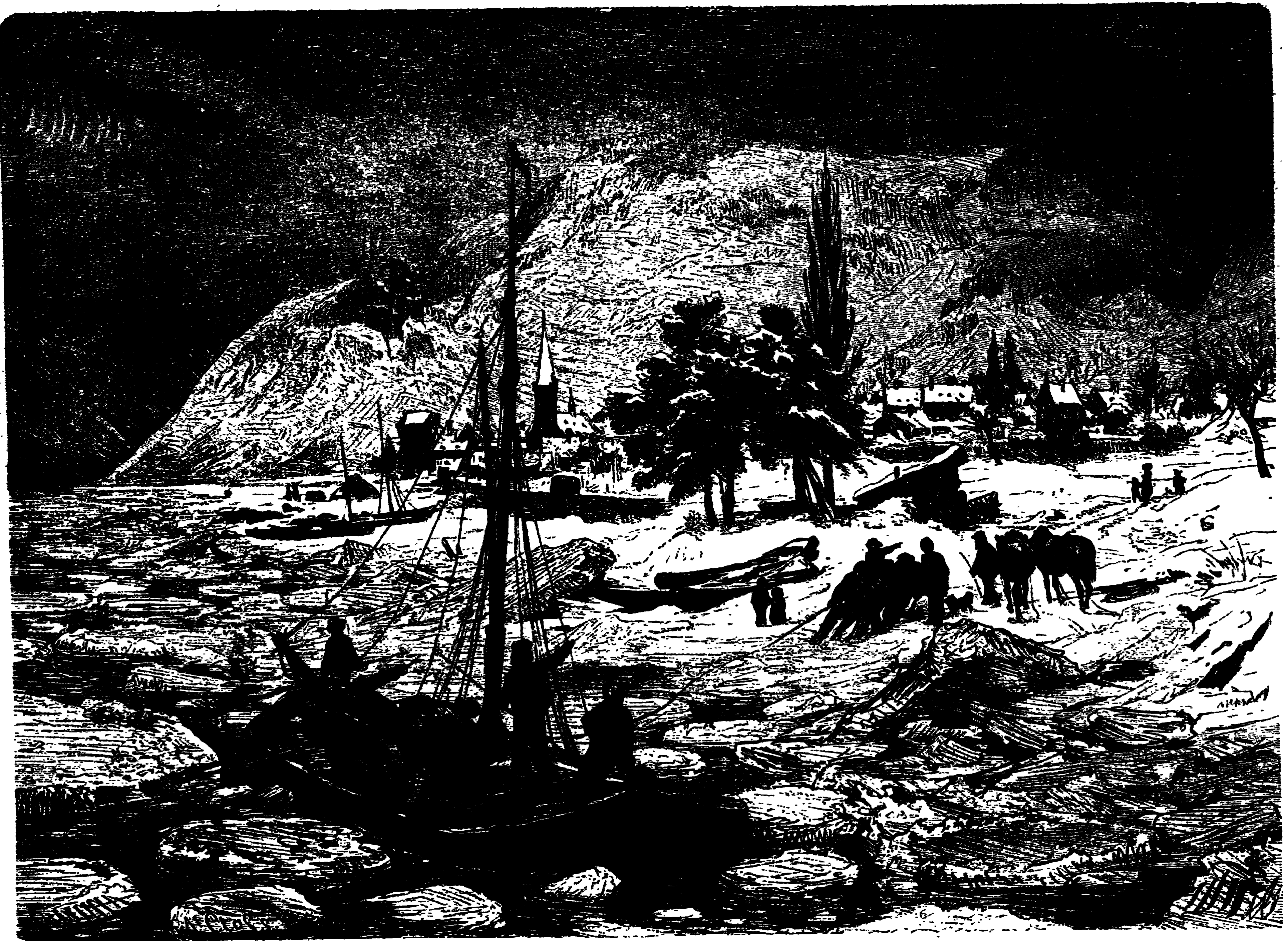
"It is possible," says Wolfgang Müller, "that this body of knights consisted at first of respectable people; but at a later period, during the general wildness of the times, they indulged in the increasing practice of robbery, which they carried on by means of unlawful tolls, and even by plundering on the actual highway. Under these circumstances, it was natural that they should find the unapproachable fortified situations suit them best as dwelling-places. It was much better in the broad level valleys through which we have already wandered. There trade and labour flourished under system and order. We found on all sides large and rich towns, while here only small townlets could exist, and even these have shown their



CASTLE IN OBERLAHNSTEIN.

preference for the left shore to a remarkable extent, probably because of the protection of Mayence, Treves, and Cologne. How much larger are the estates from Basle to Frankfurt and Mayence, of Nuremberg and Bamberg to Würzburg! Even in the valley of the Nahe great races originate, and it is the same in the broad fields of the Lahn."

The Castle of Lahneck, which at the present time is in the possession of a private gentleman, according to tradition was built by the Knights Templars. History, however, relates that it was really the work of the Archbishop Gerard, of Mayence, and was erected towards the end of the thirteenth



ICE-DRIVING ON THE RHINE.

century. The French destroyed it in 1688, but it was afterwards completely rebuilt in its old form, and it only remains for time to do its work by giving it the stamp of age. A railway bridge across the mouth



VIEW OF STOLZENFELS.

of the Lahn unites Upper and Lower Lahnstein, the latter containing the Johanniskirche, or Church of St. John, which was also destroyed by the French and afterwards rebuilt. This interesting church, which stands at the point of the angle formed by the Rhine and the Lahn, has a legend attached to it, according to which its bells on one occasion began to ring of their own accord. An interesting point here is the place where the Russian general, St. Priest, crossed the Rhine on the first of January, 1814. It is said that the Monastery of Machern, which now stands on the Moselle, between Cruach and Zeltingen, was once in the neighbourhood of Niederlahnstein, and the old chronicler relates that "When the charming district of Horchheim is left behind, and the first houses of Lahnstein appear, there is another little stream to cross. On vigils, and, indeed, also at the time of the Lahnstein fair, a nun walks at night up and down by the weatherbeaten consecrated building which bounds the stream. She is richly dressed, and looks grave, but gentle, for she generally

INTERIOR OF STOLZENFELS.

reads her prayers out of a book which she carries open in her hand. She has frightened many, though she has never injured any one, nor indeed even acknowledged their presence; but when she appears, the stream rises madly in the ravine, noises are heard, and above the wild gusts of wind melancholy songs may be distinguished, and among them the sweet sound of the 'Salve Regina.' Occasionally also a fiery wheel rolls to the stream. The Convent of Machern must have stood in this ravine."

Opposite the mouth of the Lahn is the rugged Stolzenfels, which is now one of the most beautiful of the restored castles of the Middle Ages. It shared the sad fate of its neighbour Lahneck during the French ravages. Arnold von Isenberg, Archbishop of Treves, built Stolzenfels for his palace. Isabella,



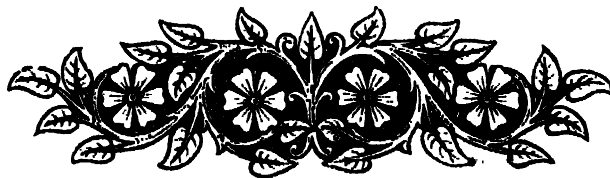
CAPELLEN, WITH THE CASTLE OF STOLZENFELS.

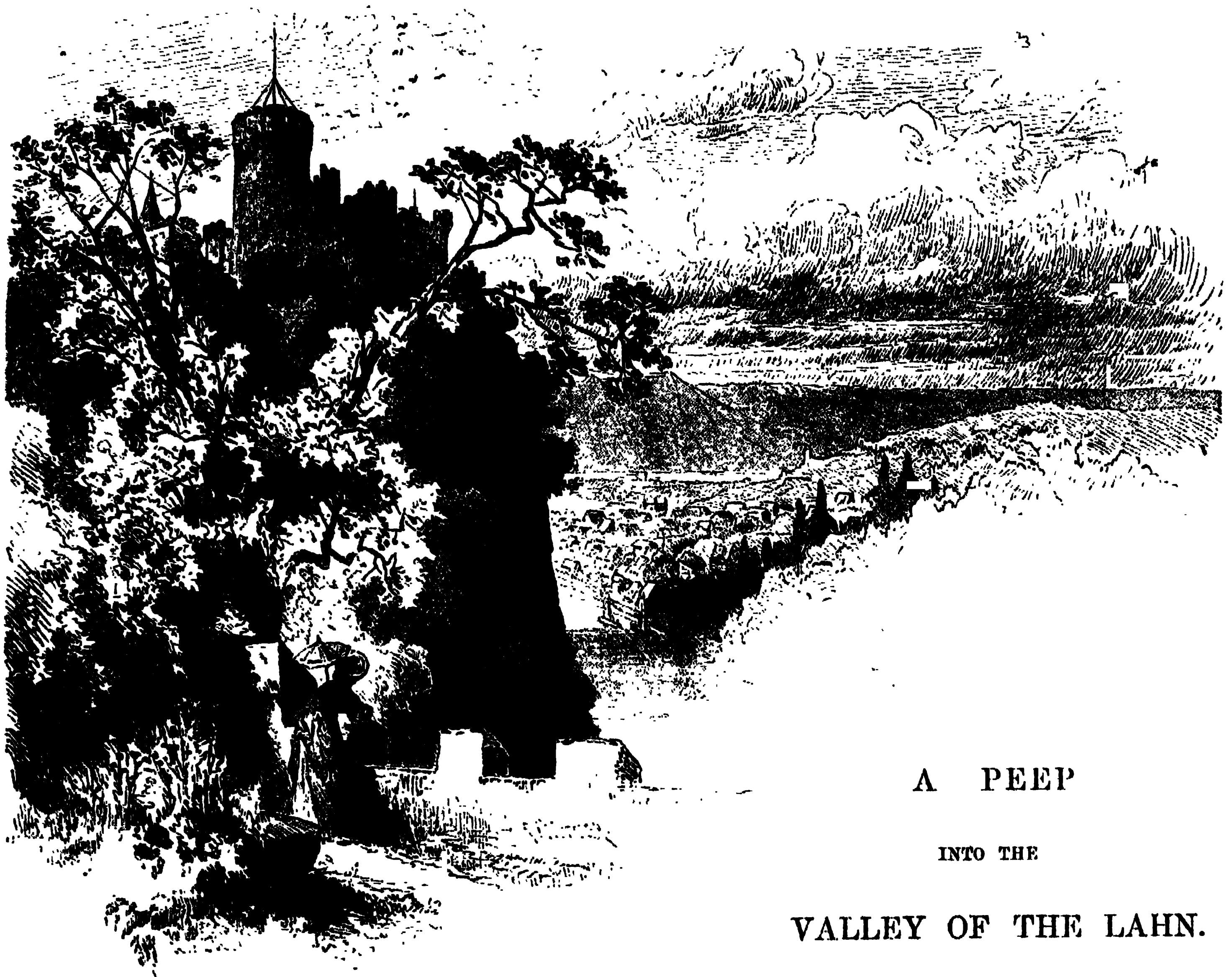
the betrothed bride of Frederick II. of Hohenstaufen, and sister of Henry III. of England, came to Stolzenfels, and was here nobly entertained. The chronicler who informs us of this important event also gives us the *menu* of the banquet of that period (Rhine salmon, venison, and Oberweseler), and assures us in conclusion that "they ate well and drank better, and that the royal maiden danced a great deal." In later times the Archbishop Werner of Treves, and his successor John of Baden, practised alchemy here. In 1689 Stolzenfels was destroyed by the French. The town of Coblentz, into whose possession the ruins came in 1802, presented them to the prince who was afterwards King Frederick-William IV. They were rebuilt in the old noble style in 1836-42, after the plans of Schinkel, who utilised the old walls which were still standing. The interior was also beautifully and suitably furnished, and is now in the possession

of the Emperor William. "It is indeed a real delight," so writes the excellent painter of the Rhenish land and Rhenish life, Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter, "to see the castle, with restored battlements, gates, and windows, looking down from its green summit into the beautiful Rhine Valley. It has a noble and delightful appearance when the rays of the morning sun shine and glitter on the lofty windows. There is no difficulty in ascending the broad carriage-road which leads over bridges and ditches into the courtyard of the castle. The rooms are arranged in excellent taste. The furniture carries us back to those bygone days of which many beautiful artistic objects are exhibited here. But the feeling raised by these is subordinate to that which we owe to the rich luxuriance that Nature has spread over the land. What a rare view of mountain and valley we get from the windows, or from the towers and terraces above! there are few finer prospects along the course of the Rhine. On a clear evening especially this place is incomparable, and also when the glow of the setting sun steeps the opposite shore in gold, lighting up at the same time mighty Ehrenbreitstein, Lahneck, and Marksburg, while a deep silent peace falls upon the river-valley and the silver stream, along which a few boats still glide. The subtle charm of such moments penetrates the soul and awakes in it sounds and pictures that are full of poetry."

A little farther down the stream the island of Oberwörth lies before us, with the Convent of St. Magdalen Wörth, which was erected in 1143 for the daughters of noble families. Above it on the right, still farther down, are the Pfaffendorfer Hill; on the left are the Charterhouse and Fort Constantine; and on the right again, the stone colossus, Ehrenbreitstein, rises in the hazy distance. The ironclad visage of this well-known fortress startles us suddenly out of that grey legendary time among whose shattered monuments we have just passed, that time when the small mountain and forest dynasties peered out, like vultures, from their battlements into the valley, ready to attack or lay in ambush for any merchant train that might approach without sufficient guard.

Yonder, where the flag flutters in the blue air, high above the precipitous rock and the inaccessible walls, beyond where the Rhine bears the iron piers of the bridge and the Moselle joins it in sisterly union—there lies Coblentz, another jewel in the crown of the Rhineland.





LAHNECK.

A PEEP

INTO THE

VALLEY OF THE LAHN.

THE Lahn, running into the Rhine beneath the precipitous Lahneck, brings us close to one of the loveliest valleys. It was Goethe's favourite spot, the place in whose bosom the bones of the noble German poet repose, and in whose dark mines costly metals are hidden. It is the valley of the Lahn, which the tourist usually passes with indifference, for he is eager to pass on and see proud Coblentz, which lies close before him.

It was only at the beginning of the year 1860 that the romantic district of the Lahn was thrown open to tourists by the completion of the railway; up to that time it had been left to itself in poetic seclusion. The pursuit of health or recreation took travellers no farther than to Ems, whence only the nearest points of interest in the neighbourhood attracted them, and the other natural beauties of the Lahn Valley were but little known. The world, it is true, heard that in 1848 the Count-Palatine of Hungary, the Archduke Stephen, had retired to Schaumberg in a quiet valley; patriots also knew that it contained the cradle and the grave of the noble Baron von Stein; but in later times the tourist world first showed an interest in this cross-valley of the Rhine when the guidebook literature felt the need of opening up new roads and new marvels.

He who at the present day wishes to take a hasty glance at the Lahn Valley, needs only to spend one or two days in order to go as far as Limburg, or, at farthest, to Wezlar. On his way he has but to sit in a coupé of the railway-carriage, from which he can see the green, luxuriant valleys; the rocks and the castles fly past him on the right and on the left, and he can then return to Oberlahnstein richly repaid for his trouble, re-embark on the boat, and steam on again down the Rhine. But he who wishes to see the Lahn in its old and natural state must lose no time, for it is threatened with reform, and the Government Commissioner—who seems to have no love for romance—has lately reported to the deputies that a civilised State cannot allow a useful river to be left in an unnavigable condition.

In this work, which is specially dedicated to the Rhine, we can only make a hasty digression even into



THE SHORE AT NIEDERLAHNSTEIN.

this most rich and lovely of his neighbouring valleys, and must therefore be content to deal with the most prominent of its beauties. From the carriage-window on the Lahn side we cast once more a glance up at the proud Castle of Lahneck, on the tower of which the flag flutters so gaily, and then we plunge into a long, curious ravine—a region rich in historical reminiscences, the first records of which date from the year 54 B.C.

In the olden times the fortunes of this part of the country must have been very varied. In the days of Cæsar the Ubii had their dwellings on the Lower Lahn, and the Catti on the Upper; the Sigambers probably held the spring district on the eastern slope of the rough Westerwald (the river rises there, as the Dill from the woody knolls of the Ederkopf). The Ubii relinquished their place to the Mattiaci. Several centuries later the Lahn Valley became the battle-ground of the Alemanni, and the Franks, and the Catti,

the former of which were beaten at Zülpich in 496. In 511 King Clodwig resigned the district of the



FOUR TOWERS, RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

KING WILLIAM'S FOUNTAIN, EMS.

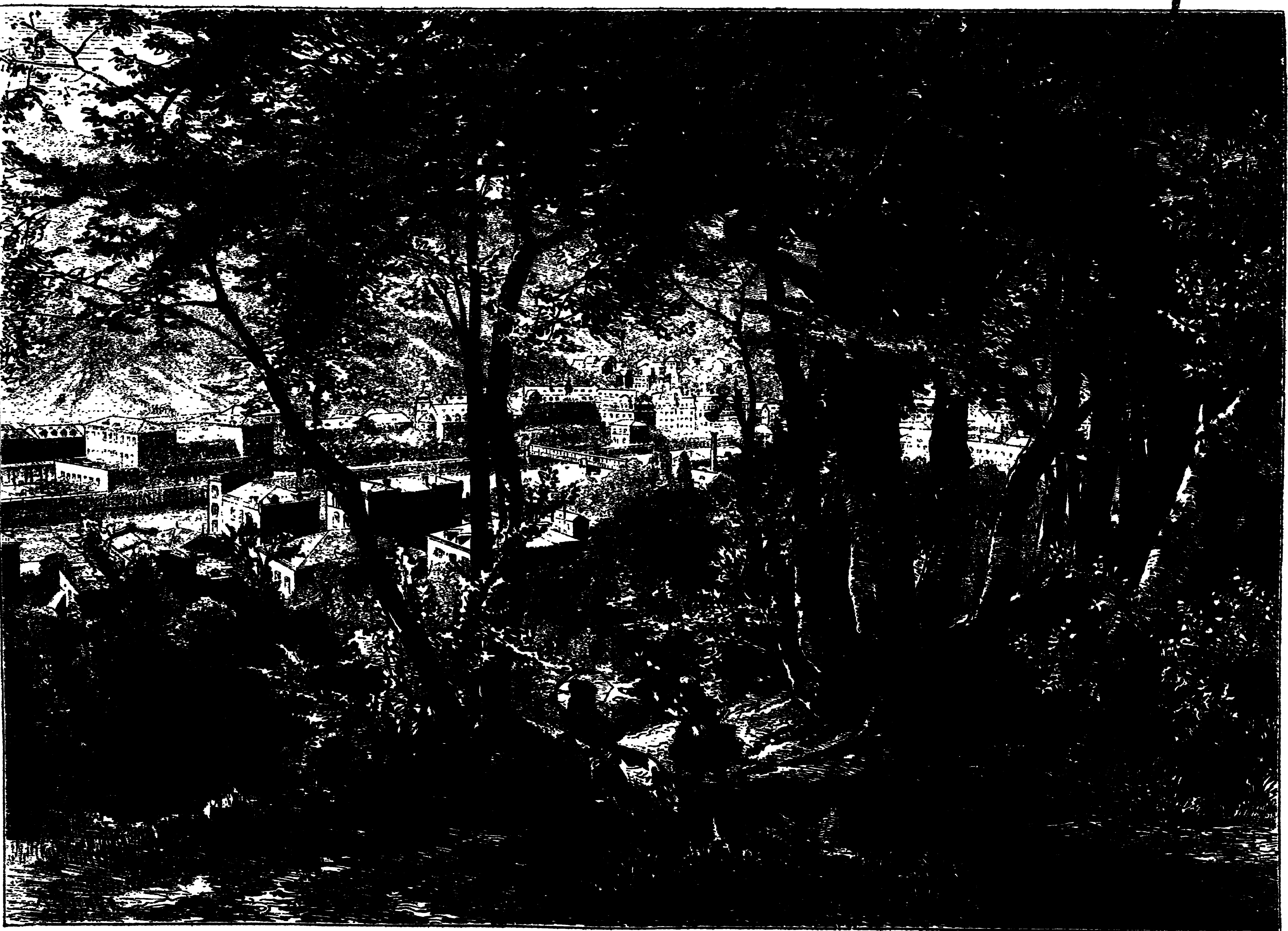
ROYAL KURHAUS, RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Lahn to his son Theodoric. Christianity was first introduced here by St. Boniface; it was zealously promoted by Charlemagne, and much later was fostered, though not quite disinterestedly, by the Bishops of Mayence and Treves. We first hear of the division into Upper and Lower towards the end of the eighth century. In the Middle Ages it was divided between Hesse and Nassau. From 1806 to 1813 a greater part of the Lahn district was assigned to the kingdom of Westphalia. The Vienna Congress arranged another division, and, until 1866, that part in which we are interested belonged to Nassau. Since that date it has been part of Prussia.



THE ENGLISH CHURCH, EMS.

The Rhine bank, with its castles, is hid from our view almost directly we quit it, and we meet with the first outposts of the rich mining and smelting works. On the left are the smelting works of Hohenrhein, and on the right the mountain-sides covered with luxuriant verdure overhang us. We presently catch a glimpse of the village of Frücht, and precipitous rocks sloping away irregularly indicate the mouth of the before-named Schweitzer Valley. On an island in the river lie the Nievern smelting works, the importance of which is evident from the great tramloads of ore which we see. Then the baths come into sight, and the Tower of



EMS.

Concord, the village of Ems, and at last we see the long rows of houses of the spa of Ems, with its continuous company of fashionable visitors. This is the summer rendezvous of crowned heads, and here the Emperor William of Germany and the Czar of Russia at times attract the more fashionable circle of visitors. What a fortunate man was John of Katzenellenbogen, when his stepmother, Dame Anna von Hadamar, sold him this delightfully-situated place for five thousand florins, in the year 1403! At the present day the town is one fashionable street for the most select class of society, by whom the season is



DAUSENAU.

not considered complete if at least for one week they have not formed part of the brilliant galaxy which is accustomed to gather there.

However new, modern, and elegant an appearance the town may make on the bank of the Lahn, it is nevertheless very old. The Romans were acquainted with its wells, which contained soda, and were considered a specific for all possible ills. It is also said that Caligula was born here, and although there is extant no confirmation of the tradition, yet all the Roman weapons, urns, coins, &c., which have been unearthed, testify to the former presence of the often-mentioned Twenty-first Legion; ciphers indicating this may still be distinguished on single stones of an old Roman wall. Remains, though inconsiderable ones, of a Roman bath and a watchtower, have also been found on the Winterberg.

It is in the twelfth century that we first find Ometze, Eymbze, and at length Embs, spoken of as a

bathing-place. After passing through many hands, it at length came into possession of the elder line of Nassau, and in 1866 to William of Prussia. How this district was cut up among crowns and crownlets may be understood by the circumstance that formerly eight governments met here. Everything in Ems is sober, elegant, and suitable for the distinguished guests for whom it is accustomed to provide. The hotels, as well as the private houses and villas, are excellent. When the visitors arrive, Ems breathes freely; when they depart, it settles down to its winter's sleep. It is true that there is but little space in the narrow valley which the Lahn has cut out here in the ravine, for even the promenades are contracted, and run along the narrow banks which are united by bridges. In comparison with the fine parks of Wiesbaden and Homburg the Kurgarten is very confined, as is the Kursaal, which is, nevertheless, furnished with great elegance. The theatre, also, has to content itself with a corner of the salon.


STEIN'S HOUSE, NASSAU.

The greater part of these rooms, as is well known, were once the domain of the famed god Chance. Here also, as in Wiesbaden and Homburg, in 1866, the lieutenant in command of the approaching Prussians laid hands upon the dice-box; but here also, as in those towns, the bank ultimately had a respite. These tables were in connection with those in Wiesbaden, an arrangement beneficial to both, for if a player chanced to escape from the one with large winnings, he would fall into the toils of the other, unless indeed he took a fancy to entrust the sum so easily obtained to Herr Blanc in Homburg.

The springs and wells of Ems are divided into the old ones belonging to the domain—the Kränchen, the Regsel, and the Prince's wells; and the newly-discovered ones found behind the Nassau Hotel, namely, King William's rock springs, which are private property. Of the latter, the Victoria spring is specially important; it is distinguished from the old Kränchen by its lower temperature, and in addition to that by the larger amount of free carbonic acid which it contains, a great security for its retaining its properties in transport. The wells of Ems are specially beneficial to those who are afflicted with diseases of the mucous membrane, disorders of the bowels, or rheumatism. Ems also sends out in the course of the year hundreds of thousands of its well-known pastilles.

Among the numerous hotels and private houses are the old Kurhaus with the spring, and the "Four Towers" which have been already mentioned. In the old Kurhaus we see the windows of the Emperor William's residence, from which the hoary hero looks out on to the Promenade. The town itself, protected from unpleasant winds by the high wall of rock, is divided into the baths of Ems, where the waters are used, the village of Ems on the right bank of the Lahn, and Ems Point on the left bank.

Ems obtained historical renown in the last century when, in the year 1786, the plenipotentiaries of the three Catholic Electoral Princes of Mayence, Treves, and Cologne, with the Archbishop of Salzburg,



RUINS OF STEIN CASTLE. STEIN'S MONUMENT. NASSAU CASTLE.

met here under the protection of the Emperor Joseph II., in order to frame resolutions for the continuance of the liberties and privileges of the German Church. These are known as the Stipulations (*Punktationen*) of Ems, but they brought forth no result.

It is still fresh in every one's memory that the prelude to the great political events of recent years was performed at Ems, and every stranger asks to be shown the place where, in the summer of 1870, Benedetti, the French ambassador, by the direction of Napoleon III., presented himself before the Emperor William, in a manner which violated every rule of diplomatic etiquette, to demand from him the well-known guarantee against the Hohenzollern candidature for the Spanish throne,—an impertinence which sent the French Emperor to Cassel and the victorious German troops to Paris.

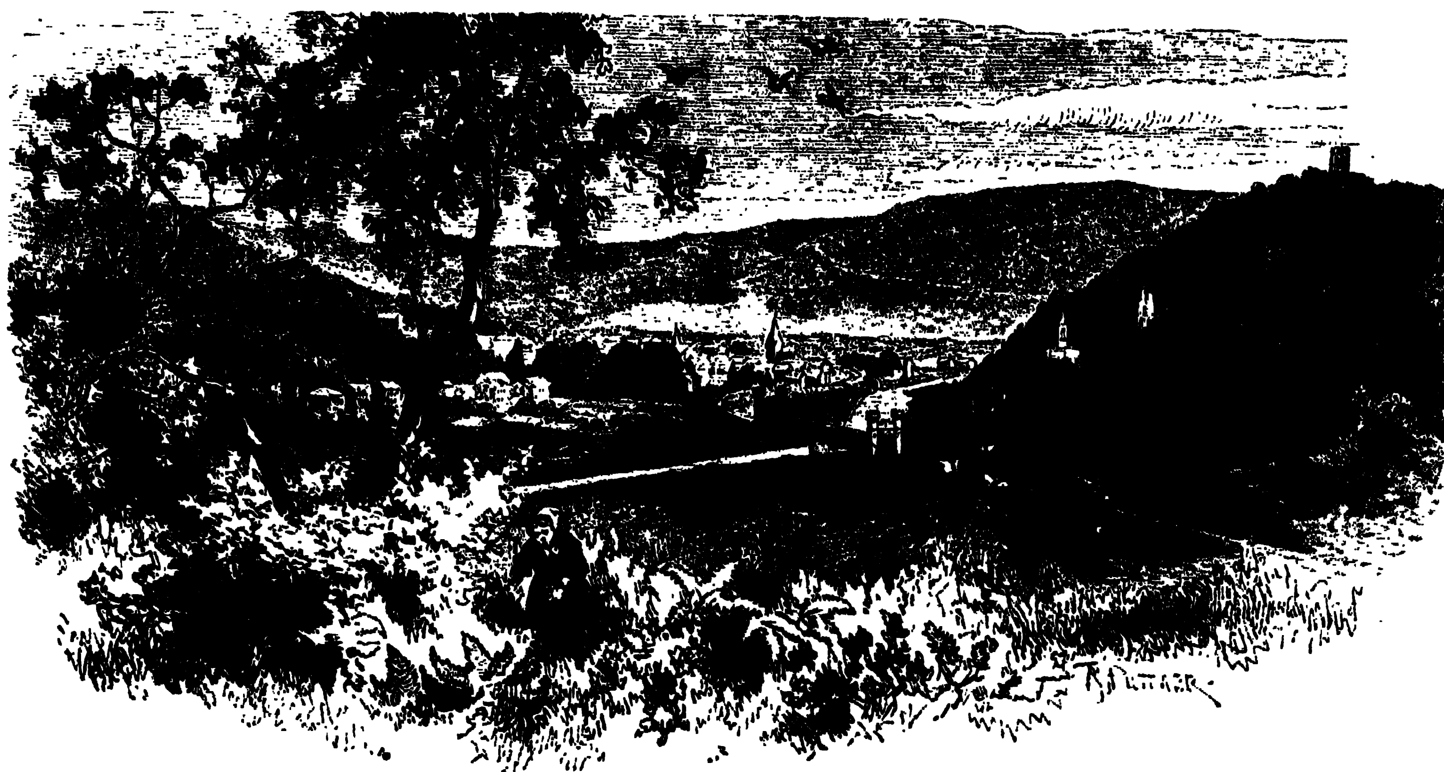


THE MINISTER STEIN.

The great charm of the place lies in its beautiful surroundings and its pleasant walks, such as that to the Henrietta Road as far as the pillar, that to the Maria Road, that to the Swiss Cottage, that to the Malbergskopf, that to the Wintersberg, with the remains of the Roman watchtower, that to the baths,

and that to the moss hut—though for this last excursion it is advisable to hire donkeys. The village of Frücht, which has been already mentioned, is situated in the neighbourhood of the forester's house, and is of special interest, for it contains the grave of the family of Stein and the monument of the man to whom Germany owes such infinite gratitude. A design in relief, by Schwanthaler, and the inscription tell us of "the inflexible son of the drooping Fatherland." His epitaph runs as follows:—

"Sein Nein war Nein gerechtig,
Sein Ja war Ja vollmächtig,
Seines Ja war er gedächtig,
Sein Grund, sein Mund einträchtig,
Sein Wort, das war ein Siegel."



NASSAU.

Which may be freely translated—

"His No was No full surely,
His Yes was Yes as purely,
His Yes was gravely pondered;
Reason and speech ne'er sundered
His word, it was a bond."

Hastening through delightful valleys from Ems we reach the artists' favourite mediæval village of Dausenau, which lies at the mouth of the Bacherthal. It ascribes its foundation to the Romans, and derives its name, whether rightly or wrongly, from Drusus. A ring wall, still well preserved, surrounds the place to which Charles IV. once gave the privileges of a town, and in the seventeenth century a tribunal was held here for the punishment of crime and sorcery. The slate tower, which is wrongly attributed to the Romans, is interesting on account of the tradition which relates that Eginhard, Charlemagne's secretary, of whom we spoke when describing Ingelheim, was found in it with the emperor's beautiful daughter Emma. This tradition is, however, highly improbable.

Quitting Dausenau, we see the town of Nassau before us, and to the right a blooming valley with the

Castles of Nassau and Stein. Near the latter rises the pavilion containing the colossal statue of Stein, which was solemnly unveiled in 1872. The most interesting point of the town itself is the dwelling-house of the great patriot, to which he retired when wearied out with his labours, to devote the last days of his life to science. Over the door is written, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott" ("Our God is a tower of strength"), the pious device of the hero who was born here. He has been called the foundation-stone (*stein*) of right, the stumbling-stone of evil, and the precious stone of Germany. A Gothic tower commands the castle-like house; and contains in two rooms, one above the other, Stein's writing-desk and two iron chests with documents in his handwriting. On the walls of the lower room hang portraits of great men of



LANGENAU.

Germany, and one in oil of Stein. His bust and a bookcase are also preserved here. In the upper room is a tablet with the inscription, "Trust in God, Unity, Perseverance." In front of it are the busts of Frederick William III., Alexander I., and Francis II., and other memorials of the great events of 1812 to 1814.

The road to the Castle of Stein goes up the hill, and on it stands the memorial dedicated to the great statesman, on the site of his ancestral home, which unfortunately has been in ruins for more than a hundred and fifty years. The *Limburg Chronicle* relates the following legend of his ancestress: "She had four daughters and two sons, and each of her daughters had a knight for her husband. Now it happened that

these four knights were together in the house of their mother-in-law, and the two knights of Stein, her sons, were there also, consequently the dame had six knights together at her board, of whom four were her sons-in-law and two her sons, and her husband also had been a knight. When they all sat down together



BALDUINSTEIN.

at one table, the dame said, 'This is too much honour.' No one took any heed of this; but soon after the mother arose and secretly stole away, and no one ever could learn whither she had gone."

Another ancestral castle is that of the former Counts of Nassau. From this family sprang a German emperor, Adolf of Nassau, who fell treacherously in the battle of Göllheim in 1298. Simrock, that trustworthy guide through the legend world of the Rhine, tells us that, according to a legend, the name

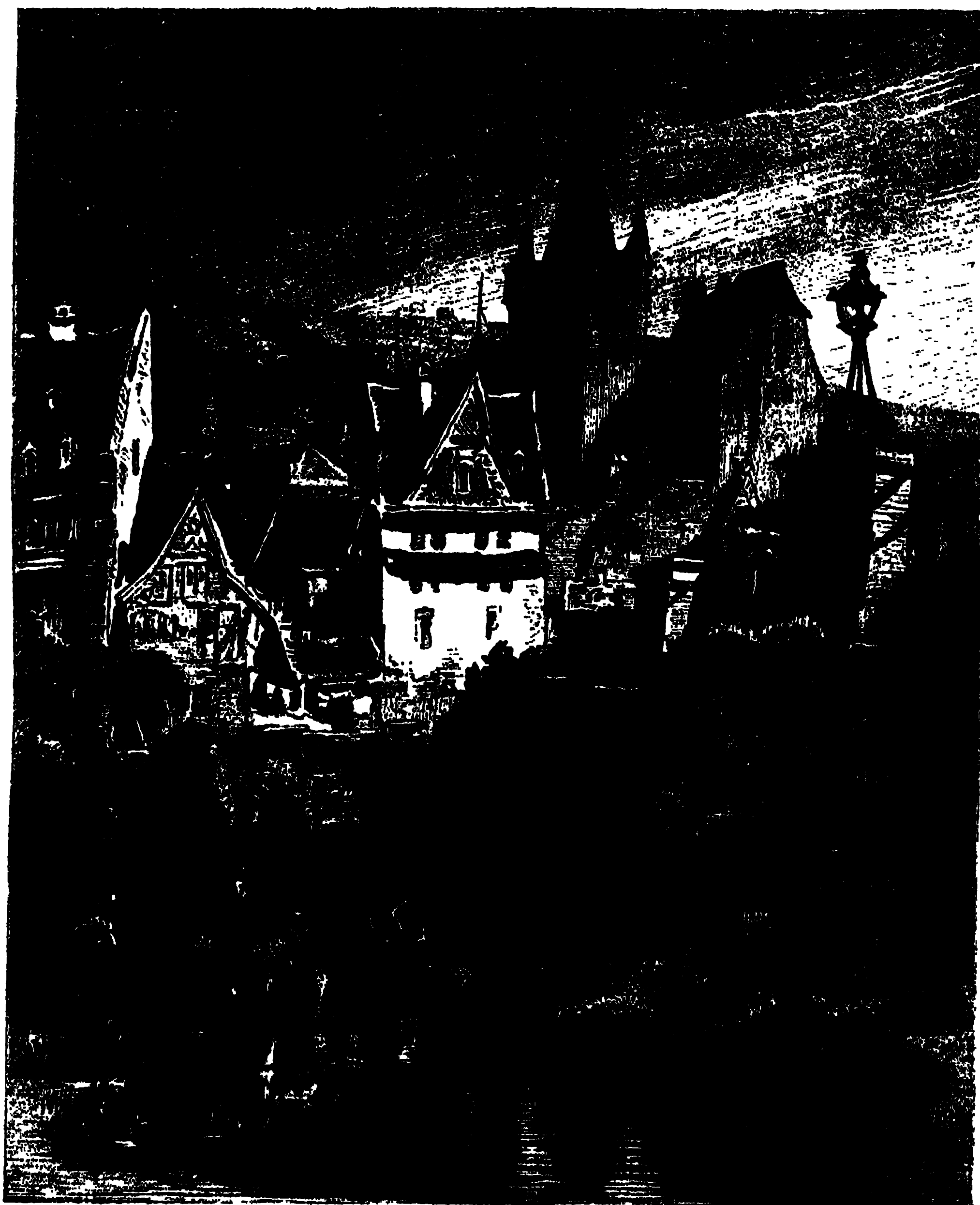
of Nassau is either derived from Nasua, the general of the Swabians, " or from two brothers, the Lepartii, one of whom Cæsar made guardian of the bridge which was erected at Coblentz, and prefect of the adjacent country. Here he, himself, founded the Castle of Lipporn, named from his own patronymic; and of his descendants, one founded Lauremburg, and another Nassau, so called from the moist nature of the district (*madidum territorium*). The race was, in fact, called Von Lauremburg for a century before they built the Castle of Nassau; for doing which a dispute arose between them and the town of Worms, which had obtained the district mentioned by the name of Nassau, together with the Church of Weilburg, as early as the year 915. The Lauremburgers, who had established by custom their jurisdiction over the Church of Weilburg, would not be dislodged, and the dispute was arranged by Worms ceding its proprietorship by way of exchange to Treves, and the latter giving the ancestral stronghold in fee to the house of Nassau." The Castle of Nassau has fallen into ruins for several centuries, and only enthusiastic lovers of nature now mount its heights in order to cast a glance over the surrounding valleys from the tower which has been restored.


SCHAUMBURG.

The Convent of Arnstein lies before us, picturesquely surrounded by precipices overgrown with verdure, and surmounted by four towers. Below it lies the Castle of Langenau. Arnstein, which is one of the loveliest landmarks, is a monastic castle, and was, in fact, the seat of the gaugraves of that name. A hundred years after its erection (in 1139) Arnstein, which was originally called Arnoldstein, was turned into a Premonstrant Abbey by the last of the gaugraves. It is said that the pious Count Louis, with six of his knights, laid down the sword and assumed the cowl, leaving no heirs behind him. His wife Guda also ended her life in a convent. Count Louis died here in the odour of sanctity, and four knights carried his body on their shoulders to the monastery church. The Counts of Isenburg inherited his domain, and from them it went, by purchase, to the Counts of Nassau and Katzenellenbogen. As a monastery Arnstein acquired great wealth, and the Church of St. Margaret—the ruins of which lie lower on the mountain—though far older, belonged to the abbey. Arnstein is well preserved, and is at the present time inhabited by a clergyman.

The Castle of Langenau was the ancestral home of the family of that name, which died out at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Countess Giech, daughter of the minister Stein, had the castle fitted up as a hospital and refuge for deserted children. At the present day its exterior is still well preserved with its towers and walls, and the interior has been again put into habitable repair, and is used for agricultural purposes.

Leaving the Convent of Brunnenburg behind us on the left bank of the Lahn, our attention is for a moment arrested by the ruins of Laurenburg, formerly also an ancestral home of the lords of Nassau. Presently, however, we come upon the much more interesting and beautiful ruins of Balduinstein, which stand on the face of the mountain. This castle is named after its builder, the quarrelsome Archbishop of Treves, so often mentioned in connection with the feuds of the Rhine district, and who obtained from the emperor the privileges of a town for this place. The remains still testify to the former extent of this



VIEW IN DIEZ.

stronghold, which the warlike priest erected on land taken in battle from that of Westerburg. At length we approach the gem of the Lahn Valley, Schaumburg, which was, till 1812, in possession of the now extinct family of Anhalt-Bernburg-Schaumburg. It was, from 1848 to 1867, the residence of the Archduke Stephen of Austria, who retired here and was a benefactor to the whole Lahn Valley, where the inhabitants almost worshipped him. For nearly twenty years before his death, he was actively employed in the completion and adornment of his castle. After his death the place passed, by will, to the Duke George Louis of Oldenburg. The building stands in a conspicuous position on a ridge of rock, and with

its slender, graceful towers, forms an ornament among all the pitiful ruins round about. It is carefully kept, and is surrounded by beautiful pleasure-gardens. In the interior everything shows the thoughtful care and good taste of a prince who, weary of the political care and bustle which had oppressed him as Palatine of Hungary, devoted the remainder of his life to rural retirement, and found satisfaction in the gratification of his personal inclinations, in benevolence and courteous intercourse with the people around him.

The interior of the castle is well worth a visit. It is entered by a mediæval porch, and contains a palmhouse, an unusually fine collection of minerals, horse-trappings, and weapons; but still more pleasing is the view over the Lahngau, the Westerwald, and the Taunus, from a sort of belvidere constructed over



BANK OF THE LAHN AT DIEZ.

one of the towers. Even in the towns of Diez and Limburg we are told of the works of the archduke, and the warm feeling of that prince for all who came in contact with him.

A little off the road to Diez and near the Lahn lies the Fachinger spring, which is similar to the Seltzer spring, and is, indeed, by some persons preferred to it; but its waters have not the wide popularity of the Seltzer.

Of Diez itself we have but to mention the former castle of the family of Nassau-Diez, which stands near the marble quarry. Since the year 1874 it has been used as a House of Correction, and its inmates are employed in quarrying. An avenue of lime-trees leads from Diez to the Castle of Oranienstein, which is romantically situated on a rock, and has been a cadet school since 1866. The view over the town from the so-called "Twelve Pillars" is very fine. From Diez, the Castle of Ardeck calls our attention to the mouth of the Arde Valley. The railway gradually ascends the hill from Limburg. The valley of the Lahn lies beneath us, and the eye freely takes in from here the view over the mountain-chain, the castles, the roads which, running over mountains and ravines, over table-lands and plains, all meet

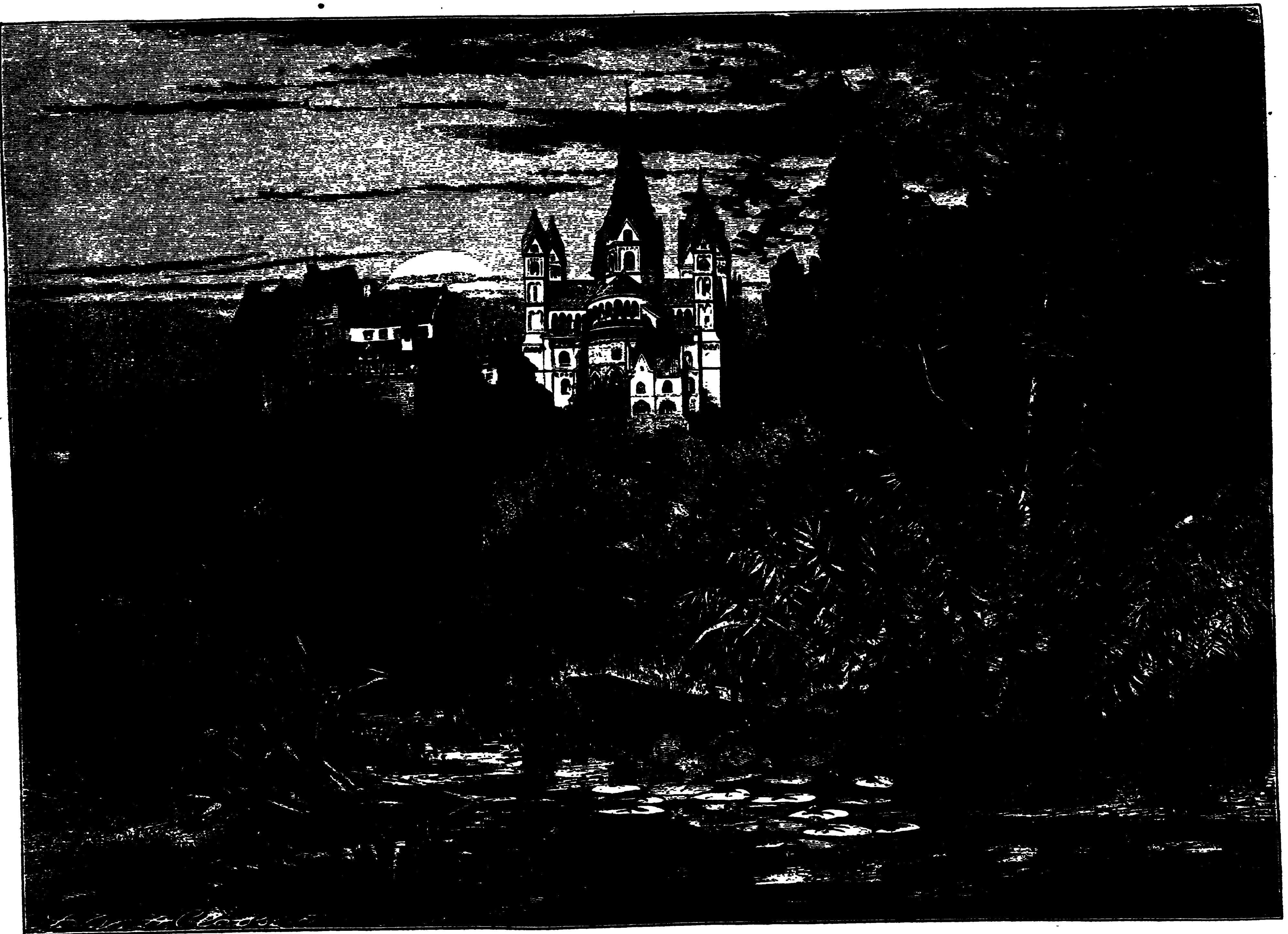
together here in a common centre, and our gaze rests with veneration on the ancient cathedral standing majestically upon its rocky pedestal.

The learned are not unanimous as to the origin of this beautiful memorial. The most correct opinion is probably that which considers that the whole building did not, as was asserted by the older inquirers, date from the year 910, but that as it now stands, near the castle, it sprang from the period from 1213 to 1240. However this may be, the Cathedral of St. George at Limburg is one of the finest ecclesiastical buildings of Germany, and is well preserved in its romantic forms. The inscription over the west door shows the older date of what may be called the primitive building, "Basilica Sancti Georgi 909." According to the same inscription the church was restored in 1766, and again in the year 1840, and a fresh restoration is now being accomplished at the expense of the Government. The interior of the church has a fine effect, with its peculiarly-placed galleries, whilst the elevated situation of the cathedral makes the effect of the great tower rearing itself between the two side-towers very striking.



STREET IN LIMBURG.

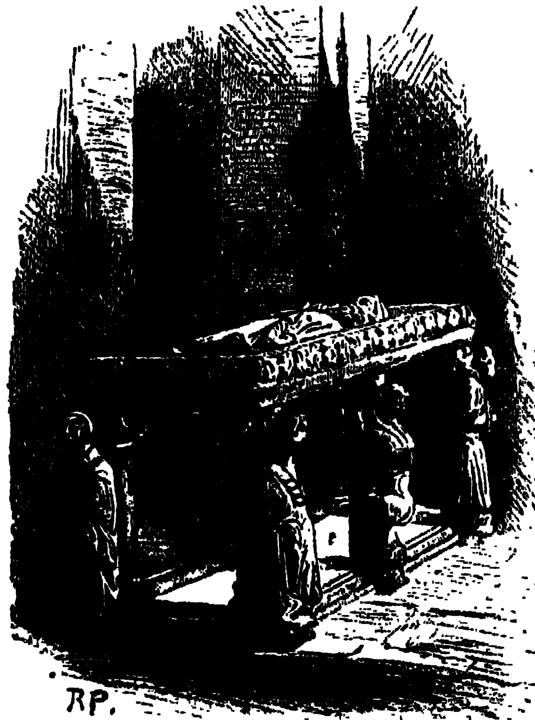
The *Limburg Chronicle* is always esteemed on the Rhine as the most credible source in all matters of doubt. In any case, Kuno or Conrad, named Kurzbold, Gaugrave of the Lahnthal, a nephew of the Emperor Conrad, may be considered the real founder of the cathedral where he lies buried. On account of his short and somewhat deformed figure, he is handed down to us by tradition under the name of Kurzbold. He was once very popular in ballad, not only on account of his acute mind, but also for his heroic deeds, which the people celebrate in their narratives as though he were a very David. Like the scriptural hero, he fought victoriously against giants and wild beasts; and when Giselbert of Lorraine and Eberhard of Franconia rebelled against the emperor, and would have crossed the Rhine, Kurzbold fell upon them. He hurled his spear with such force into the boat of the two rebels that it sank, and the Lord of Lorraine was drowned in the stream; but Kurzbold lifted the Duke of Franconia on to the shore. "At another time," further relates Simrock, "Kurzbold was standing alone with the Emperor Otto I., when a lion broke out of a cage. The emperor, who was unarmed, would have seized Kuno's sword, but the latter sprang before him, fell upon the lion, and slew him. Once a huge slave, boasting of his gigantic form, challenged the royal army. Then Kurzbold stepped forth and slew him, like David, only with a spear instead of a stone. But the wise Conrad had one peculiarity—he could bear neither apples nor women. He, therefore, died unmarried; and the church which he raised for the repose of his father's soul is dedicated to St. George, the valiant knight who slew the dragon and the serpent."



LIMBURG CATHEDRAL.

Besides Kurzbold's tomb in the cathedral, the Church-treasures, the insignia and utensils, the Gothic font, the tabernacle, an image of Christ dated 1599, and the choir-stalls are well worth seeing. The figure of St. George has led many people to the conclusion that dragons once abounded in the neighbourhood, and that the church was on that account dedicated to the dragon-slayer.

John Gensbein, the author of the *Limburg Chronicle*, relates that the town was wasted by fire in 1342, and at a subsequent date by pestilence. In later times still, troubles have not been wanting; the Swedes and the French, of whose vandalism there is evidence on every side, ran riot in Limburg. In 1802 Limburg came under the government of Nassau, in 1827 it became the seat of a bishopric, and in 1866 it was, with the rest of the country, incorporated into the State of Prussia.



CONRAD'S TOMB.



COBLENTZ FROM PFAFFENDORF.

COBLENTZ.

NO place on the Rhine would be so well adapted as Coblentz for an international colony of dreaming idlers, such as the rich man gladly seeks, had not races and peoples selected just this point, formed by the union of two great rivers, either as a fulcrum for further conquests, or as a position of defence for what was already won. This fact has given a strategical importance to the place, which has stiffened all its romance into stone and iron, and placed the delights, the joys of God's beautiful nature under the inexorable laws of War. The town is well situated on the banks of both rivers. Before it stands the mighty Ehrenbreitstein, in its panoply of stubborn rock bristling with menacing cannon. Along the whole of the Rhine's course this is the strongest of all the guardians of German independence—an independence which has been so often threatened from the west. It is, however, a singular fact that the original fortress which was placed here, namely, the citadels built by Drusus, B.C. 9—11, were intended not to protect but to oppose the liberty of the German race.

The Romans named these citadels on the right bank of the Moselle *confluentes*, and the most

important of them included one hill of the ancient town. When the Franks built the *Castrum confluentes* in 486, they made it into a palace for their kings. It was in this that the German emperor afterwards, and finally the Bishops of Treves, dwelt, and also where Conrad III. was chosen Emperor of Germany in 1138. According to the chronicles, the town was situated at that time on the Moselle, and only spread by slow degrees to the shore of the Rhine. The old part of the city, with Zwing-Coblentz and the Bishops' Castle, accordingly is placed near the Moselle, at the extreme corner, at the confluence of the two rivers. That period of the thirteenth century which gave the town its fortified walls as well as the Zwingburg, is also the epoch of the quarrels which took place between the citizens and the bishops, and



BRIDGE OVER THE MOSELLE, COBLENTZ.

of the battles of the League of the Rhenish Towns against the freebooter knights of the castles, which lasted for several centuries. From that period also dates the Moselle bridge, which was built in 1344 by Baldwin of Treves, to unite the town with the destroyed suburb of Lutzel Coblentz.

The history of Coblentz has not many special features to interest us. It was here that the sons of Charlemagne, the kings Lothair, Louis, and Charles, drew up that agreement of division known as the Treaty of Verdun; and it was here that in 1606 the Electors of Mayence, Cologne, and Treves formed that league against the Protestants, in consequence of which the French and Spanish troops marched into the town and occupied it until the imperial army drove them out. In the year 1688 Marshal Boufflers wantonly bombarded the town and caused great destruction; and the last Elector, Clement Wenceslaus,

was the first to begin actively rebuilding the place. He restored the theatre and the whole of one part of the town, and in 1786 occupied the newly-built palace. With this we have pretty nearly exhausted the older history of Coblentz. The French Revolution overwhelmed Coblentz with "emigrants," some of whom the town would fain have done without.

The "Rhenish antiquarian" speaks as follows of that unhappy epoch:—"The extravagance and recklessness of the French court at Coblentz—that of the sultanas and ministers—at length overstepped all limits. The offices of the ministers and of the police, the furnishing of provisions for the army of emigrants caused an immoderate expenditure. The swarm of spies and go-betweens that was maintained in all parts of the country by Calonne (who was Louis XVI.'s irreconcilable enemy, being his dismissed



COBLENTZ: PART OF THE NEW PARK.

minister), completely exhausted all resources. Misery rose to a fearful height, and in the meantime the courts of the two princes were guilty of culpable extravagance. The Elector provided the king's two brothers with bread, wine, and meat; but notwithstanding this, the rest of their table cost monthly fifty thousand thalers. Besides this, ninety silver covers and other articles belonging to the Elector were lost. The French police at Coblentz (which the Elector had given over to Prioreau and Rey) bribed some of the famishing people of good position to act as spies. The commanders of the troops followed the example, and a sort of secret inquisition was set up in Coblentz. Secret impeachments were introduced and speedily multiplied. The police and commanding officers made use of their men for arbitrary arrests. The citadel of Coblentz became a second Bastille, in which within the space of eight months two hundred



COBLENTZ.

prisoners of good family were incarcerated on insufficient pretexts without being able to obtain their sentence."

The troops of the French Revolution, when they took the town in 1794, had their vengeance for the conspiracy of the emigrants thus carried on here at that time with the German princes, for they levied on it a contribution of four million francs. In the year 1798 Coblentz was made the capital of the department of the Rhine and Moselle. After the French were driven out in 1814, the town came, in 1815, into the possession of Prussia, which set to work, in the following year, to make it one of the strongest of its fortresses—and, indeed, it is now, with its gigantic outworks, almost impregnable. This contributed greatly to the prosperity of the place. Coblentz is now the seat of the highest civil and



BANKS OF THE MOSELLE AT COBLENTZ.

military authority; it has a garrison of 6,000 men, and is the favourite residence of Queen Augusta of Prussia.

The most beautiful part of the town is the quay on the Rhine, from the palace to the so-called "German Corner," with the bridge of boats leading to Ehrenbreitstein. Here lies the Castorhof, and on the point of the right bank of the Moselle, the house of the German or Teutonic-Order, which was built in the year 1309, and now serves the practical purpose of a provision store. St. Castor and the sainted Riza or Ritza, the daughter of Louis the Pious, lie buried in the churchyard. The former was once a hermit, who dwelt in a desolate cave and lived on roots; the latter was a pious soul, who apparently was enabled by the strength of her faith to work miracles, for it is related of her that she walked over the Rhine dryshod every day, to worship. The tomb in the choir-screen is that of the valiant and

energetic Archbishop Kuno of Falkenstein, and opposite it lies that of the Archbishop Werner of Königstein. A bronze memorial tablet also tells us of other later bishops of Treves who lay here. The Castor spring, which is to be seen opposite the porch, bears the following inscription:—"An 1812, mémorable par la campagne contre les Russes." It was placed here by the last French prefect. When the Russian general St. Priest came to Coblentz in 1814, this inscription pleased him, and he put under it, "Vu et approuvé par le commandant russe," &c.

Behind the Castorhof are the quarters of the commanding officer, where the Counts d'Artois and Provence once resided, and which, in 1804, Napoleon I. also made his headquarters. At present it is the official residence of the general in command of the Eighth Army Corps. The Market-house, formerly the Sheriffs' Courthouse, the Florins and Carmelite churches, are interesting on account of their architecture. So also are the former Archiepiscopal Castle at the Moselle Gate, which was built in 1276, and is now a factory; the old Moselle bridge, not far from it, and the railway bridge, which is situated a little farther up the stream. Metternich House, the birthplace of the celebrated statesman, was built in 1622 by the Elector Lothair von Metternich.

We make one more pious expedition to the churchyard before the Löhn gate, and then to the new Rhine park. In the one lies the grave, and in the other, between two beautiful poplars, the monument of one of the noblest of patriots, the poet Max von Schenkendorf. The latter is composed of a block of black marble, on which is the poet's bust in bronze, and under it Arndt's words,—

"Er hat vom Rhein,
Er hat vom deutschen Land
Mächtig gesungen,
Dass Ehre aufstand
Wo es erklungen."

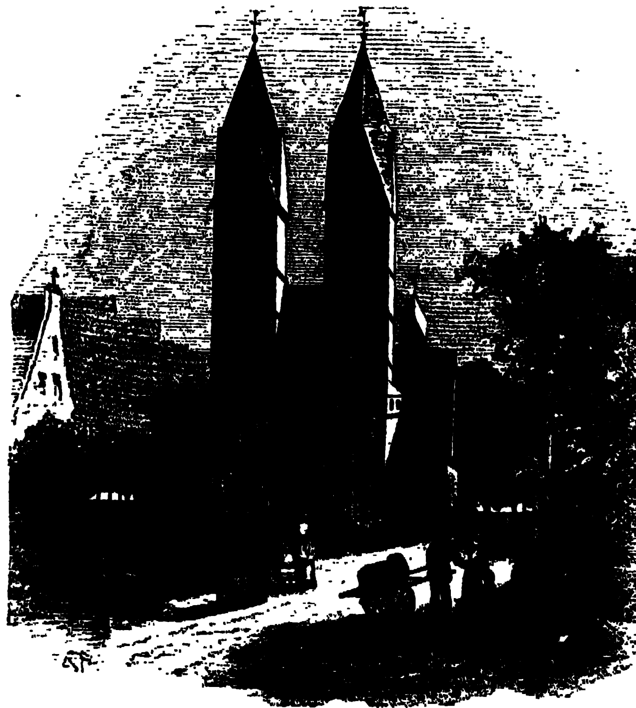
Which may be rendered—

"He sang of the Rhine,
He sang of the German Land
With mighty sound;
Where'er it was heard, on every hand,
Did honour abound."

The pontoon bridge over the Rhine takes us to Ehrenbreitstein, the striking rock-citadel, formerly called after the little town of the same name, which, however, is usually known by the people of Coblentz as "Thal." This was the birthplace of Clement Brentano, and contains within it a house in which Goethe stayed during the summer of 1774. It was the house of Sophia Laroche, of whom he speaks in "Wahrheit und Dichtung." But what place has poetry in this warlike town? Town and rock lie opposite each other, like Tangiers and Gibraltar, only more closely connected. The place is, indeed, called the German Gibraltar, though nothing in the whole fortress reminds us of the cumbrous terraces of that English stronghold.

A castle may have stood here in the time of the Romans, but we learn from the chronicles—the earliest sources of information—only of the stronghold erected here by Count Erembert, in the possession of which the Bishops of Treves were confirmed by Henry II. in 1018. The place having been destroyed, the erection of regular fortifications was taken in hand, in 1484, by Pasqualin, an Italian, at the command of the Elector of Baden, and at the same time wells were dug. The fortress was betrayed into the hands

of the Spaniards in 1632, and fell in the same way into the hands of the Swedes and French, and a second time into those of the latter in 1799, when the army of the Republic starved out the garrison. The French destroyed the fortress in 1801, but, on the settling of the war account, they were obliged to pay for the rebuilding of it, which was accomplished about the year 1826. To the traveller who has an inclination for the inspection of this gigantic mass of stone and rock, it offers a perfect map, and he who wishes to survey the lovely Rhine and Moselle Valley from the highlands of the right bank will see from Vallendar a truly enchanting picture.



COBLENTZ: CHURCH OF ST. CASTOR.



VIEW OF TREVES.

THE MOSELLE.

We were able to follow for a short distance the streams of the little rivers, the Nahe and the Lahn, but the Moselle with its wealth of history, its treasures of tradition, and its coast beauty, we must describe, if not from its source on the western declivity of the Vosges, at least from the point where it enters Germany. The last great war gave back to the latter country a beautiful reach of shore, with the romantic vineyards producing the red wine which the French had so long considered as peculiarly their own. It was decreed for this generation of Germans to carry their victorious banners on the banks of the Moselle from Pont-à-Mousson, beneath the vineyards of Pagny, to Metz, in the beautiful valley of the river, and to dictate new boundaries which gave it back a considerable part of the old Moselle district.

The original inhabitants of the country on the Moselle were peaceable Celts—Celtic Gauls, far surpassing the Germanic tribes in culture, as we learn from Roman sources. These, on being driven out of the Rhone basin towards the Moselle, planted themselves firmly here, although the Germanic races retained many of their pastures and dwellings. We are not told on what sort of terms they lived with the Gauls. We only know, unfortunately, that in later times the new Gauls belonged at one time to France, at another to Germany, until the last great collision of the two nations regulated the boundaries.

However attractive a further research into the history of the Upper Moselle might be, we have not space to indulge in it here, but we must begin our excursion down the river. We start near the former French boundary in the beautiful valley of the Moselle, which contains the oldest town in Germany, the *Augusta Trevirorum*, the venerable Treves. An inscription on the "Red House," the former senate-house of the town, states that it was built three hundred years before Rome, and consequently two thousand years before Christ.

It is incontestably proved that when the Roman legions pressed forward to this place from Gaul they found a town already established and inhabited by Celts and Germans, and the Emperor Augustus formed

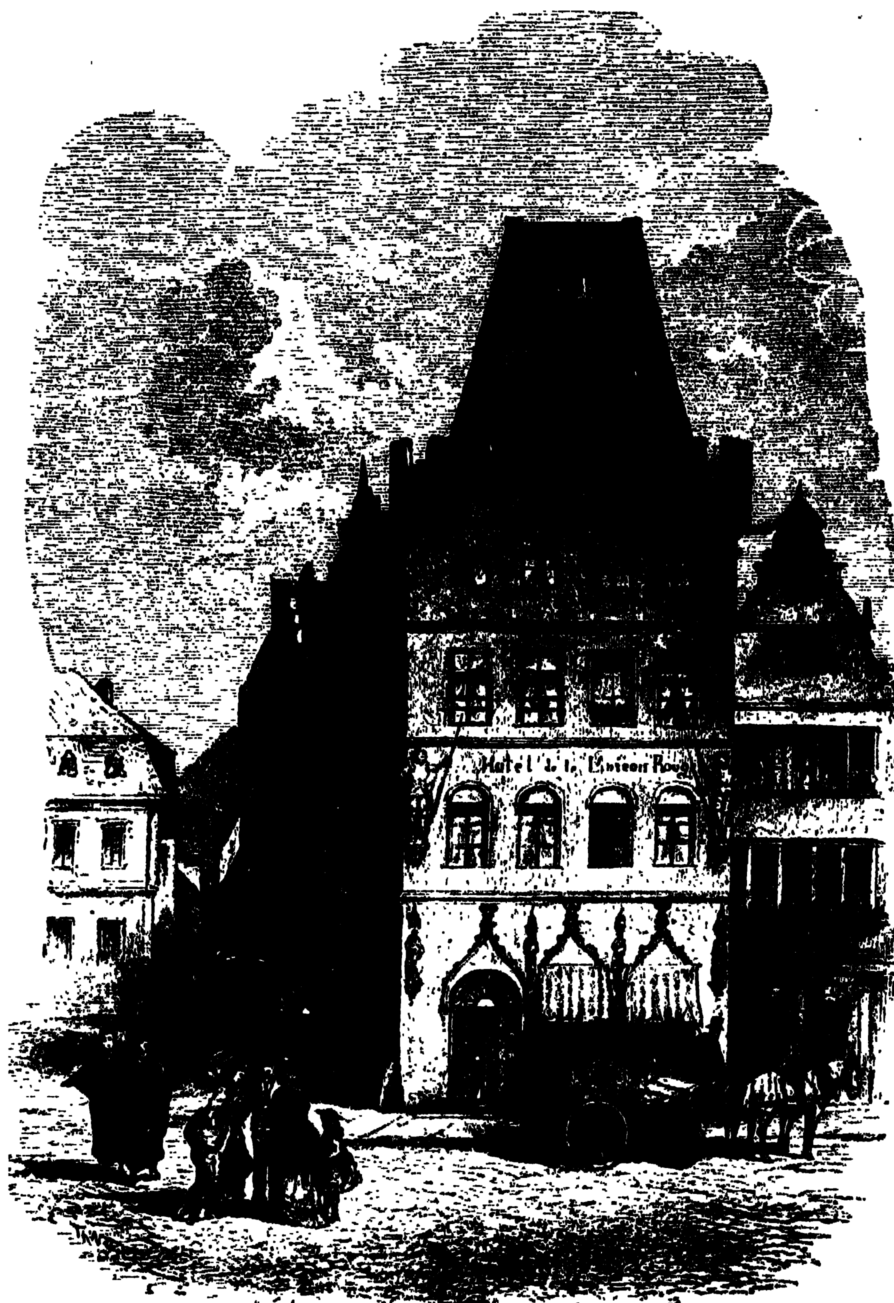


THE PORTA NIGRA, TREVES.

it into a Roman colony as the town of the Treviri. Treves became, on account of its advantageous position, the chief town of Upper Belgia (*Belgica prima*), the centre of the Roman possessions; and the industry of the Gauls erected here architectural monuments which fill us at the present day with wonder. Under Constantine Treves was made the imperial capital, and remained so during the reign of his successors, and at last became a new Rome, whose splendour under the Emperors Maximian, Constantine, Valentinian, and others, strove to compete in rank even with ancient Rome. Ausonius, the author of the "Mosella," calls Treves the second Rome, and his description of its brilliancy and its riches, its houses of the great and wealthy on the banks of the Moselle, and its gardens, gives us an idea of its former

splendour; which, however, after five inroads of the Huns and Vandals was reduced to a shapeless mass of ruins.

Treves also held an important position among the Franks, as the chief town of Austrasia. The Merovingians often resided here, as did also Theodoric, Theodobert, and Sigbert. Christianity early found a place in Treves, temples were soon built for it, and records tell of many who, even under Maximian, were martyred for their faith. The first bishop was Eucharias, or, according to other accounts, St. Ægritius.



THE "RED HOUSE," TREVES.

The bishops soon learnt to extend their power as far as the Rhine, and their authority afterwards became an important electoral power, which has already been often mentioned. The most powerful of all the bishops was Baldwin, the Luxemburger, the Lion of Treves, whose influence spreading over all Germany, caused his brother Henry VII. to be crowned emperor. Clement Wenceslaus, the last of the Electors, as is well known, removed his capital to Coblentz, whither his worldly interests called him, and we have already seen how lamentably the power of the Electorate, once so extensive, declined with him.



VIEW OF TREVES.

The history of Treves in the Middle Ages is also tolerably rich in sieges, visitations of pestilence and disease, and trials for witchcraft, with all of which struggling industry had to contend. The French incendiaries in the course of the Thirty Years' War, the occupation by the troops of the French Republic, and lastly, the dominion of the First Empire, which made Treves the chief town of the department of the Saar, sadly reduced its prosperity. In 1815 it became a Prussian provincial town, and settled down into the quiet existence of such a position, living for a long time on the memory of its great past, which makes it one of the most interesting spots to the traveller on the Rhine and Moselle.

It is true that the brilliancy, the magnificence of the Roman and Christian Emperors have vanished, and only the grey torso in the ruins of fallen grandeur speaks still to us of them—it is also true that the villas of the nobles on the Moselle and its neighbouring streams are not now to be seen, but nothing can obliterate the charm of the beautiful valley, the idyllic repose of which was only disturbed by a passing political cloud in 1870. On that occasion it was rumoured that the French had crossed the frontier at Perl—news which, fortunately, proved to be false, though the outposts of the enemy stood so near the frontier that they fired on the trains which ran from Treves to Saarbrück.



THE IGELER MONUMENT.

Although the monuments remaining in Treves are comparatively few, it seems as though the spirit of those great days still hovers over the venerable town; and hardly one of its sisters on this side of the Alps can boast of such architectural Roman treasures. The modern spirit of inquiry has indeed already assigned many relics, which were formerly considered remarkable specimens of Roman antiquities, to more recent periods; but this in no way decreases the value of those that remain, such as the Porta Nigra, now called St. Simeon's Gate, a stone colossus which is unique in Germany. However strongly its appearance affirms that a Roman building stands before us, Kugler and others assert that the true antique construction and decoration are wanting, and that the gateway must belong to the Merovingian period. The Porta Nigra was formerly a fortified city-gate, constructed on the most colossal proportions, of reddish sandstone, its huge blocks being held together, not with mortar, but with iron cramps. Only one of the two towers stands at its full height, the uppermost story of the other being wanting. Two doors lead into the building, and are the only openings on the ground floor. No particular order seems to be observed in the arrangement of the pillars, and at the present time the whole gives an impression that the building was never completed.

Both gate and street are called Simeon, after a Syracusan hermit who lived in one of the towers in the eleventh century. The Archbishop Poppo turned the building into a church and dedicated it to the saint. A few traces of the work of his time are still to be observed. In the interior is a collection of the antiquities which have been found so numerous in the neighbourhood. The Roman baths at the south-eastern end of the town wall are, without question, the remains of a Roman imperial palace, of which



ON THE EIFEL.

only these baths exist. At various périods the wall has been made to serve many purposes; sometimes it has been a church, sometimes a castle, sometimes a city-gate, until the storming of the town in the year 1673 destroyed all but the foundation, in which may still be recognised the outline of a great hall surrounded by three circular corridors.

At the village of Olewig, in the valley, lies the amphitheatre, hewn in the rock. It was built about

the year 50, and at the Roman time was capable of containing some thirty thousand people. It resembles the buildings the ruins of which we meet with frequently on the native soil of the Romans, on the other side of the Alps. The dark cages of the wild beasts, the chambers of the gladiators, can still be distinguished, and the outer wall, to a height of six or seven feet, is well preserved. Tradition says that the Emperor Constantine once sacrificed a thousand Frankish prisoners of war, with their officers, by throwing them to the wild beasts. The Basilica may be noticed as a work of the last-named emperor; but there appears to be much uncertainty as to its intention and object. The brick building has been taken for an imperial palace, which it certainly was not. It is much more probable that it was used as a court of justice, and as the seat of the Belgic Assembly. At the Frankish period the Basilica became



RUINS OF GEROLSTEIN.

a royal palace, and in the Middle Ages the seat of the Archbishop of Treves, who then removed to the palace close by.

The Cathedral of Treves is one of the most interesting of German churches. It is especially remarkable from the fact that the original design of it was, without question, the Roman basilica, although it owes its creation to Christianity, and that all the bishops, until the eighteenth century, continued to work at it. Valentinian I. built a tribunal hall at this place, in which religious services were held when Christianity was introduced. When the interior of the building was destroyed by fire, Bishop Nicetius had it restored in the Byzantine style. One of the four gigantic pillars in the interior fell in the eleventh century, and the building, which is in the simple Roman style, and is well-preserved, is now supported by three. The eastern choir is brilliantly decorated. Another fire, in the year 1717, did much damage to the cathedral.

Among the numerous images, monuments, and relics, we will only here name the Sacred Coat, built into the wall behind the high altar, a nail from the Cross, and a piece of the Crown of Thorns, both of which are preserved in the reliquary. The first-mentioned relic was brought here by St. Ægritius from the Holy Grave in Jerusalem, in A.D. 326, and was discovered again in 1121 built into an altar. People who saw it in 1844, when it was exhibited to a large number of pilgrims, describe it as being without a seam, and of a colour apparently once purple, now of a yellowish brown.

If the cathedral is the most remarkable, St. Matthias and the Church of the Holy Virgin are the oldest of all German churches. The latter, though Romanesque in its ground-plan, decidedly exhibits the Gothic style, which here found, for the first time, its systematic application, and it is this that gives the building so important a place in the history of architecture. Being erected between the years 1227 and 1244, it



THE WEINFELDER MAAR.

was already completed before the Cathedral of Cologne was begun. As we have just stated, Treves is rich in other ancient buildings. Among them is the Red House, on which are the four patron saints of the town and two knights in complete armour, and the inscription, "Ante Romam Treviris stetit annis mille trecentis," &c. The market-cross stands in the middle of the square, on Roman pillars; we are told that it was erected in the year 958 by Henry, Archbishop of Treves. Not far from it is St. Peter's well. Farther along, on the canal, is the house of Wittlich, in which the Reformer Caspar Olevianus was born; and lastly, the house of the three kings in the Simeonstrasse, which, having been built in 1150—1220, is considered the oldest existing dwelling-house in Treves. We must especially notice one more Roman building, which, though it was restored after its destruction by the French in the eighteenth century, still stands on its original foundations, namely, the Roman bridge over the Moselle. This rests on eight arches, of which only two are of the earlier date.

It is impossible to describe all the points of interest in the lovely valley that surrounds the old town with eternal youth, or even to mention all the spots well known in poetry, of which history speaks with eloquent tongue even from the oldest times. We must, however, not omit the so-called Igeler Pillar, an obelisk-like monument, which the noble Romans dedicated to the dead of their families, as may be read on the half-obliterated inscription. This is usually visited from Conz; it is a work of great artistic value, unique in Germany, and is considered a stone apotheosis from the last Roman imperial period.

The old Roman road to Coblentz passes over the plateau of the Eifel. We prefer, however, the navigable course of the river, and sail from the landing-stage at the old Moselle bridge, passing Pallien, and arriving at Pfalzel, the ancient Palatiolum, where Adela, the daughter of King Dagobert, founded a convent for noble ladies in 655. The nuns, however, do not seem to have been what they should, for the Bishop of Treves turned the ladies out and converted the place into a monastery. The scene of the legend of St. Geneviève is sometimes wrongly placed here. The episcopal castle which was built here in 1131 was destroyed by Albert of Brandenburg and the French.

At the village of Ruwer a stream of the same name runs into the Moselle, and is the Erubrus of



PULVER MAAR.

Ausonius. Farther on the river receives the Kyll, which also runs down from the Eifel, and the Quint, and farther still the Salm, the Drohn, and the Lieser. At Schweich, the mountains draw closer together, and from this point the river runs in a north-easterly direction to the Rhine in deep, rockbound windings. At every curve fresh natural beauties are disclosed, often of a curious and even sublime character. The scenery continually changes; at one place it is rugged, with wild overhanging rocks, over which the bushes and creepers climb; at another it is bare and desolate, with bold, projecting stone; and a little farther on still, it is peaceful and cultivated, with green festoons, luxuriant meadows, and enchanting dells. Above, on the steep hillside, or buried among carefully-tended gardens, we see the roofs of numerous dwellings peeping up between the mouth of the ravine, forming a picture which it is impossible to describe.

On the inhospitable mountain-plains above, the winter is most inclement. For more than half the year a keen wind, which pierces to the very marrow, prevails on the Hunsrück and the hills within the smouldering Eifel. These volcanic highlands extend between the Ardennes and the Hunsrück in multiform shapes, but are for the most part bare, inhospitable, and melancholy, the wonderful result of some

great convulsion of nature, such as is to be found in no other part of Europe. The rocky summits rear

EVENING ON THE MOSELLE.

their jagged points heavenward in grotesque shapes, although the so-called Upper Eifel is little more than 1,600 feet above the level of the sea.

This remarkable tract of country is known by the name of the Upper Eifel, with Upper Acht, Kellberg, and Nürburg; Vorder Eifel, with Gerolstein and Daun, and Schnee, or Snowy Eifel, shortly called Schneifel. Vorder Eifel is that which usually attracts tourists, and the railway through the district of Treves, Kall, and Duren, has opened and smoothed the way. The traveller who formerly undertook the ascent of the Eifel, with an experienced guide at his side and good store of provisions, and rested on the desolate plateaux in poor villages whose inhabitants lived on the most frugal fare, is now carried through the beautiful Kyll Valley, over bridges and abysses, by the rushing locomotive. The romantic is always attractive, if only it can be enjoyed with comfort.



MARIENBURG.

The whole of the Eifel, geographically described as the north-western part of the slate mountains of the Lower Rhine, between the Moselle, the Rhine, and the Belgian frontier, is a mountain-district which is grotesque

almost to monotony, but yet offers rich variety in its valleys, and possesses some peculiarity of character. On every side are seen great rugged masses heaped up by volcanic action, formed of greywacke, through which granite and slate and the well-known Eifel limestone are constantly protruding. Even in the characteristic of these formations, the earlier, and especially the later, revolutions of the earth may be determined. Wild, and full of an awful romance, are those strangely-formed summits, consisting of great blocks of basalt, and whole tracts and fields of lava and petrified slime—forming a horrible chaos of volcanic deposit; while the valleys below are studded with villages and hamlets surrounded by green and fertile pastures. The whole forms a rich field for the geologist, and a picture of the highest and most peculiar interest for the tourist.

Circumscribed as the space allotted to us in these pages is, especially for digressions, we must take only a passing glance over the lovely Kyll Valley, which runs like a clear vein through the ravine. We must also simply mention the "Maare," or mountain-lakes, whose stillness almost amounts to heaviness; the rocks which rise round them; and the villages which are scattered like oases among the inhospitable table-lands. Up yonder lies Kyllburg, leaning on the rock, the remains of the fortress which was built by the Archbishop Theodoric II. The church, which dates from 1276, was restored, but its once-beautiful cloister remains in ruins. In the neighbourhood of Kyllburg is the Castle of Malberg. The gem of the whole valley is Gerolstein, crowded in between the rock and the river. On the limestone above the town stand the ruins of the Castle of Gerolstein, and opposite it the Pappenkaul, an empty crater. The race of Blankenheim, or Gerardstein, who built it, dwelt in this castle, and when this family became extinct the castle fell into the hands of Dietrich III. of Manderscheid. In 1691 it was burnt by its owner on the approach of the French, into whose hands it afterwards fell.


VIEW IN BERNCASTEL.

Everything about this place, so full of poetry, is interesting for the scholar, as well as for the romantic tourist. The Munterlei is especially worthy of a visit, with the splendid view of Gerolstein, also the magnificent ruins of Kasselburg on its basalt rock, and the village of Lissingen with its two ruined castles.

On the Lieser, which cuts through the mountain-chain, lies the town of Daun, on the side of the mountain-ridge. On the summit is the hereditary castle of the Counts of Daun, less interesting from historical records than from the wealth its environs offer to the geologist. On the Lieser also lies

Manderscheid, with its ruined castle standing upon a lofty rock. That which stands higher still was the hereditary castle of the counts of that name, from the belvedere on which a splendid view may be obtained. More interesting is the crater of Mosenberg, with its five clefts, between which the path taken by the streaming lava down into the valley is distinguishable.

In the neighbourhood of Daun the isolated lakes formed in the craters of extinct volcanoes have a strange and, as before stated, a melancholy effect. The best known are, the Weinfelder Maar, surrounded by tufa and sand, and having a lonely old church and churchyard on its bank; the Schalkenmehrener Maar, the Gemündener Maar, and, farther towards Strotzbüsch, the Pulver Maar, which is surrounded by wood. This last is the largest of these lakes—a league in circumference—and it shows more clearly than the others its volcanic origin, in the scoria which surrounds its banks. The most curious part of these pieces of water is the precipitous character of their banks, formed in steps or layers, which proves their origin. The stranger is often struck with a kind of unearthly feeling when he comes unexpectedly upon one of these abysses, and looks into the motionless, mysterious depths of the blue lake. The bare summits, the forms peculiar to the greywacke formation, here and there penetrated by mica and granite, force into the mind an impression of the reality of that mighty revolution which gave birth to this chaos; and the traveller is oppressed by a certain feeling of melancholy which is often the effect of the complete deadness of nature.



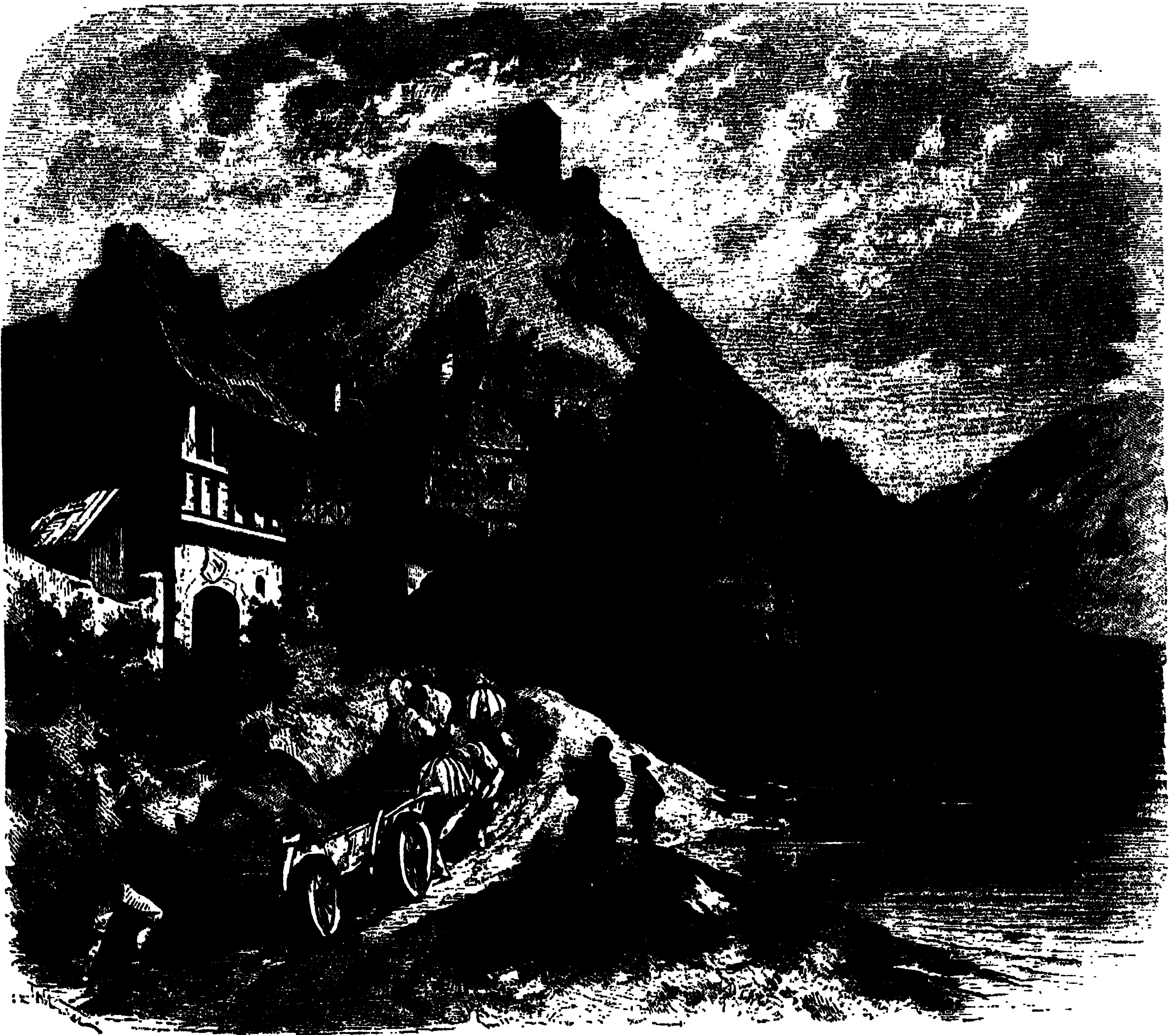
VIEW IN TRARBACH.

As the character of a country is always reflected in that of its inhabitants, so is it in the Eifel, with the exception of its green valleys. The manner of life, the habits and customs of the villagers are characterised by a scantiness and ignorance of the simplest comforts, which tell of the parsimony of their great mother Nature, who instead of bread offers them but stone. Everything is inhospitable, and on the rocky plateaux which we see from the Rhine, bathed in golden sunlight, there often exist populations so wretched, that the vultures of the Vosges hardly find it worth while to seek to share their food.

We must now return to the winding Moselle Valley, sheltered from storms and warmed by the bright sun, where are concentrated all the necessaries of life that are so painfully sought for in vain on the inhospitable rocks above. The busiest activity exists everywhere on the river-banks, in the towns as well as in the rural settlements; and even those who are engaged on the hillsides, and those that are employed in quarrying and mining among the mountains, when their day's work is done seek shelter and comfort on the

shore. We can only let this diorama pass hastily before us as we continually move forward on the course of the Moselle, and our eyes scarce can take in one object before it is displaced by another.

To our right in the valley lies Riol, the Roman Rigodulum, where but a few scarcely noticeable remains exist of the stronghold of Ringelsburg. History informs us that Cerialis here conquered the Treviri, under Valentinus, and took the latter prisoner. The castle once belonged to the nobles of Riolsburg. On the left bank, stretching like a thread beneath the slopes of the vineyards, is the little place spoken of in a



BEILSTEIN.

proverb peculiar to the Moselle, "As long as Klüsserath." On the same shore we see the birthplace of the learned Abbot of Sponheim whom we have already mentioned, namely, Trittenheim; and on the right bank Neumagen, with its Church of the Martyrs, and remains of a Roman building of which Ausonius has sung. The Emperor Constantine had his castle here, and the inhabitants of the place show us on the hills the spot where his camp stood. Legend says it was here that he saw in the sky the cross which was an omen of victory and warned him to embrace Christianity. The legend is repeated, as we shall hear, on

the banks of the Rhine. Rich historical discoveries were made here in the seventeenth century, but the greater part of the booty found its way to Treves.

The curves of the river presently become more capricious, describing the form of a horseshoe, on which stands Pisport, with its famed but also misused grapes. Just here we enter the wine district of the Moselle, whose finer growth is in no way inferior to that of the Rhine. The Moselle, it is true, has to resign herself to the fact that thousands of dozens of acid compositions are sent under her flag, especially into North Germany and to the Lower Rhine, and that all the obscure peasant-wines that are grown round about, in shady spots and on bad ground, figure under her name. But the fine Moselle wines are in no respect behind those of the Rheingau, if indeed they have not the advantage of the latter in a remarkable flavour and a mildness and sweetness that are wanting in the fiery temperament of the Rhine wine. They are



CHAPEL IN THE VINEYARD AT BEILSTEIN.

nicer, more pleasing to the palate, and have a delicate bouquet which is incomparable with that of any other wine. It is true they are less celebrated in song, but the Oligsberger, Josephshofer, Grünhäuser, and the Berncastler are not less fine on that account, and indeed they have a delicacy which the best of the Rheingauers may well envy. Besides this, the inhabitants live peaceably together, which is more than can always be said of the fiery Rheingauers. Most of the Saar wines which grow in the vicinity of the Moselle are called by the name of the latter, and the best of the Saar wines, the Scharzberger and the Scharzhofberger, are commonly known as Moselle wines.

The cultivation of the vine is naturally the principal business of the whole population. It is estimated that there are twenty-three thousand acres of vineyard between Treves and Coblentz, containing about seventy millions of vine plants. Where do they all find room? asks the traveller. A glance at the shore enlightens him. The slaty hills are planted on every slope, and on every ledge, crevice, and corner vines may be seen which evidently have been planted with anxious care and with undismayed

confidence in the soil, which looks so sterile to the uninitiated. Every spot the sun shines on is a vineyard, and the finest grapes are mostly found in places where there is scarcely room for a goat to set his four feet.

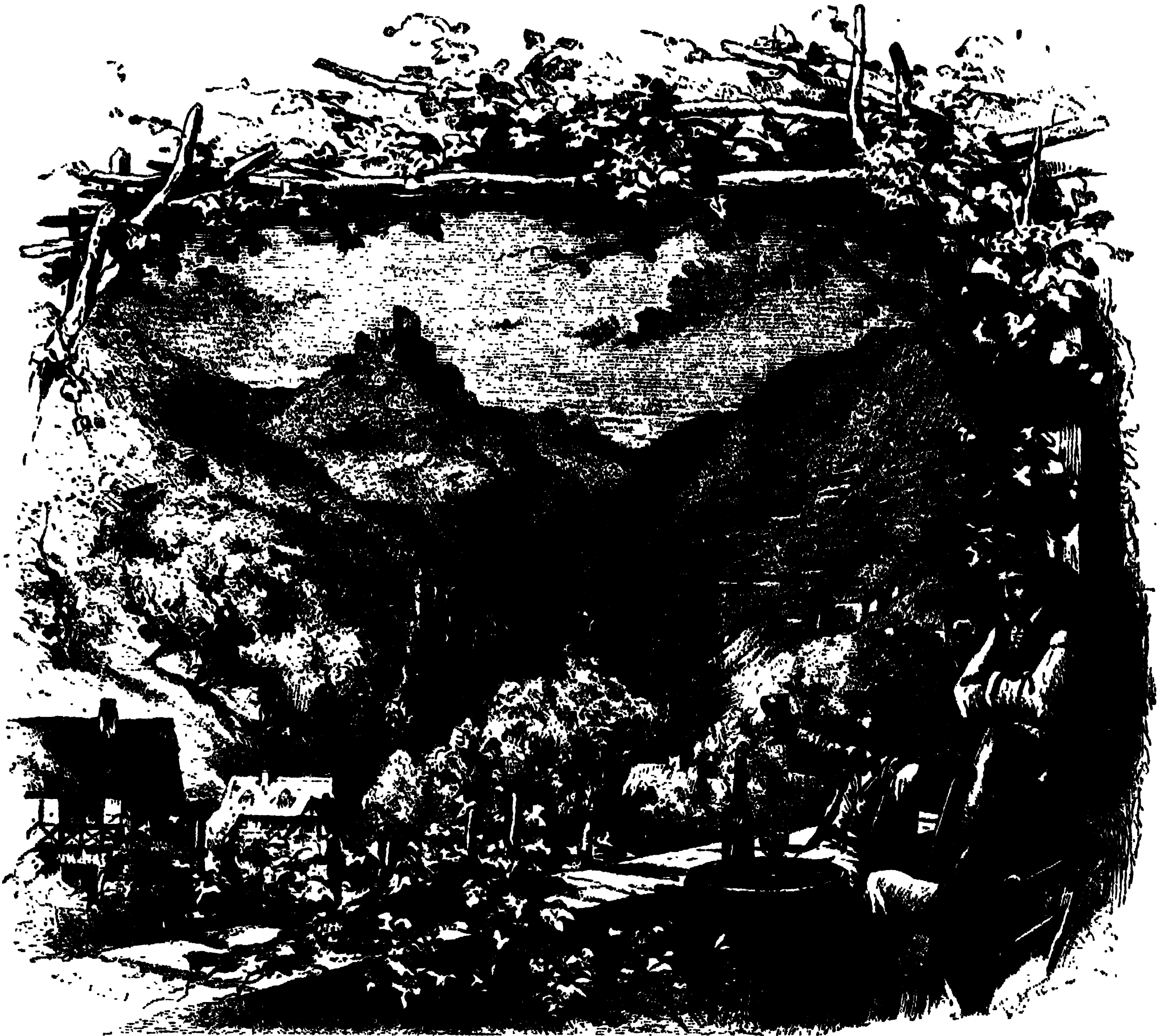
The French Moselle wines, as we have said, are of quite another character, and are principally of a red



KOCHEM.

colour. Among them may be mentioned Pagny. They have nothing in common with the German Moselle, though since the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine to the German Empire, a considerable quantity of these wines has come into the German market. Farther on we come to Oligsberg and Neuberg, a wine tract opposite Brauneberg, though more popular than the latter, whose name is associated with many frauds in the wine trade.

The Counts of Veldenz once lived in the castle at Mühlheim, in the valley of Veldenz, which is now a ruin. At the mouth of the Lieserbach is a village of the same name, the birthplace of the Provost John Lesuranus. Not far distant from it is Kues, the cradle of Cardinal Nicholas Cusanus, the son of a fisherman, born in 1401. He was Doctor of Laws in Padua, then he became Cardinal and Bishop of Brixen, and he was in his time a strenuous champion of the fallen purity of the Church. He lies buried at Rome, but his



KOCHEM.

heart was brought to his native town of Kues, where the house in which he was born is still shown. The Hospital of Kues was founded by him.

Opposite, on the right, lies Berncastel; and here we reach the first solid bridge over the Moselle. Though the town is said to have a Roman origin, the earliest records of it are from the eleventh century. The castle, which lies in ruins, seems from the first to have been in the way of the bishops of Treves. The original building was destroyed in 1107; another bishop laid low the restored building in 1201; till in 1277 another of them, Henry II., himself built a castle here, the ruins of which are still visible. Berncastel also grows good wines.

Every one has heard of the wine of Zeltingen and the local wine of Graach, which is also known under this name. The fine Josephshofer is an especial favourite, as also the wine of Trarbach—the old town

whose foundress, the Countess Lauretta von Salm, wife of Henry of Sponheim-Starkenburg, was celebrated in legend. The name Salm seems to have led the people to imagine that she was a fisherman's daughter; and the proud Bishop Baldwin of Treves would not recognise her as of equal birth with himself. He accordingly formed a project for depriving her of the castle after her husband's death. The countess hearing of his scheme, summoned all her people and had the castle well defended. When Baldwin at length came sailing across in his boat, without followers, she caused the unsuspecting bishop to be taken prisoner, and led to her sons, whom he contemplated declaring illegitimate. She so impressed the warlike priest that he



KOCHEM.

willingly remained for three days the prisoner of the proud and beautiful countess, and gladly returned afterwards as her guest. The ruins of the castle are still called the Gräfinburg, or Countess's Castle. It was the fate of Trarbach to be almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1857.

Opposite the mediæval town lie the vine-covered slopes of Traben. On the mountain once stood Fort Montroyal, which was raised by Louis XIV., after Vauban's plan. On the peace of Ryswick, which occurred shortly after its erection, it was demolished, and but little of it remains. The open view from the heights, commanding the valley on both sides, justified the position of a fortified watchtower on the rock, which sinks sharply into the river.

At Litzig we pass the remains of Starkenburg, which are barely discernible, the villages of Enkirch and Reil, and the river-bend at Pünderich. Opposite the Chapel of St. John, which stands on the bank of the river, are the ruins of Marienburg and the watchtower of Zell, towering above the valley. Behind the island, at the mouth of the stream, is the town of Alf, well known for its brisk wine trade. At this point the traveller leaves the steamer in order to visit Marienburg, which was once a strong castle. It was then converted into a convent, which was broken up by Leo X., and again changed into a fortified castle. On the opposite bank is King Alf, with its enchanting view on to the Moselle Valley. The Baths of Bertrich are seen also in a cleft of the valley, and are much frequented by gouty and rheumatic patients, on account of the warm alkaline spring which rises at the foot of the Palmberg. It was known as a medicinal spring by the Romans, and coins of Vespasian and Constantine are still occasionally found here. The whole neighbourhood round about is rich in volcanic formations and natural beauty.

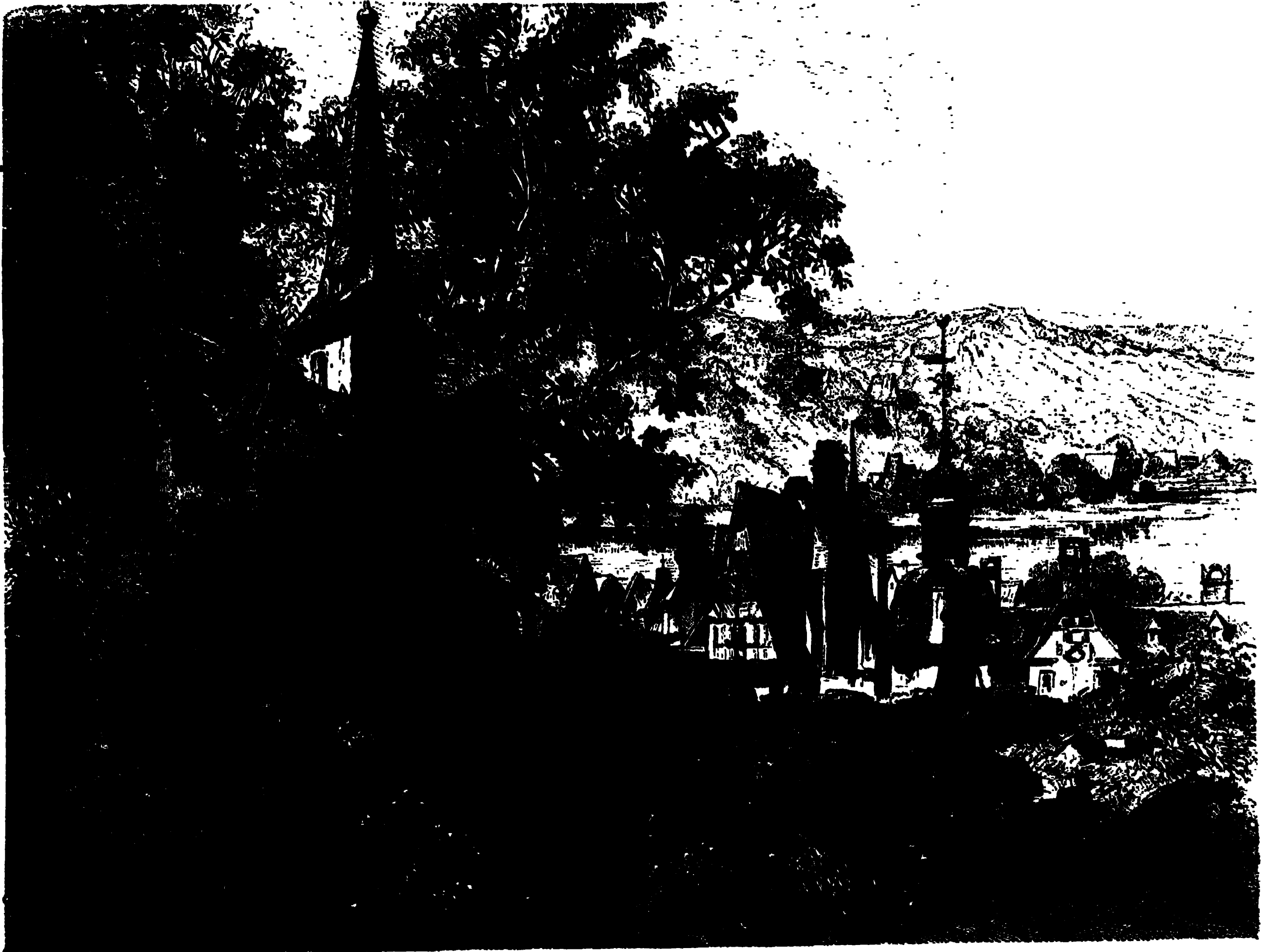

VIEW IN KARDEN.

At Bremm we come upon the remains of the former Convent of Stuben. On both banks of the river we are surrounded by old castle-walls, and Edinger, which is on the left, has a truly mediæval character. At Senheim there are more ruins, surrounded by dark walls of slate rock. The same feudal air strikes us at Beilstein, and in the ruins of the castle of the same name belonging to the Metternichs. Behind Beilstein is the Gotham of the Moselle, Kochem, with its splendid ruins of the castle, and the Capuchin monastery. In the eleventh century, the Countess-Palatine Richenza, who was afterwards Queen of Poland, dwelt here. The Electoral Princes of Treves, also, frequently resided in this place, which was taken by Marshal Boufflers in 1689. Many remains still found at the present day testify to the Roman origin of the town. In the earlier Capuchin monastery once lived Father Kochem, famed for the terrible torments in the next world which he threatened in his sermons.

Passing the ruins of Klotten and Treis, with its old church, we come to Karden, formerly a Roman camp. The cathedral of the town was raised over the cell which the hermit St. Castor built for himself in the fourth century. Near here, at Moselkern, the Eltz flows into the river, running down from the Eifel in a wild, impetuous course. In the valley of this river, which, though narrow, is picturesque, stands the well-preserved and truly feudal hereditary castle of the family of Eltz, crowned with towers and turrets, and at its feet flows the mountain-stream, over which a drawbridge leads to the castle. It has been preserved in spite of the centuries of devastation which have passed over its head. We hear of it as early as the tenth century, but the buildings date from the twelfth to the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, and

give to the observer the impression of a real work of the Middle Ages. It even defied the all-destroying Baldwin of Treves, who had a Contra Eltz built opposite it, and vainly strove to take the castle. A short road from Eltz leads to the ruined Castle of Pyrmont and to the elevated town of Munstermaifeld, where there is a church which is well worth seeing, containing the tomb of Kuno, of Eltz, who died in 1529.

On the left before us lies the tower of the ruins of Bischofstein, which can be seen from a great distance; this once belonged to Henry von Bolanden. Here also is Hatzenport, with its high, slender tower, and on the right Brodenbach, with Ehrenburg in the mountain-ravine, one of the most beautiful of



ALKEN.

the Moselle ruins. This property, on the family of Ehrenburg becoming extinct, passed to the Steins of Nassau. At Alken are the remains of the Castle of Thurant, built by the Count-Palatine Henry in 1197, the Alkener Ley, a precipitous rock, and Gondorf, with the imposing Castle of Uferberg, the hereditary fortress of the family of Von der Leyen. This last was built in 1560, and now belongs to the commonalty, for this well-known old race has long since been extinct; near it is Kobern, with the Altenburg above it, and the celebrated Chapel of St. Matthias, an hexagonal building resting on six pillars, in the mixed Romanesque and German style. Formerly this place, from which there is a fine view, was much resorted to by pilgrims.

Passing Dieblich and the wine-growing towns of Winnigen and Ley, we begin to fall in with Coblentz

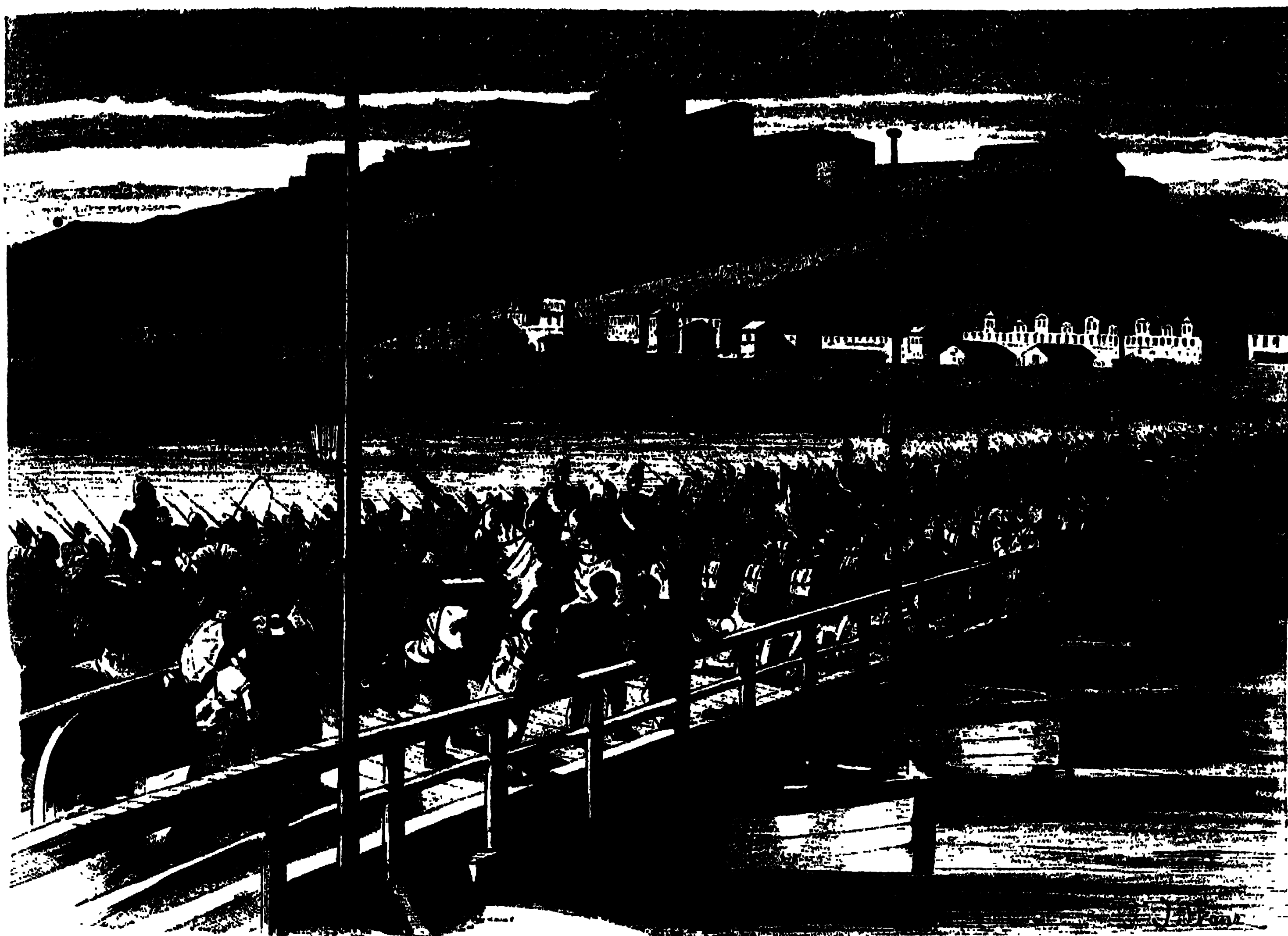


THE CASTLE OF ELTZ.

excursionists, who remind us that we must make our way back to the German Gibraltar, whose rock-fortress frowns upon us from afar.



GONDORF.



EHRENBREITSTEIN.

FROM COBLENTZ TO RHEINECK.

FROM the valley of Ehrenbreitstein, which lies on the bank of the Rhine, we will mount the gigantic terraced bulwark of rock, in order to look over the new Rhine basin. This has found a breach at Andernach, as the former one did over the rapids of Bingen, and confirms the supposition that there was once an inland sea here which forced an exit from its rocky glen. Sober and even humiliating thoughts force themselves upon us as we climb the huge fortress. It is strange that man, in spite of his elevated moral character, should need so monstrous an instrument in order to protect his hearth against the ambition and greed of his neighbour, to ensure from devastation the fields in which he sows his seed, and in order to eat in the sweat of his brow the bread that can only be produced under the shelter of such a guardian! Two thousand years must have passed since the Roman conquerors of the world laid the first foundation of this stone building, and it is just about the same time since the heavenly

messengers preached the gospel of peace and love, and still men are obliged to marshal themselves together by millions in order to defend their honour and their security!

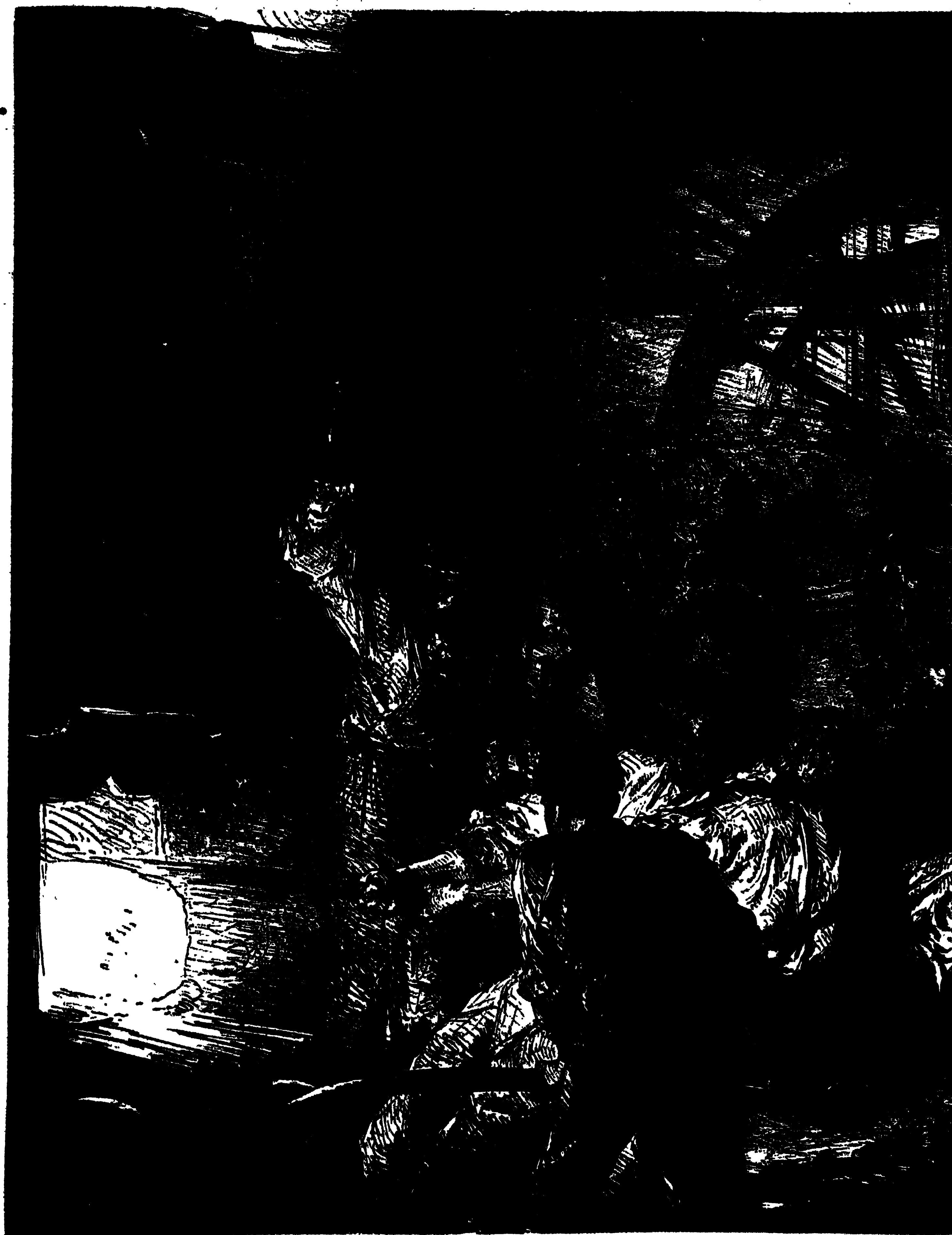
Looking down from here the delighted eye gazes upon one of the loveliest spots in Germany, if not indeed in the whole world, and we see that the face of God's beautiful earth bears a threefold aspect. At our feet lies the town, with its zigzag fortifications, clasped by the silver fork of the two streams, spanned by four bridges over the Rhine and the Moselle, whilst the great outworks of the fortress reach far beyond in mathematical forms. Above the town tower the hills of the Maiengau and the Maifeld, sloping away gradually into fruitful plains. More to the right, on the farther shore, are the dark heights of the Eifel, a dark volcanic chaos of rock, over which the clouds hang sullenly, whilst farther still on the right, far down



FRUIT AND FISH MARKET ON THE MIDDLE RHINE.

the stream, are the most fertile meadows in the valley, which have no doubt been levelled by the confluence of the two rivers, and in which the Roman city of Victoria probably stood. They are covered with luxuriant vineyards, forming an inviting mass of verdure which serves to hide the inhospitable Westerwald, whose heights, partly bare, partly wooded, border the horizon.

So Mother Earth, with her threefold aspect, pours her fullest blessings into the very lap of the peasant in the valley, while up yonder she denies even the most penurious return for his labour! Beyond and on the right of the town is the Maifeld, sloping away into the most fertile pastures, with its joyous children, its smart maidens; and up above these meadows again towers the fire-moulded mass, the Eifel. And, as if plenty and want were to be impartially divided, on this side of the river we have the fruitful plain of the



INTERIOR OF A RHENISH FORGE AND FLATTING MILL.

Engersgau, whilst near it, away from the river, and hiding its misery behind the friendly cover of the vineyards, is the comfortless Westerwald, whose wretched inhabitants can scarcely support themselves. Thus we have in the Eifel a sterile rock domain, beneath which the internal fire still glows; and in the Westerwald, inhospitable stony table-lands; whilst in the valley between the two, blessing upon blessing is poured forth by Nature from her horn of plenty, and the most profitable industrial activity enlivens the beautiful Engersgau.

We take one more glance from the lofty Ehrenbreitstein towards the two hills which flank it, namely, Pfaffendorf and Vallendar. The latter has an active trade in Moselle earthenware from the little country of Kannebäck. We then return to the shore where the steamer is waiting for us, and we steer past Lower-Werth, the elongated island on which the convent of the same name formerly stood. On the right bank we see Bendorf, with its asylum for the insane, and farther inland the Castle of Sayn, environed by the dark columns of smoke from the iron works built of the metal they themselves supply. They were established by Clement Wenceslaus, and are now in the possession of Krupp. The castle, situated on a hill, was the hereditary seat of the family of Sayn, and was built in the tenth century; it was destroyed in the Thirty Years' War. The castle which stands at the foot of the hill was erected by the Prince of Sayn-Wittgenstein in the year 1848, and contains a valuable collection of paintings, especially those of French and Belgian masters. The castle church is richly endowed. The parsonage and school-buildings, which are situated above the iron works, were once a Premonstrant Abbey. Farther up the valley are the remains of the hereditary castle of the old race of Isenburg.

This valley, where, at the present day, the tall chimneys send forth their black smoke into the air, and the brawny hand of the artificer shapes the hard iron, was once the scene of the contests of races, almost as hard and untractable as the iron itself. This was especially the case with the two great noble families the Wieds and the "Sayne." Two members of this last-mentioned family had a most evil renown in this neighbourhood; and one of them, the Count Henry III., was driven by his conscience to give to the Church wealth he had acquired by robbing merchants, in return for a promise that he should rest peaceably in his grave. The *Limburg Chronicle* relates of the Knights of Wied, that they once robbed some Dutch merchants, who were travelling to the fair at Frankfort, of goods of the value of a thousand florins, which we know at that time represented an enormous sum. As the arm of the League was not long enough to reach these bandits, it would seem as though Rudolf of Hapsburg also shut his eyes to their misdeeds, for we do not hear that these noble robbers were hunted down and hanged as some others were. However, Archbishop Kuno of Falkenstein, made short work with them; he put a stop to their robbery, and built the Castle of Kunostein, at Engers, as a protection for the highway. Of this there is but little remaining, but the ruins may be seen close to the castle built in 1758 by the Archbishop Philip of Waldersdorf, which has served since 1863 as a military school for the seventh and eighth army corps.

History tells us of other interesting events connected with the old place called Engers. It was here that Cæsar led his legions across the Rhine, and built a castle for their protection, which was apparently the origin of the settlements of a town. When the legions were totally beaten by the Germans, the latter also destroyed the castle. Some Roman castings found here were taken to be the remains of the bridge over which the army passed. A royal palace built at Engers, under the Carlovingians, which apparently stood upon the foundations of the Roman castle, gave the place fresh importance, and its prosperity spread

over the district known as the Engersnau, which extended on the south to the Lahn and on the north to beyond Linz. In all probability the volcanic action of the left bank of the Rhine has reached this place, or else the river has carried down thus far the lava-like masses which, under the name of Engers sandstone, is used as a light building material.

The princely Castle of Mon Repos, formerly the seat of the Lords of Wied, shines down on us from afar. On our left stands Weissenthurn, only remarkable from the monument to the French general Hoche, who crossed the Rhine here in 1797. Neuwied, on the right bank, is more interesting. It lies in that low tract of land which the river has surrendered and given up from its former bed. The town is pleasant and neat in its purely modern position, where less consideration seems to have been given to health than to the straightness of the streets, for the Westerwald wind is no less notorious than that



FREEBOOTER KNIGHTS CARRYING OFF MERCHANDISE.

of the Wippenthal, and sweeps through the town. He who visits Neuwied should be proof against catarrh.

Neuwied also, with perhaps as much right as Engers, claims the honour of having been the place where Cæsar crossed the Rhine. The Roman remains which have been laid bare at Heddesdorf and Lower Biber are probably the ruins of a Roman town, perhaps of that we have already mentioned, the traditionary town of Victoria. The numerous excavations in this neighbourhood justify the supposition that a Roman colony stood here, and served as a station for Cæsar while his troops were crossing; and the collection of relics in the princely castle show how important the colony must have been. Long before the time of the Romans, who at least say nothing about such a circumstance, the internal action of the earth must have been very powerful here, for we find the porous limestone which modern times have utilised for building. The village of Biber, like Biberich, probably owes its name to the beavers which formerly abounded on



CRUSADERS RETURNING HOME.

the Rhine, though they have long since been scared away. Some people have traced the name from Hiberna.

Neuwied is an example of the good that may be done by the toleration of a noble and intelligent prince, during a period disordered by wild party spirit. When religious fanaticism and sectarian hate robbed hundreds of thousands of all they possessed by kindling the torch of the Thirty Years' War, families driven out of house and home strove to find a resting-place in the Netherlands. Count Frederick III. gathered the fugitives together as they fled down the Rhine, in order to establish a town on the site of Langendorf, which had been destroyed in the course of the war, and where every man might freely practise



NEUWIED.

his own religion without persecution. He gave land to the fugitives without distinction of creed, let them build houses, exempted them for a whole year from paying taxes, and only required from the later comers that they would build according to his plans. It is true that this liberal-minded man met with some sad experiences, for among the refugees some wretched rabble was mixed, and these, together with the uncertain circumstances of war, caused his work to make but slow progress. He did not, however, lose courage, and his wife, the Countess Philippine Sabina, even pawned her plate to build a church and a schoolhouse for the children. The misery that Louis XIV. brought upon the German "Gaus," had a paralyzing effect; yet the successor of the noble founder, Frederick William, was able to begin building

the new palace. After his early death Frederick Alexander continued the work undisturbed by the internal disputes caused by the varied shades of belief. In the year 1757 he began to build the country palace of Mon Repos, and laid out the charming woodland walks, which, with the forest-house, give the whole neighbourhood an appearance of poetic repose. To him also is due a part of the manufactory which still goes on prosperously. Floods and frost did great damage to the town in the middle of the eighteenth century, but it suffered still more from the army of the French Republic. The war destroyed the town's prosperity, which had been built up with so much toil, the houses were fired, and the whole neighbourhood laid waste. In the year 1806 Neuwied became a barony under the supremacy of the Duchy of Nassau, and in 1815 it was transferred to Prussia. Prince Victor of this race fell heroically in battle in 1812, while Prince Maximilian became well known for his scientific researches and for the collection of natural curiosities which he made while travelling, and which is preserved in the palace.

The stranger cannot help being much struck when he enters that part of Neuwied which is inhabited by the community of the Herrnhuters, the descendants of the Moravian brotherhood that settled here in 1750. They are certainly a remarkable people, and there is much to be learned from them in the matter of public spirit. They are industrious, and a system of association, which has been greatly misunderstood, was early developed among them. According to this the unmarried people live together, and all contribute to the common expenses. The industrial products of the Herrnhuters are well known, and the honesty of the race is proverbial. Their worship has certain peculiar social forms, such as handing round tea, &c., but their mode of life is based on simplicity and abstemiousness. The white caps of the women are very pleasing, with the red and blue ribbons which distinguish the married women from the maidens. Among the various sects which live peaceably together in this place are Catholics, Protestants, Lutherans, Reformed Church Mennonites, Quakers, &c., these being of course distinguished by no outward sign.

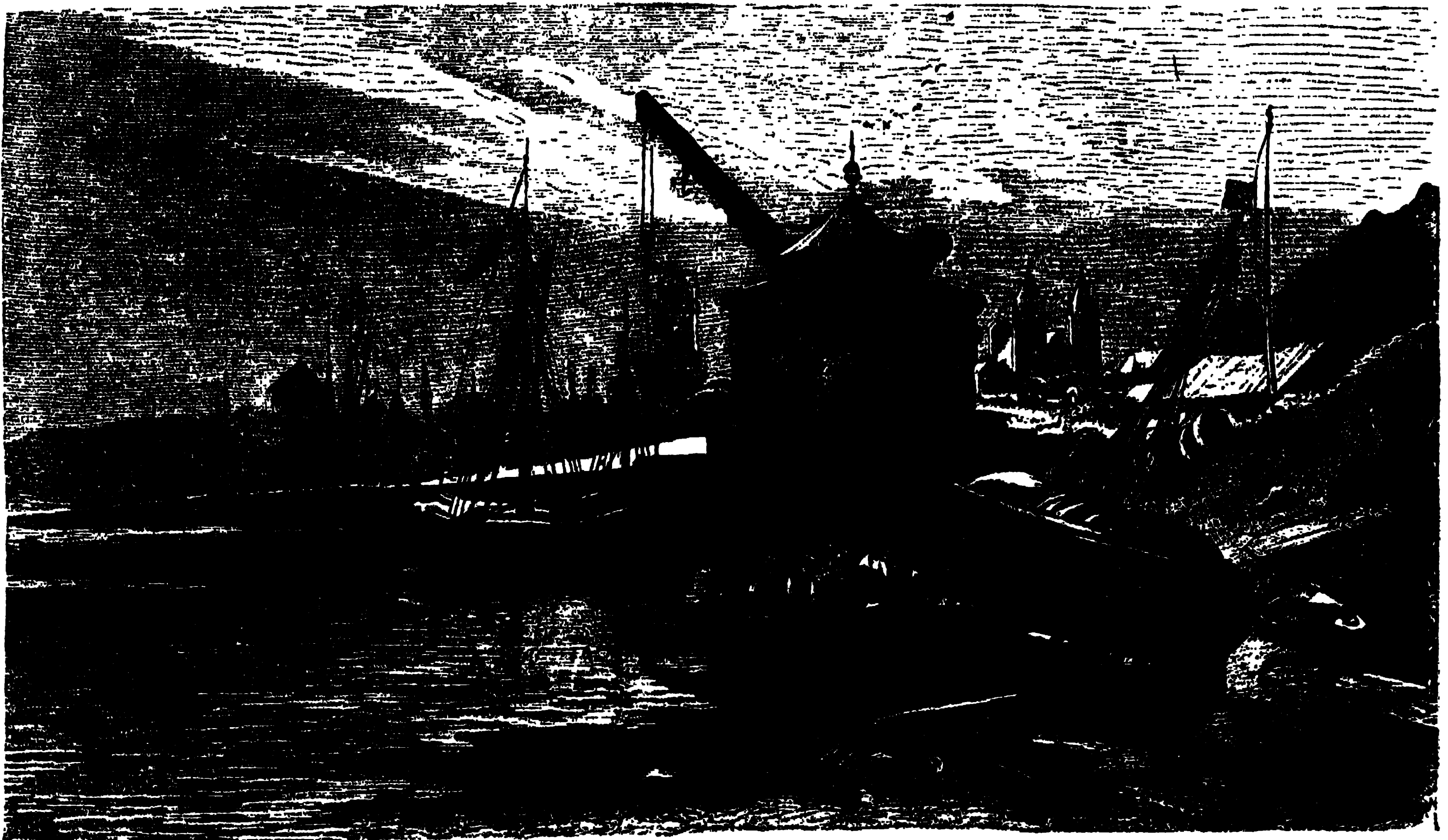
Below Neuwied, on the left, the Nette runs into the Rhine, and on the right, at Irlich, the Wiedbach, which comes with many twists and turns from the Westerwald, also joins the large river. In the valley of the latter stream the ruins of Altwied are still preserved. The Rasselstein Iron Works are on the right bank, and are connected with the river by a railway. The latter is noteworthy as having been the beginning of the first German railway, namely, that which runs from Nuremberg to Fürth. This busy centre of active labour, enclosed on the one side by woods and hills and the fertility of the lowlands, and on the other by the sterile chain of the Eifel, gives this neighbourhood a peculiar charm.

Past the mouth of the little river Wied the Rhine Valley becomes narrower. The villages and small towns which stand beside the river are pressed by hill and rock close on to the bank, whilst the mountains, which constrain the current, stretch before us towards Rheineck. Past Irlich we hasten on to the "Devil's House," which stands close on to the shore, a desolate, melancholy-looking building; the proper name of the place is Friedrichstein, though, in consequence of some superstition, of which no one exactly knows the origin, the name already mentioned has been given to it. Some say that it is thus named on account of the cruel treatment of the serfs who were compelled to build it; while others assert that the place having once been used as a factory of sal-ammoniac, such unsavoury odours proceeded from it as was supposed could only be caused by the Evil One himself.

Andernach next appears before us, like the gate of the new bend of the Rhine. The old city is the harbour and chief town of the fertile Maifeld. Like many of its sisters on the Rhine, it boasts a Roman

origin; and it is true that a castle and the fortified camp of the Twenty-first and Twenty-second Legions were situated here. The Batavi, and after them the Alemanni, repeatedly destroyed the Roman building. The old Merovingian kings built their capital on its old foundations, and the Frankish king Sigbert often dwelt here. This neighbourhood was the scene of the struggles between the sons of Louis the German and Charles the Bald, and near here Henry V. lost a battle against Frederick I. of Cologne. The place was destroyed by Philip of Swabia, and being again rebuilt, was admitted into the League. The Swedes conquered Andernach, but it defended itself against Turenne. At a later period it was repeatedly occupied by the French, who were driven out by the Russians, and in 1815 Andernach came into the hands of Prussia. Of the palace that was built here in the Middle Ages, only a few fragments remain.

The cathedral in Andernach is a worthy memorial of the Romanesque style. It is the parish church,



THE BEACH AT ANDERNACH.

and has four towers entirely built of tufa. The northern tower was erected at the beginning of the eleventh century, those on the western and southern sides about two hundred years later. Other objects worthy of remark are the ruins of the Episcopal Palace and the Prison, still lying under the Town Hall, a relic of the Middle Ages, which, strangely enough, has been named the "Jews' Bath." Besides these, there is the Coblentz Gate, erected at the same period, and the Crane, built in 1554, by means of which the millstones, for which the town is noted, are shipped.

The dark rocks hang over the narrow ravine like a shattered gateway. The little town of Leutersdorf follows the bend of the stream, and before us emerges a dark, threatening mountain-giant, looking as though he might hurl himself down and bury the little town beneath him in destruction. Ruined walls and towers frown down on the Rhine from the bare, sterile hills and the naked rock; and not less

dismally the sorrowful fragments of Hammerstein rise from out the surrounding bushes. This imperial fortress, as it is the oldest, was once the proudest and mightiest stronghold on the Rhine. It has set emperors at defiance, and emperors have sought protection within its battlements. Behind its impenetrable walls the imperial jewels once lay hidden. The rockbound eyrie, which partly encloses the dale of Andernach, frowns down on the lovely Westerhold Au, as if angry at the superior power of time, to which it has fallen a victim. It was once the pride of a mighty race whose name alone survives.

The first information we have concerning Hammerstein is in the year 1018 or 1019, and it has a romantic interest. Otto, Gaugraf of the Engersgau, who was the last descendant of Conrad of the Lahngau, became enamoured of his uncle's beautiful daughter Irmengarde. He braved the anger of the Church which prohibited the marriage of such near relations, by wedding her and carrying her away in safety to his castle. His mortal enemy, the Archbishop Erkenbold of Mayence, appeared before the synod at Neumagen as his accuser. Otto, without waiting for his sentence, fell with his followers upon the bishop's land, pressed forward as far as Mayence, and then hastened back to his castle in order to put it in a position of defence against the vengeance of the priest. In the meantime Erkenbold strained every nerve to bring the count into disgrace with his protector, the Emperor Henry II. In this he succeeded, and the emperor first sent an admonition, and then finding that of no avail, approached Hammerstein with an army. Otto defended himself for a considerable time, but being surrounded and half-famished, was at length obliged to yield. His marriage with Irmengarde was annulled, but after severe penances and the death of Erkenbold he obtained a dispensation from Rome, and was permitted to be reunited to his wife. The story, however, gives a sad end to both of them. After the death of Otto the rights of the gaugraf were abolished. The castle was then made an imperial fortress, and was afterwards given in fee to the Counts of Hammerstein, of whose origin nothing is known. Henry IV. sought a shelter in this castle on his flight from Ingelheim, after he had been betrayed by his son, taken prisoner, and robbed of his crown. He was protected by the Count of Hammerstein, who had remained faithful to him; and the imperial jewels were preserved here. One legend, which, however, is not authenticated, says that Pope Pius VII., Henry IV.'s bitterest enemy, spent his childhood in this castle. It was this pope who so deeply humiliated the emperor at Canossa. The further history of the castle is less interesting. Charles IV. presented it in 1374 to the Archbishop Kuno of Falkenstein, who was more at home in the saddle than in the pulpit, and by this means it came into the possession of the Archbishopric of Treves. At a later period the Lords of Lorraine ran riot in the castle, and laid the river traffic and the surrounding neighbourhood under heavy contributions. This led eventually to an order coming from Treves to destroy the fortress, so that no other bird of prey might have



TOWER IN ANDERNACH.

the opportunity of making his nest there. At the present time the architecture of the houses in the surrounding villages shows how far the domain of Hammerstein extended.

As we proceed down the river the village of Brohl lies on the left of the mouth of the Brohlbach, and Rhinebrohl on the right. Farther still on the left rises the elegant gabled Castle of Rheineck, situated on a lofty wooded mountain and overlooking the romantic valley of the Brohl and the Laacher Lake. The new castle has been raised on the ruins of the old one. The first record we have of the latter comes from the eleventh century; it names as the possessor Count Hermann of Salm, the unfortunate rival king to Henry IV., who was murdered by his own people. One of his sons took the name of Count of Rheineck, and founded that family. Conrad III. besieged the castle in the year 1151, and had it demolished, though it was afterwards rebuilt by the Archbishop of Cologne. Tradition relates how Count John of Rheineck, at a banquet which he gave to the Archbishop Frederick III., having quarrelled with the knight Rollman von Sinzig while at table, drew his dagger and slew him. As a punishment for this crime against hospitality, the bishop caused him to be beheaded the next day before the castle gate. In the course of time the castle fell into various hands, until in 1689 it was terribly damaged by the French, and in 1785 entirely destroyed by fire. The castle has been rebuilt by its present possessor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, more in the Romanesque style; and the view from it of Andernach, Neuwied, and the Siebengebirge is very beautiful. The interior is richly decorated; and in the grounds good taste and artistic feeling have done their best to make the castle one of the gems of the Rhine.



RUINS OF THE EPISCOPAL CASTLE OF ANDERNACH.

Had we followed the custom of all travellers coming from Coblentz or Cologne, when we reached Brohl we should have turned into the Brohlthal, one of the most peculiar and remarkable valleys, to all appearance one of Vulcan's burnt-out forges; but we cannot resist taking a swift glance at Rheineck before making this digression. The valley is a perfect treasury for the geologist as well as for the architect, the churches and dwelling-houses of the whole neighbourhood being composed of a cheap and yet valuable material. The volcanoes of the Rhine seem to have been all extinct for a long time, although the warm springs of the Eifel show that the ashes on the subterranean hearth are not yet cold; they have, however, long been so on the surface, for the Romans made use of the volcanic tufa-stone, and we find important buildings of the Middle Ages built of this material. It has been used also in Naples for some buildings which appear to be indestructible. Herculaneum still lies, all but a small portion, under a mass of the same material, and Pompeii, now laid bare, once lay beneath such a covering as this we walk on in the Brohlthal.

Following the stream through the gateway of slate-rock beyond Brohl, we meet with a great porous mass of stone, beset with dusty fragments, lying between capriciously-formed and riven rocks, which are overgrown with bushes. This mass is of tufa, formed of pumice dust cemented together by moisture and then hardened. The experienced eye still distinguishes the old course of the lava stream and the elevation of the crater; on top is the "natural tufa," all in fine fragments and dust, but the substratum

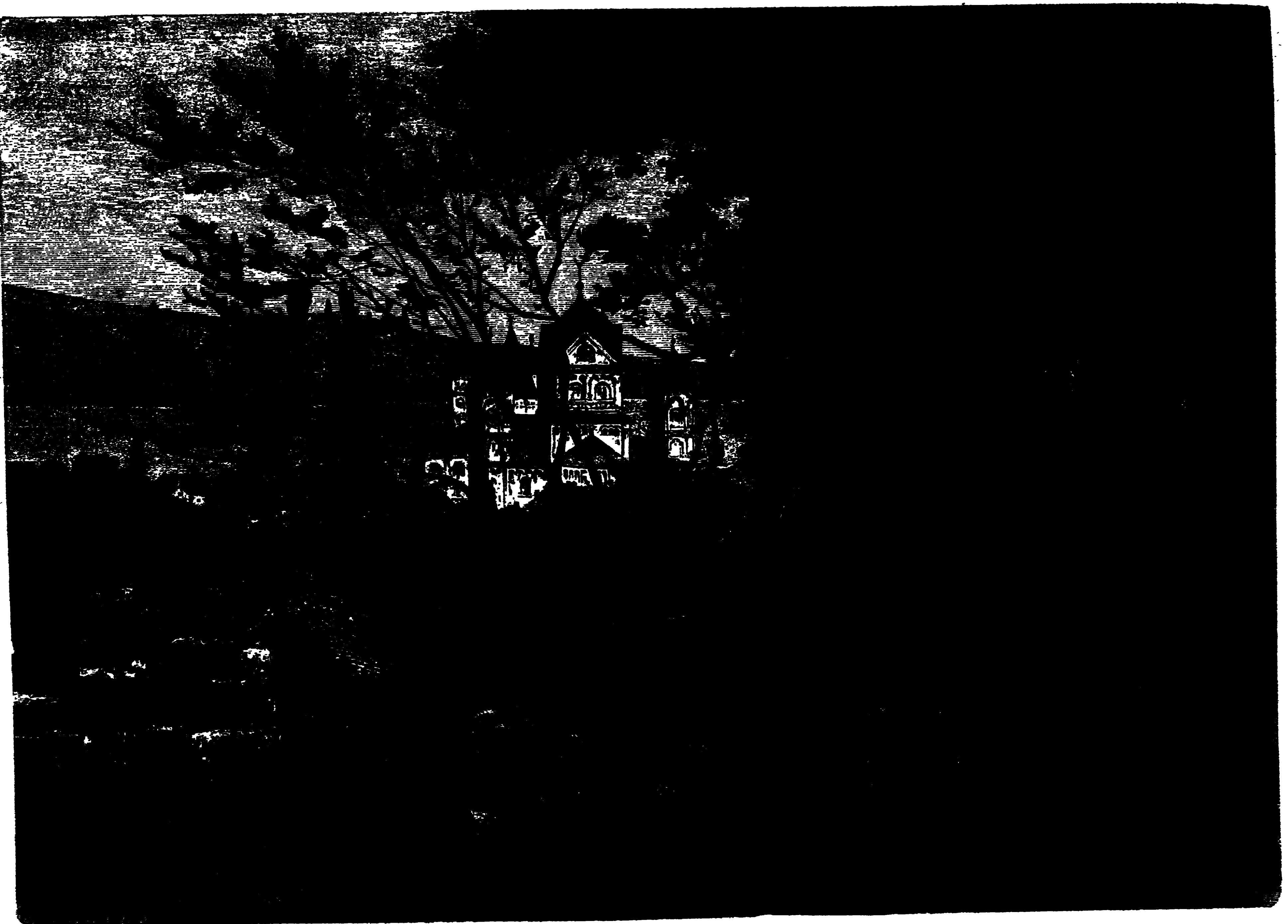
is formed of the yellow, grey, and blue tufa-stone. The indestructibility of the latter is proved by the finest architectural monuments of all ages on the Rhine being built in this material. This scene of bygone natural revolutions is also rich in acid, mineral, and saline springs, whose virtues and medicinal powers were early recognised.

We proceed through a narrow, pleasant valley, where we meet from time to time with great fragments of tufa-stone, to the Laacher Lake, which lies about two leagues distant. There is no lack of either sun or dust, nor is the rustle of mill-wheels wanting. On the way, the numerous windows of Schweppenburg look down on us from its rocky summit. This castle has no historical interest. The road goes downward to the "Heilbrunnen," the water of which much resembles that of the Seltzer; and if the heat is not too great we will make an excursion on to the Formcher Kopf, in order to get a view over the Rhine Valley. Passing by the new quarries and the mills, half an hour after leaving Schweppenburg we reach Tonnisstein, where the ruins of an old Carmelite convent stand, from the name of which, Antoniusstein, the town gets part of its designation. Notwithstanding the smallness of the place and its quiet, retired situation, it was



THE CASTLE OF HAMMERSTEIN, AT BROHL.

visited by the Elector Clement Augustus, who did much to improve it. Since 1861 it has had its Kurhaus, and it is largely frequented by the Dutch—less, perhaps, on account of its steel wells than for the sake of its comfortable repose. From Tonnisstein the road goes up the mountain to Wassenach, which is a kind of table-land, and from there through a bath of dust, from which every step sends forth a cloud, it rises up again to the mountain-summit, which is a double crater, and then passing through a wood, at length our delighted gaze sweeps westward over the beautiful luxuriant valley on to the calm, deep, blue waters of the Laacher Lake. We tarry as if spellbound amidst the verdure of the wood on the descending road. An inexpressible feeling of repose and of holy calm falls on the heart while we gaze upon this scene. It seems as though even the chirping of a bird among the branches overhead would break the charm which hovers round us. At every step the traveller discovers fresh charms. The lofty beeches, with branches intertwined, seem lost in the contemplation of the lovely scene; the blue expanse of the lake grows in extent as we approach, and the water becomes clearer and more translucent. Above lies the Benedictine abbey, its towers are reflected in the water, and seem to be, as it were, a thank-offering to God for the



LAACH ABBEY.

beautiful creation which lies spread before us. In times gone by it formed the scene of many a pious ceremony, when the bells sounded over the blue valley of waters, and the monks, long since buried there, paced through the cloisters to their sacred duties.

It is no wonder that poetry has found a home in this spot, so secluded from the bustle of the world, nor can we be surprised that, inasmuch as during the day the Angel of Peace hovers over it, at night the depths of the lake are supposed to be peopled with fairies and spirits of all sorts. Frederick Schlegel has sung of the castle at the bottom of the lake, and of the wondrous spirit-sounds "now murmuring from afar, now swelling high to heaven," which were heard from below. Simrock tells us—

"With his body of green down there,
The water-sprite watches to see
If a mortal maiden fair
Is coming his wife to be."



CASTLE OF RHEINECK.

And at a later period, Wolfgang Müller also sang of the imaginary "Castle of the Lake," where lights gleam in the halls, servants bustle up and down, and guests sit at a curious banquet. The fisher-boy who has heard the story from his grandmother, full of curiosity, sails at night on the lake. He is quite confused with the strange noises he fancies he hears from the bottom of the water, and with the unearthly sights he sees, till at last he is convinced he distinguishes a beautiful female form beckoning to him from below, when he leaps into the lake and finds out his folly only too late.

It seems, indeed, that people are agreed as to the unearthly spectacle at times to be seen here below the deep waters. This has given rise to the tradition that the Count-Palatine Henry II. being one

evening on the shore with his wife Adelaide, saw the whole lake lighted up, and in consequence of this phenomenon he founded a monastery here, in order to counteract the evil spirits. His successor the Count-Palatine Siegfried continued the work, but the abbey, which was one of the richest in Germany, was only finished by the care of the Countess Hedwig of Are. Legend readily recognises in this Siegfried the husband of Geneviève, and in the cave which may be seen in the neighbouring mountain of Hochstein that in which the Princess of Brabant took refuge.

The bones of the Count-Palatine Henry rest in a richly-carved Gothic sarcophagus in the church, which is now, unfortunately, completely deserted. It is Romanesque in form, of a style which harmonises perfectly with its surroundings. All the little details of the porch, which belongs to the twelfth century, the elegant decoration on the pillars of the six towers, enliven the solitude without robbing it of its repose. At a later period, indeed, the walls of the monastery contained a community which had nothing but the Cross in common with the former long-exterminated order of brothers, and the quiet cells became the place of preparation for outside contest. A wealthy man purchased the monastery for the Order of Jesuits, who here established a novitiate. About ten years after its establishment the law drove out the Jesuits, and the monastery sank back into its old quiet condition.

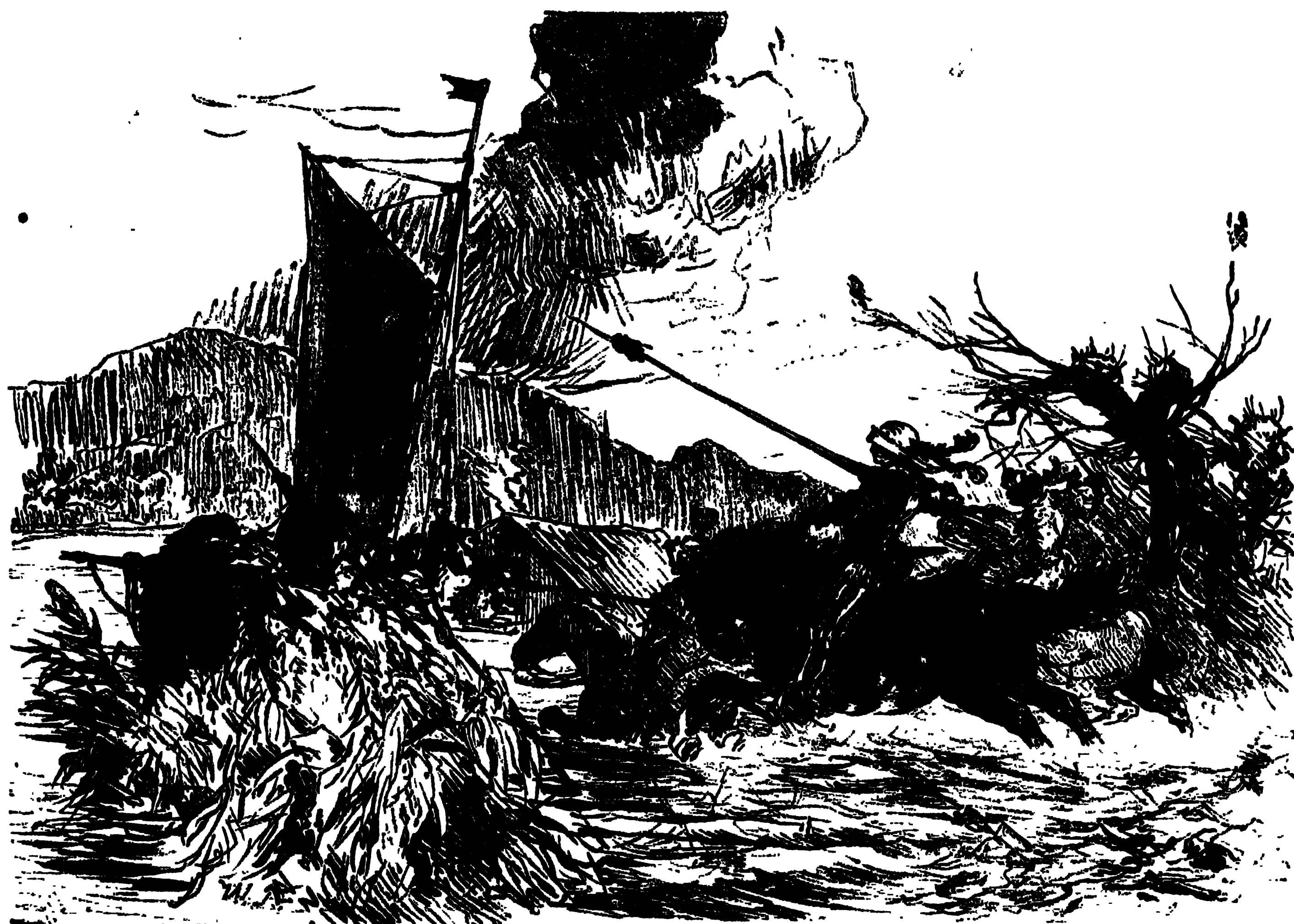
Poetry is rarely a trustworthy source of information, and whatever it may relate of the Laacher Lake, the latter is nothing more than an old volcanic crater; this is clearly shown by the plentiful deposit of scoria and lava on its banks—very probably it was the principal centre of the volcanic action of this district.

At Niedermendig, about a league distant, we see the entire town built of lava, the houses being made of basaltic lava of a monotonous grey colour. All the environs of this very sad-looking town consist of this volcanic rock, and from it are hewn the millstones which are made here and distributed far and wide over the country. On every side are basalt mines, deep cuttings, and rifts, the whole being overlaid with a thick covering of pumice. An icy cold reigns in the mighty underground halls, which are supported by pillars, and in which, when lighted by torches, the visitor fancies he sees behind every nook and corner the faces of Vulcan's slumbering companions.

It is usual for the traveller when he reaches Niedermendig to shake off the layer of dust which has accumulated on him, and to hail the departing omnibus which will take him back along the road to Andernach or Neuwied.



ON THE LAACHER LAKE.



SEIZURE OF A SHIP BY ROBBER-KNIGHTS.

THROUGH THE ROCK-GATE OF ANDERNACH.

AFTER a short interruption the steamer carries us onward, passing Nieder-Breisig, on the left bank, where we see the remains of a temple, and on the right Hönningen, with the Castle of Arenfels lying under a beautifully-wooded hill. This castle, which is also called Argenfels, or Arienfels, was originally a fortress belonging to the family of Isenburg, and was the cause of a long family quarrel. The castle buildings were raised by Heinrich of Isenburg, who named it Arenburg, in honour of his wife, the Countess Matilda of Arc. After the extinction of his race the castle came into the possession of the family of Isenburg-Grenzau. Like all their cousins on the Rhine, the Isenburgs could not refrain from pilfering; and they at last were made to feel the arm of the warlike Archbishop Kuno of Falkenstein. The Archbishop Charles Caspar of Treves gave Arenfels to his family the Von Leyens, who retained it till 1850, when, being in difficulties, they sold it to the Counts of Westerhold. These owners have had the

castle splendidly restored, and the French would hardly recognise in this fine mansion the ruins which their gunpowder left behind them.

Argendorf, or Arendorf, and Leubsdorf, are but a short distance from here. The watchtower of the ruined Castle of Dattenberg overlooks them. The tower is surrounded by beautiful modern gardens, and has a splendid view of the basaltic mountain the Landskrone, on the farther side of the river. A little farther on, to our left, is Sinzig, beside which the Ahr, calmed down from its adventurous, wild mountain course, empties itself into the Rhine. With the same ambition that distinguishes most of the Rhenish towns, Sinzig aspires to a Roman origin, and is said to have borne the name of Sentiacum. It seeks the



LINZ.

proof of its descent in obscure Roman records. The little town has passed through some severe trials, particularly at the time when Philip the Hohenstaufen made predatory excursions from the Castle of Landskrone into the territory of his enemy, the Archbishop of Cologne, on which occasions Sinzig not unfrequently had to pay the cost. The town is still surrounded by walls, but they do not indicate any particular date. It is known, however, that a Frankish royal palace stood here in 762, which was said to have been haunted by a ghostly white lady with jingling keys. The Gothic castle built on the foundations of the royal stronghold is private property, and the pale ghost has disappeared with the rest of the mediæval relics. Besides this, tradition also designates Sinzig as the place where Constantine saw the fiery cross in the sky. There is a convent here which bears the name of the Empress Helena; the style of

it, however, does not at all correspond with the period at which she lived. In the chapel is preserved the mummy of a monk, which is called the "Holy Steward." The French carried it off among other curiosities, but it was afterwards given back, and it rests peacefully again under its glass cover. Although Sinzig is situated at some distance from the bank, its elevated position makes it distinctly visible from the river.

The old town of Linz stands on the right bank. It rises gently from the shore below the ruins of Dattenberg, whose lordly owners seem to have been a notable exception to their lawless kindred and neighbours in other castles. It lies at the foot of the Kaiserberg, with its shrine. The town is flanked at either end by two mediæval towers, which are spoken of in history as early as the year 874. Like many other of the river towns, this place has long sunk from its former position of importance. Numerous memorials have been preserved in the town in spite of manifold vicissitudes, and the crooked windings of the streets—full of corners which are contemporary with the old churches, towers, and walls,



THE SHORE AT REMAGEN.

—testify to its German origin, although much trouble has been taken to prove that it belonged to the Roman period.

We learn from authentic sources that in 930 Linz was a royal villa, and at a later period received the privileges of a town, entered the League, and was destroyed in the battles between the rival Emperors Philip and Otto. In the year 1250, the town passed from the possession of the Countess Matilda von Sayn into that of the Archbishopric of Cologne. The Archbishop Engelbert III. found it necessary, in consequence of a rebellion of the Linzers against the ecclesiastical capital, to build a fortified castle as a check upon the town. The castle was partially destroyed by the Emperor Frederick III., who besieged it, but it was afterwards rebuilt. The tower of the first castle is still standing, and near it is the Rhine Gate, with the remains of the portcullis. Of the old buildings, the most interesting is the Church of St. Martin, which dates from the thirteenth century, built in the later Gothic style. The painted

windows of the church are well worth seeing, as is also an original picture of the year 1463, painted on a gold ground, representing "The Seven Joys of the Virgin Mary."

The splendid background of the old town will be more attractive to the lover of Nature, who is, perhaps, weary of our repeated walks through these river-towns. The road to the Pilgrims' Chapel on the Kaiserberg is very pleasant; along it at intervals are the Stations of the Cross. From this road we have a fine view of the Rhine Valley at our feet, and the rocks and ruins of the Ahr Valley, which lies opposite. The right bank here also stands in very important relation to that peculiarly-romantic valley on account of its great basalt quarries, the produce of which is the occasion of considerable trade from this place to the towns down the river as far as Holland. Among the quarries, that of Dattenberg, with its



APOLLINARIS CHURCH.

imposing basaltic pillars, is especially worthy of a visit, in order to see the view which is obtained from it over the Eifel, the Ahr, and the Siebengebirge.

Leaving Linz, we see a little farther down the stream the ruins of the Castle of Ockenfels, on a gentle slope surrounded by green vines. It is visible from a great distance on account of its situation, which is much finer and more open than that of Dattenberg. The records contain little concerning this castle. The vine-covered shattered foundations show that it was once of great extent. In the year 1239 it was in the possession of the Leyen family, and the castle was then called by their name. In 1609 it belonged to a Hoheneck; afterwards the archbishop gave it in fee to the family of Von Gerold.

We make our way on to Remagen, passing the Erpeler Lei, a dark basaltic rock which springs towards the Rhine, and has been well worked by the quarryman. We breathe freely again in looking at the Apollinaris Church and the hill of Remagen, after the somewhat oppressive effect of the rocky masses we have left behind; and we are reminded of the situation of Stolzenfels, Lahneck, and other places like them, freely exposed to the pure air of heaven on the beautiful banks of the Rhine. Behind the hill,

clad in a robe of mist, rise the heights of the Siebengebirge, which, falling back, open out a new reach of the Rhine Valley. It never occurs to any of those persons who stop at the little town of Remagen, in order to make an excursion from it into the incomparable valley of the Ahr, to dispute the Roman origin of the town, even if they refuse to accept the assertion made in the locality that it was built by Julius Cæsar. It is true that the numerous antiquities which have been found have been distributed recklessly over the world, but Remagen has retained a relic which most incontestibly indicates the period of its erection. It is a Roman milestone of the year 162, which announces that the Emperor Marcus Aurelius and L. Verus constructed the military road through Remagen to Cologne, and that the distance between the two places was thirty thousand paces.

With regard to the period of the introduction of Christianity, we get an approximate idea from the parish church, which was apparently built on the ruins of a Roman building about the year 1003, but we have no exact information on the matter. The church was enlarged in 1246 by the addition of a choir, which was built in a later style. In 1110 a church dedicated to St. Martin stood on the top of the rock which is occupied by the Apollinaris Church. In the year 1164 it received the name of the Bishop



ON THE VICTORIABERG.

Apollinaris, because the boat which was conveying the relics of that saint and of the three sainted kings down the Rhine to Cologne, would not go any farther than this place. The bones of the saint were accordingly obliged to be deposited in St. Martin's Church, and from this miraculous occurrence the church became a favourite resort of pilgrims.

We are told by the legend that the Archbishop Reinald made a pilgrimage to Rome, and prayed the Holy Father to allow him to take back with him to Cologne a few relics from the tombs of the martyrs in the Catacombs. The Pope gave him the bones of the three Holy Kings, which at the present time are preserved in the Cathedral of Cologne, together with those of St. Apollinaris and a few others. The archbishop travelled down the Rhine past Basle, and all went well in spite of some dangers, until he reached Remagen. The boatmen here plied their oars in vain, and although the boat had struck on no sandbank, when opposite Remagen it could not be made to move. The archbishop at once recognised the finger of God when the boat turned its prow towards the church. He had the reliquary containing the bones of Apollinaris carried with great pomp to the church, after which the boat went willingly and speedily on its way down to Cologne. The relics experienced many disturbances in unquiet times, but they surmounted all dangers by taking flight when necessary and returning when a period of safety arrived.

A festival is annually celebrated here, and is attended by thousands of persons. As the old church became more and more dilapidated, Count Fürstenberg Stammheim determined to erect a building for the relics which should be worthy of them. Zwirner, the architect belonging to the Cathedral in Cologne, drew the plan in a mixed Romanesque and Gothic style, with rose windows instead of perpendicular, and with slender towers, and with a statue of St. Apollinaris in the front gable. The material used for the building, which was completed in 1853, was tufa-stone from the Brohl Valley. The old sarcophagus of the saint now stands in the crypt, which is supported by twelve pillars. Nothing can be more beautiful than the effect of the view from the top of the plateau on which the church stands. On emerging from the sacred building, when our hearts are elevated by the impression we have carried with us from the interior, our eyes sweep over the picturesque tract of country, over the river with its banks, its green pastures, its castles and villas, and the effect is truly delightful. Above them all tower the giants of the Siebengebirge, enclosing this peaceful and fertile Rhine Valley.

The Victoriaberg rises above Remagen, and offers an equally beautiful prospect with that from the table-land of the Apollinaris Church, with which it vies in beauty of situation. It owes the fine points of view with which it is adorned in the midst of the Stadtwald to the inhabitants of Remagen, who have been prompted by their feeling for beauty to erect them. The mountain is named Victoria in honour of the Crown Princess of Prussia. The view from the Victoria Temple is especially beautiful, and should be visited at the hour of sunset. From this point we see to great advantage the Rhine Valley, with its castles, towns, and villages, all enclosed by the Siebengebirge. On the south the prospect extends as far as Rheineck and Hammerstein. The gazer might linger here for hours while his eye wandered over the paradise spread before him; but the dark summits of the Ahr warn us that we must continue on our way.





LOHRSDORF.

THE AHR-GAU.

THE artist, the scholar, the tourist, the holiday-maker, the pleasure-seeker from the Middle and Lower Rhine—all flock in the summer to the Ahr Valley, which may be called incomparable, because its peculiar characteristics are unlike anything that can be placed beside it. The impressive manifestations of the great power of nature overwhelm us with a feeling of awe, as we follow the course of the little river which so quietly joins the Rhine. How terrible must the winter appearance of this valley be, when snow and ice, rigid and inexorable as the threatening rocks themselves, cover the narrow valley—when the waters of the swollen Ahr rush down from the heights, uprooting, shattering, burying everything on their way, destroying human work and human life! When everything is stiffened into its winter sleep, a horrible desolation must reign between these lifeless masses of stone; and yet there are those who cling even to this untrustworthy soil—and of whatever the mountain-stream may have robbed him, the poorest inhabitant unweariedly builds up again what the pitiless elements destroyed, and in spite of all dangers clings to the home which is still dear to him.

The stream which gives its name to the Ahrgau rises on the top of the Eifel, at Blankenheim. After being fed in the upper part of its course by little affluents, and after having forced a path for itself between the rocks, it runs through the valley at Neuenahr, when it again flows in a narrow bed towards the Rhine, and finally vanishes in the waters of the great stream. Its bed forms the division between the Upper and Lower Rhenish dialects, which here are separated by a distinct boundary.

It is only by degrees that the peculiar characteristics of the Ahr Valley are unfolded before us. The road takes us first to Bodendorf, a pleasant little town where the vines grow in plenty; thence past Lohrsdorf, and round the Landskrone, a rock which rises behind the latter place, to Heimersheim, and to Heppingen, with its mineral springs. At the last-mentioned place, a steep path invites us to ascend the hill of basalt, on which are still preserved the ruins of the old castle. We are repaid for our trouble by the splendid view we obtain from the summit. Philip of Hohenstaufen built the castle here in the year 1204, and called it the "Landskrone," or Crown of the Land, on account of the marvellous view which this hill offers over the wooded mountains, the valleys, and the green vineyards. The splendour and extent of this castle once made it worthy of its position; but after numerous vicissitudes it was destroyed in 1682 by its owner the Duke John William von Pfalz. The ruins have now fallen into the inheritance of the descendants of the minister Stein, who seem to be rich in ruined castles in the neighbourhood of the Rhine.


THE WALPORZHEIM GATE, AHRWEILER.

Of the castle itself only a few fragments of the outer wall are extant, but the chapel, which stands on the point of the rock, is much better preserved, and at the present day service is regularly performed in it. The grotto-like form of the sacristy is curious. A popular legend says that a young lady of the castle was preserved in it during a siege, by the rock closing over her. A spring supplied her with water, and a pigeon brought her food, until she was released by her father. The mighty forms of nature, which here stand around us and at our feet, are so attractive that we only tear ourselves unwillingly from the spot. After we have descended we look up once more from the Apollinaris spring to the heights of the Landskrone, and then we wander on past Wadenheim and over the Ahr bridge into the pleasant plain of the baths of Neuenahr, which lie at the foot of a hill of basalt rock. Count Otto of Are-Nürburg once dwelt up above in his eyrie, the Castle of Neuen-Are. The castle itself was destroyed in 1371, and nothing of it is left. According to a popular legend a golden plough is sunk in

a well near here, and is guarded by a giant. As far as we can learn, the workmen who have been excavating the foundations of the castle and the buildings of the tower have not yet come upon the plough or its guardian. The bathing-place, which is connected with the village of Beul, has acquired considerable repute. The principal spring, which contains a large quantity of carbonic acid, is a bubbling fountain, and rises out of the ground like one of the geysers of Iceland; it is used medicinally both for bathing and drinking. The virtues of the spring, together with the particularly pleasant sheltered situation of the place, at the foot of the hill, attract many invalids to it.

In the distance in front of us we see the Convent of Mount Calvary, but before reaching it we turn into the pleasant district capital, Ahrweiler. This place is more venerable than it appears, for we find mention made of it as early as the year 893. Ahrweiler, also, once belonged to the Counts of Arc, afterwards to those of Hochstad, and then to the Archbishop of Cologne. The old towers and walls, as well as the Church of St. Laurentius, are contemporaries, and date from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In 1689 the French scarcely left one stone upon another here. In these retired valleys this thought constantly returns to us, what immense historical treasures the Rhine and its tributary valleys would have had to show, had they been spared the visitations of those wild guests, the French and the Swedes, of whose depredations we have had so frequently to speak. The town owes its prosperity to its pale red wine, which is grown in the vineyards round about here. The produce of the neighbouring Walporzheim is worthy to share this celebrity. The former Franciscan monastery is hardly worth a visit. It owes its foundation to a knight whose name we do not even know, but who established it on his return from Jerusalem.



COURT OF JUSTICE, AHRWEILER.

Pious pilgrims willingly toil up the mountain between the Stations of the Cross; but for our part we prefer to make for Walporzheim, of whose splendid grapes the reader has already heard. Here we will rest in St. Peter's Garden, where the purest Walporzheim is to be had. Behind the beautifully-placed vineyards of Walporzheim the valley closes in, and it is here that the specially-romantic character of the Gau begins. This is the Mecca of the Düsseldorf artists. The river here already winds wearily down the slate rocks. On its right is the hill known as the "Bunte Kuh;" beyond this is the monastery rock, which rises in terraces wildly and boldly formed, with great masses of rock sometimes overhanging, sometimes retreating. Every spot on which the sunlight falls has been planted with the vine, even up to those points

where the ridges become inaccessible and no masonry will hold. The Beatrixberg also belongs to these rock giants, whose ridges the wine-grower has to thank for superior growths.

In the midst of this chaos of rocks we stand motionless. Pen cannot describe its fantastic forms, now bold and terrible, and now teeming with lovely scenes. We meet, however, with many pictures of it which artists, and especially those of the Düsseldorf school, have carried home with them.

At Marienthal are the ruins of a convent. The grapes of the Trolzenberg here either belong to the Walporzheim brand or have the same value. The valley, the Recher Auel, widens again between the



RECH.

poetic villages of Dernau and Rech, which latter lies at the foot of a bold crag, and was almost completely destroyed by floods in 1804.

Before us lies Mayschoss, a charming spot, opposite which, on a bold rock, stand the ruins of Saffenburg, once the seat of the Counts of Saffenburg. It was taken in 1632 by the Swedes, and later by the French. It is said that when the latter called upon the commandant to surrender the castle, he replied that they must first fire three shots at it, for a castle was never known to surrender without a single shot being fired. This was accordingly done; but the Elector of Cologne made equally short work with the commandant, sentenced the coward to death, and would not listen to his prayer for mercy.

The path goes through a dark cavity, where an opening has been made by blasting, and here we find ourselves at a place where the Ahr has performed the greatest work of devastation. At seasons of floods it has carried away whole villages; but man, like a colony of ants whose nest has been disturbed, sets to

work and rebuilds on the same untrustworthy spot. He is but too often regardless of the dangers which daily threaten life and property, and of which he might be reminded by the overhanging masses of rock by which the road is impeded. In one of these pierced rocks a mill has been boldly and fearlessly placed. It catches the water, and uses it for working the wheel. The masses of rock tower gloomily over us as we proceed along the narrow path, and presently we plunge into a dark tunnel hewn in the rock. When we again emerge into the light we are almost dazzled with the view before us. The beautiful village of



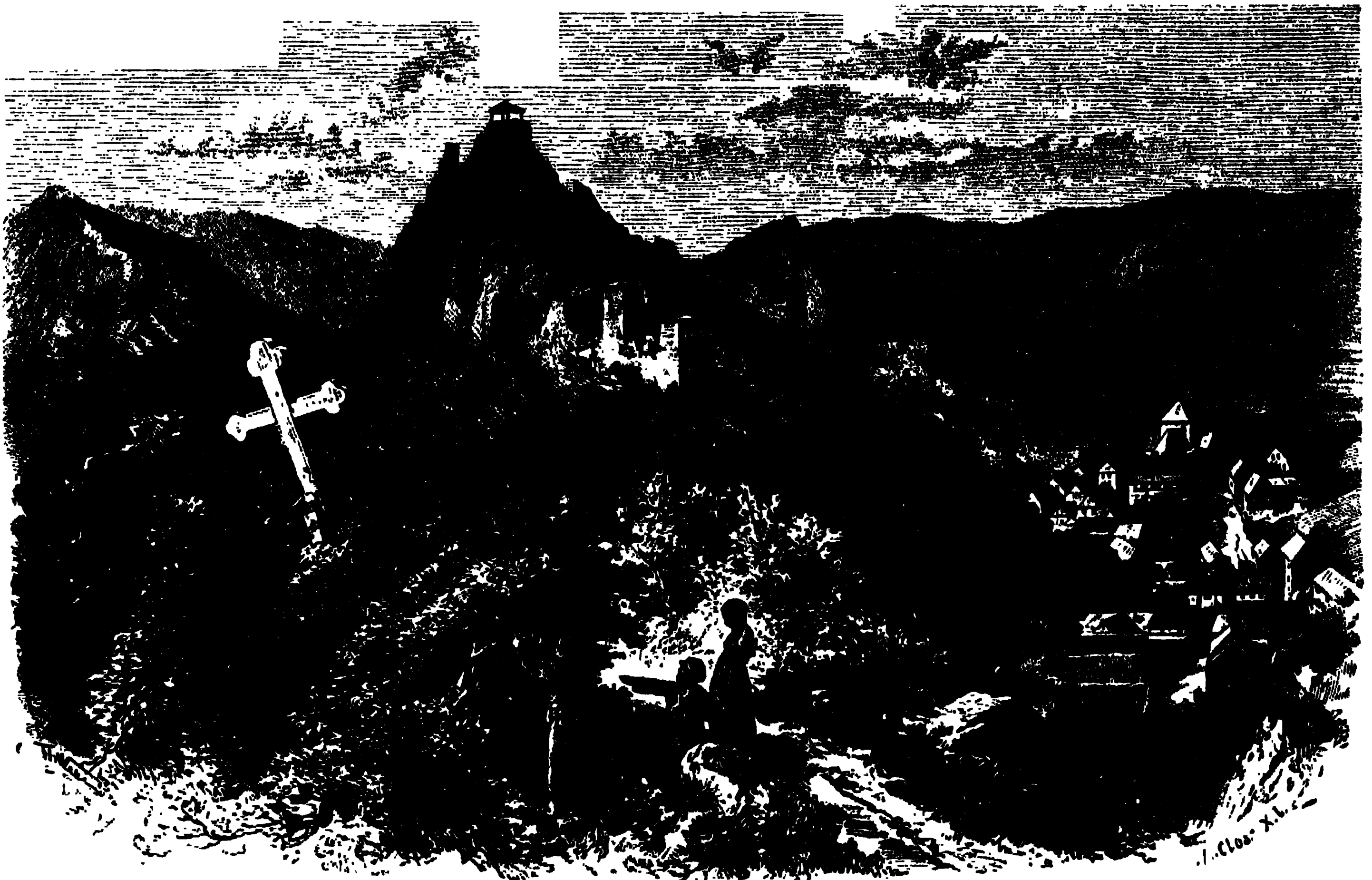
NEAR THE "BUNTE KUH."

Altenahr lies in a glen, surrounded by jagged rocks of curious form and composition, some grey and some black, some bare and some clothed with verdure. On these slopes, on both sides of the river, wind precipitous paths, which seem only to offer footing for the chamois, and which are so steep that they make one almost dizzy to look at.

In the midst of these varied mountain-forms lies the Castle of Altenahr, on a steep hillside overgrown with wild bushes and underwood. The mountain rises high above it, and on the pointed summit is visible

the roof of an old watchtower. The Castle of Altenahr was the inheritance of the Counts of the Ahr, who once ruled the whole district. The walls, formerly so strong and bold, have long since fallen into decay, but the gate still obstructs the entrance of those strangers who ascend from the valley in order to take a glance over the wild rocky chaos which is spread defiantly before them.

This eyrie, so says the record, was built by Theodoric of Are about 1100. It is known that this castle afterwards came to the family of the Hochstadens, of Cologne, and that the Archbishop Conrad of that name used it as a prison for persons who were obnoxious to him, especially the patricians of Cologne. Master Hagen's *Rhine Chronicle* tells us of eight persons who were imprisoned here, and who expected their liberation at the hands of Conrad's successor, Engelbert, who had made all sorts of promises to them



ALTENAHR.

in the event of his being elected. Instead of releasing them, however, Engelbert threw the three nobles who interceded for them into prison also. Among these was Gottschalk Overstolz, who tamed a mouse in the prison, and by means of it found a file and a chisel which were buried in the wall. With the help of these implements the prisoners succeeded in making their escape. When the French took the castle, after a long siege, Cologne placed a garrison in it, but the soldiers so plundered the surrounding neighbourhood that in 1714 the castle was demolished to prevent it any longer harbouring thieves and robbers.

The view from this mountain-summit is, as we have already said, wonderful, especially from the watch-tower. A perfect sea of rocks lies all round us, the effect of which is most impressive. If, indeed, we cast our eyes down to the bottom of the ravine, and follow the seven curves of the river among the rocks, we shudder at the depth. From the side of the tower we look from a dizzy height into the abyss with which

is connected the story of the last Count of Ahr. After his castle had long been besieged by the bishops, during which time his wife and child had been slain, he saved himself from falling into the hands of his enemy by mounting his horse and leaping with it into the ravine, where he was dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Near the top of the slate mountain opposite the castle is a natural cave or hole, called the Devil's Pulpit. A popular tradition relates that the devil once drove his grandmother through it with a cudgel. On Hochtürner, which overlooks the hill, is the Heathen Garden, consisting of some fragments of basalt, in which it is supposed by some persons a former giants' circle may be recognised; others suppose it to be Roman remains. It is quite certain that the Romans were in the neighbourhood, though it was not particularly suited to their aims of civilisation.

The traveller usually concludes his tour of this romantic valley at Altenahr. We must give one more glance towards the source of the Ahr, to Adenau, Virneburg, and Nürburg, and especially to the lofty Acht, whose two summits command the mountains from here to the Rhine. From these elevated points the Cathedral of Cologne may be distinguished in clear weather. Finally, we look at the ruins of the Castle of Ahremberg, which lie high up on a mountain-top. It is the hereditary seat of the Dukes of Ahremberg, who derive their origin and name from this place. With this we conclude our excursion through the Ahr-gau, whose wild glens, even at the present day, afford a retreat for the wolves who stray here from the Ardennes, and offer rich booty to the lover of the chase.





VIEW OF NONNENWERTH.

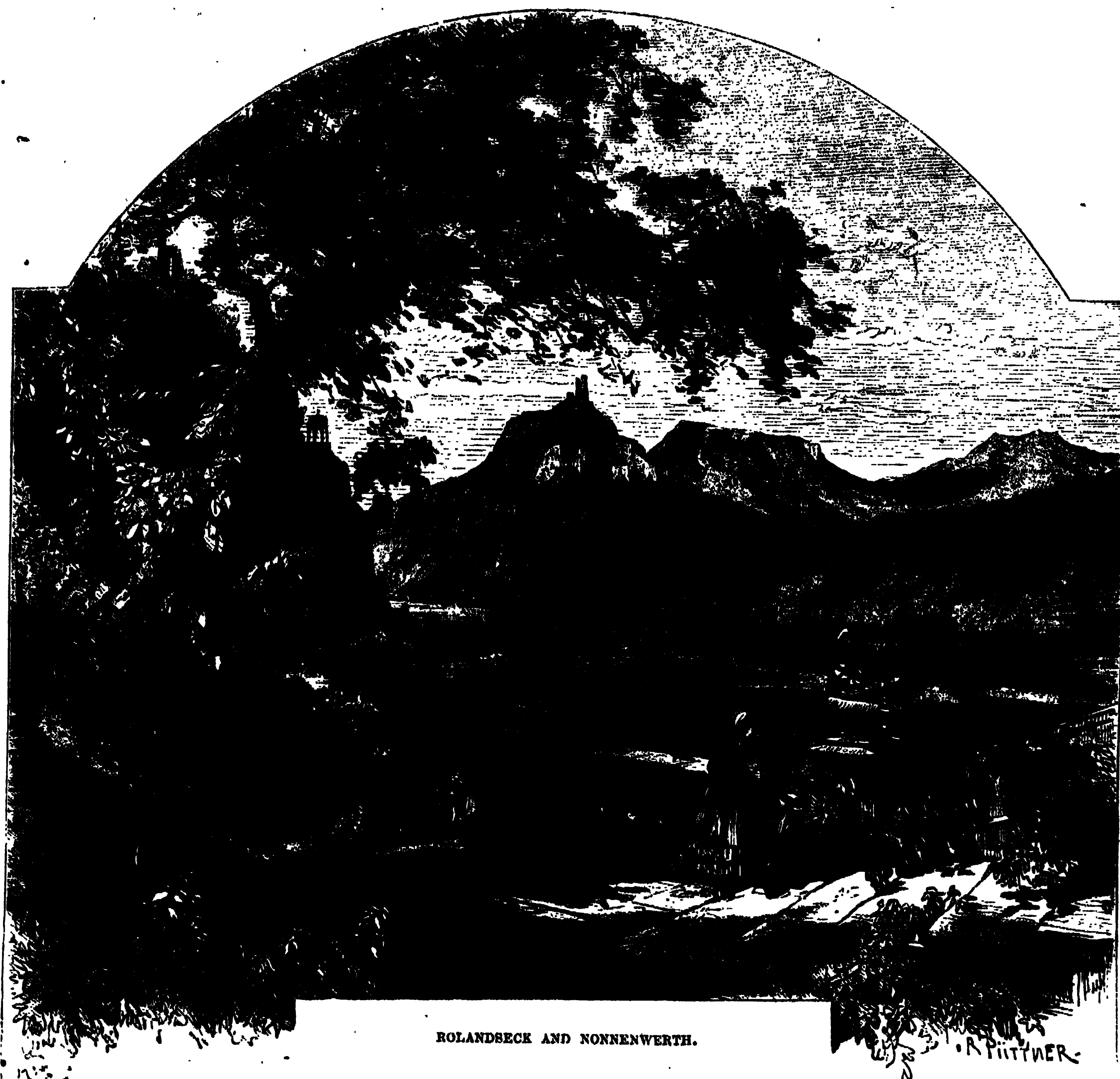
FROM REMAGEN TO COLOGNE.

THE gloomy, oppressive feeling which we brought with us out of the Ahr Valley is quickly dispelled, for just as we leave Remagen the beautiful panorama which we have already caught a glimpse of from the Victoriaberg lies before us. The charm of this Eden is indescribable, so varying are its beauties of river, vale, and mountain. Nowhere is the effect of the softly-undulating lines disturbed. The whole scene is crowned by the seven summits of the mountain-chain, from which the spirit of legend still awaiting us looks down out of the grey old gateways and the empty casements.

The river-banks at this part widen out into the most luxuriant and fertile pastures. These are bordered by the dwellings of men so fortunate as to be permitted, even after the Fall, to dwell in Paradise. They are hung round with vines, and frequented by happy human creatures who come from far and near to dream away a few hours of unalloyed delight in this, one of the loveliest places on the Rhine.. And yet it seems to us as though, having at length passed through the mountain-masses of the Rhine and its side valleys, our hearts also suddenly grow wider, and our wishes fly towards the heights which gaze at us, as through a sun-pierced gauze. We would fain sit up yonder, among the old walls teeming with wondrous tales, and look down calmly and collectedly upon the loveliest garden of God's beautiful earth. It seems as though we must enjoy over again what we have passed through;

as though, the moment having come when we must part from these pleasures, that we must drain to the dregs the cup of rapture which Heaven has presented to us on our Rhine journey.

The river also seems to share our desires. The great poem, now idyl, now epic, comes here to an end. In true dramatic fashion, the Great Author gathers once more all his great gifts together in order to culminate in the finest spectacle of all. We have hardly leisure for a glance to the left, at so small



ROLANDSECK AND NONNENWERTH.

a point as the Castle of Marienfels or Herresberg; or to the right at Unkel, with its quarries; or inland, at Rheinbreitbach—for before us rises Rolandseck and Drachenfels, and far down, between the two, sheltered and secure, lies the island of Nonnenwerth, embraced by the silver stream.

This is the Amen of the Rhine, one of the most sublime manifestations of God's power and majesty, and, like a father who has given all he possessed to his children, the old river travels the rest of his course poor and weary till he loses himself in the sea of eternity.

At this place both nature and history have done everything to embellish the exit-gate of the Rhine Paradise. The seven peaks of the mountain-chain, the ruins of the castles on the summits, the Gothic ruins of monasteries and convents in the valley, the peaceful little island, the smiling little towns upon the shore, with their rows of dwellings looking as if care dare not pass their threshold, stretching all along the foot of the Siebengebirge from the sunlit Honnef to Dollendorf—all these together form a heaven upon earth, on which the wanderer looks back with longing eyes as soon as the majestic gate has closed behind him.

We land on the left bank at Rolandseck, and ascend the accustomed path to Rolandsbogen, the remains of a castle which, though small, are none the less interesting. From the frame of its original window we look over the shore. This window was shattered by a storm in 1839. The popular indifference to its preservation being great, the poet Freiligrath took the matter in hand, and issued an appeal for funds to repair the decaying wall, which was an ornament to the entire neighbourhood. In consequence of his appeal the window was restored to its old form.

It is rather legend than history which we have to do with at the old Ruolecheregk, or Rulcheseck. It is legend that tells us of Knight Roland, the bold champion of Charlemagne, who founded the castle. It tells us of his love for his beautiful neighbour Hildegunde, the daughter of the Lord of Drachenfels. The wars called him from the side of his beloved; and on his return he found the Castle of Drachenfels besieged by his rival, and the old lord engaged in mortal strife with the foe. Roland at once plunged into the battle, and the enemy fell under his blows; but in the darkness of the night the old Lord of Drachenfels fell pierced by Roland's sword. Hildegunde in her sorrow took the veil in Nonnenwerth, where she stayed till she was laid in the cold ground; and Roland, the unintentional murderer of her father, sat mournfully in the window of his castle and gazed at the convent.

According to another version Hildegunde took the veil on receiving the intelligence from Spain that her knight had fallen in battle at Roncevalles; and Roland, when he returned home, on finding that she had become the bride of Heaven, built himself a cell on the top of the rock, and thence looked down on the convent until "his love broke the brave hero's heart."

There is little ground for the supposition that a Roman castle or a Frankish stronghold ever stood here. The little fortress was built by the Archbishop of Cologne, Frederick I., as a protection against Henry V. The Archbishop Arnold restored it after it had sustained great damage in the battles with that monarch, and it became the seat of the archiepiscopal governors. Being again destroyed in the toll disputes with the emperor, it was once more restored in 1328. In the battles with the Burgundians, who once occupied it, the latter were driven out, and the half-destroyed castle was occupied by the imperial troops. After that the records are silent. Only the bay window remains, all the rest having fallen to decay.

The island at the foot of the hill was once called Rolandswerth, following the designation which was usually given to the islands in the Lower Rhine. There is no doubt that it was originally a place at which custom or toll was levied on ships and boats, and the archbishops found it very conveniently situated for the purpose of cutting off the lower part of the river. The people of Cologne, however, soon protested against this custom, and the tolls had eventually to be given up. The first building on the island is described as being erected by the Archbishop Frederick I., in 1122. A convent was built there

in 1704, and was destroyed by fire in 1773, and afterwards rebuilt. The new wing dates from 1809. The Thirty Years' War did not spare this island. In 1802 the convent was broken up by the French, but it was not until 1822 that the nuns were banished from the island by Prussia. For a long time after that event the building was used as an hotel, and has now been for some years a ladies' boarding-school, under the direction of Franciscan sisters. Towards the right bank lies the smaller island of Grafenwerth; which, however, is of no interest.

We take one more glance to the left, to Mehlem with its beautiful country-houses, the resort of the people of Bonn and Cologne, and to the beautiful ruins of Godesberg, and then pass over the river to where the proud Drachenfels rises in lofty majesty, bathing its giant foot in the stream. It is the river-side guard of its seven brothers and the other mountains belonging to the same group, which must be included in their number, since, from every point of view, seven peaks are visible.

The remains of towers and walls of former strongholds stand out against the sky above the "Bonn Alps," and command the rocky chain which has apparently been thrown up here by volcanic action, and extends from Honnef to Dollendorf, for about the distance of a league. Its basalt and peat formations are a large source of industry in the district.

From the summit of the Drachenfels the eye takes in the entire group of mountains, which is in form an irregular square. Among the peaks are Petersberg, the great Oelberg, Lowenburg and its dependent Wolkenburg, the Nonnenstromberg and Lorberg, Breiberg and Hemmerich. The pyramidal masses of the mountains rise more or less independently with their varied forms of ridge and terrace, being separated by green and sheltered valleys. Their situation induced the Emperor Valentinian, in very early times, to raise fortresses here to oppose the Franks; while poetry, as early as the first century, adorned these rocks with her lovely images, by placing here the scene of the Scandinavian Wilkina Saga. The Drachenfels affords a splendid view: it reaches over to Bonn, the city of learning, and to Godesberg, to old Cologne, and farther still to the gloomy masses of the Eifel. We look from here also over the broad surface of the Rhine, with its smiling banks, and into the pious valley of Heisterbach, where formerly the little bell called the devout to prayer, while up above the loathsome dragon performed, according to the legend, his ghastly horrors, until he too was conquered by the Cross.

The Castle of Drachenfels was built by the Archbishop Frederick I., of Cologne, in 1100—1131, and, like Rolandseck and Wolkenburg, was raised as a protection against Henry V. After it had belonged to several owners, the Archbishop Arnold I. held it from 1137 to 1151. Soon after this it came into the possession of the Bishopric of Rome, by whom it was presented to some of the robber-knights. These, however, were so incautious as to show their teeth to the archbishop, so that the latter found himself under the necessity of removing the noble highwaymen. He gave the castle to a family who took their name from the Drachenfels, and who soon established themselves in the position of lords of the castle. They sold so much building material from their quarries to the archbishop that they attained great wealth. At a later period the castle had to withstand a siege carried on by Frederick of the Pfalz and Charles the Bold. Towards the end of the fifteenth century some terrible excesses within the family caused the archbishop to take the castle from the counts and keep it in his own hands. The last Count of Drachenfels, whose tomb stands in Rhondorf, died in 1530. When the Swedes invaded the country their guns soon brought the castle into their hands, and the Spaniards also besieged it, though there is some

doubt whether they took it or not. The Elector Ferdinand, who probably saw that it was no longer a match for the new weapons, had it demolished; without, however, entirely destroying it, for the French found a few remains which they partially blew up. In spite of all this the middle tower still stands. Perhaps neither this nor, indeed, any of the Drachenfels would be now in existence, had not the Prussian government, into whose possession the castle passed, forbidden the stones to be broken. At the present



THE DRACHENFELS.

time we may recognise the position and extent of the castle, and the remains of the floors can be distinguished. The obelisk on the plinth was placed here, or rather restored, in the year 1857, the monument which was erected in 1814 having fallen to decay; it is to the memory of some heroes who fell in the War of Liberation.

The "dragon's blood" is the well-known red wine which grows on the so-called "Domkaul." It is

not, however, the same in which the hero Siegfried was told by the little bird with golden feathers to dip his body.

From the shore may be distinguished a cavern in the rocks above the vineyards. It was here that the dragon, from which the rock is named, had his dwelling. The popular legends, which date from pagan times, gave various readings of the story of this monster. Young Siegfried, we are told, eager for doughty deeds, travelled up the Rhine. When he reached the Siebengebirge, he entered the smithy of an armourer, among the mountains, and requested the latter to take him as an assistant. The smith laughed at the slender lad; then Siegfried seized the heavy hammer and struck a bar on the anvil such a blow that both bar and anvil flew in pieces. The smith was so alarmed on seeing such strength, that he took Siegfried into his service, but in order to get rid of him, he sent him to burn charcoal on the mountain where the dragon lived. As soon as the dragon emerged from his cave, the very rocks began to crack beneath his tread; but this did not in the least alarm young Siegfried, for with one blow of his iron bar he shattered the monster's head, and a stream of black blood flowed from his jaws. Then there came a little bird which told Siegfried to bathe his body in this blood, informing him at the same time that it would render him invulnerable. Siegfried did as he was told, and dipped his whole body, with the exception of one spot, in the dragon's blood. On this vulnerable spot he afterwards received his death-wound.



LEGEND OF THE DRACHENFELS.

Another version of the legend is, that by the advice of their priests, the pagans of the mountain were in the habit of feeding the dragon with the bodies of their prisoners, and in order to keep him in good humour they were obliged constantly to provide him with fresh victims. From one of their war expeditions they brought back with them a very beautiful Christian maiden, with whom both the sons of the chief fell in love. In order to avoid a quarrel between the two brothers, the priests decided to sacrifice the maiden to the dragon. The unhappy girl was carried secretly, in the dead of night, to the spot where the monster was in the habit of looking for his victims, and there bound to the trunk of a tree. In the morning the dragon came, and approached her so near that the maiden already felt his hot withering breath. She

raised her hands towards Heaven in supplication, and then held out before the monster the cross which she had been permitted to carry with her on her last journey. The dragon, on beholding the crucifix, uttered a fearful yell, which almost petrified the executioners, who were hidden behind the rock. The beast then reared to his full height, and throwing himself backwards fell from rock to rock till his mutilated body sank beneath the waters of the Rhine. The miraculous power of the cross naturally converted the wild pagans, who threw themselves in adoration at the feet of the young maiden. She sent a message to Treves, and holy men came thence who preached the Gospel to the heathen, and laid the foundation of the Monastery of Heisterbach.

The so-called Heisterbach Mantle is a green valley sheltered by woods, and overshadowed by Peters-



HEISTERBACH.

berg, Nonnenstromberg, and Stenzelberg. Within it lies one of the most beautiful and quaint of abbeys, that of Heisterbach—which, even at the present day, in spite of its utter ruin and of the depredations among its stones, bears testimony to its former splendour. The first monks dwelt up above, on the mountain, where the chapel still stands; but they probably found it too cold, so they moved down into this marvellously-beautiful and quiet valley. A curious point in the legend which tells of the establishment of the abbey is, that this valuable site was chosen by an ass, as that of Eberbach was by a wild boar. When the monks quitted the mountain they packed their few possessions on the back of their beast of burden, and decided to build their monastery wherever the ass should first rest. The foundation of this abbey, therefore, was brought about by more practical and natural means than that of the wine-famed monastery of the Rheingau.

But more wonderful things than this have also taken place here. One of the young monks, who was of a thoughtful, contemplative nature, sat all day long studying the Vulgate, and at length came to the place where it is written, "A thousand years with the Lord are but as a watch in the night." His brain being tormented with doubt, he walked into the forest in order to meditate on the meaning of these curious words. He wandered farther and farther among the mountains, until at length he heard the monastery bell ringing for vespers. He returned to the monastery. The good brother who opened the gate did not know him, and all the other monks stared strangely at him. Not one of them knew either his face or his name; and he, on his side, did not recognise them. As he swore that he had left the monastery only half an hour before, they thought he was mad, and took him to the abbot. At length the abbot decided to refer to the records of the past, and on looking back, leaf after leaf, at length he found, in the obituary of the monastery, that three hundred years back, a young monk of the same name as the stranger had wandered into the wood and disappeared. Then the young doubter and the good brothers knew that "a thousand years was with the Lord but as a day." The legend further records that the returned monk lived in the monastery to a good old age.



WOLFGANG MÜLLER OF KÖNIGSWINTER.

The abbey, which is a masterpiece of Romanesque architecture, was founded in the year 1202; but the exterior was not completed until 1233. As many as sixteen altars were consecrated during the progress of the building. This fact will give some idea of its former extent, of which, indeed, the outline may be still distinguished. The abbey did not lack wealthy supporters, for it was endowed by the most distinguished noble families, who apparently contributed to its splendour in order to reconcile themselves to Heaven, and atone for their highway robberies. The industry and learning of the monks seem to have kept pace with the outward splendour of the place. Amongst them Cæsar von Milendonk, or, as he called himself, Cæsar von Heisterbach, was specially prominent. The prosperity of the abbey lasted for centuries, till, in 1588, the Truchsess quarrels brought a crowd of military into the quiet valley, who plundered and burnt the abbey. It was rebuilt with much trouble, and the Thirty Years' War did not do much harm to it. Unfortunately, it was reserved for our century, during the Berg government of 1810, to see this well-preserved memorial sold as building material, when the beautiful trachyte was carried off to build canals, and to strengthen the fortifications of Cologne and Wesel. The splendid pictures and other Art-treasures in which the abbey was so rich, were only saved from the vandalism of modern times by the feeling for Art possessed by a few private people. King Louis I. secured a number of these treasures, which are now to be seen at Munich.

The choir has even now an imposing appearance, surrounded as it is by the graves of the abbots, and by thick-branching trees. The holy stillness which here surrounds us is very striking, and makes the Heisterbach Mantle one of the most favourite resorts in the Siebengebirge. Tradition says that an abbot

with a long white beard still wanders at night among the graves. He counts the tombstones without being able to find his own, and will only discover it when the whole of the building has fallen.

Löwenburg may also be mentioned here, though it is only as a ruin that it is remarkable, little information respecting its bygone splendour being extant. The shady forest-road of the mountain is much more interesting, with its curious strata and the view from the summit as far as the Westerwald. In fine weather the Feldberg, in the Taunus, is visible from this point. This castle was erected by the Archbishop Frederick I., and for the same end as he built others, namely, to protect his territory. He died here in the year 1131. The castle passed from the family of Sayn to the house of Sponheim and



KÖNIGSWINTER.

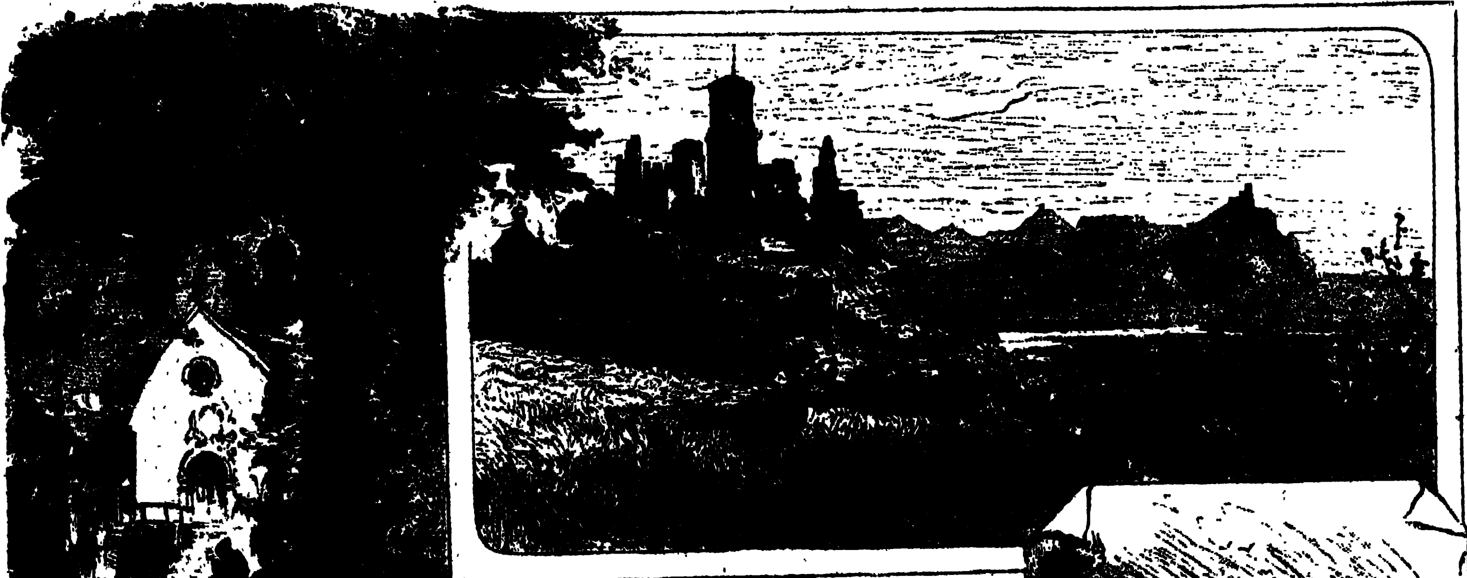
the Von Loëns, and afterwards to Nassau-Saarbruck and Jülich-Berg. It is said that the Elector Hermann V. of Cologne had an interview here with Melancthon and Bucer.

We will now rest awhile from our mountain-climbing and descend to the shore, beloved above all other places on the Rhine by poets. Unkel, on the left, was the favourite resort of Freiligrath, Menzenberg of Simrock, and Herresberg, yonder, of G. Pfarrius. The late Wolfgang Müller dwelt in pleasant Königswinter and Oberkassel; farther down the river was Gottfried Kinkel's birthplace.

We pass through the Rhöndorf Valley, shaded by noble trees, to Rhöndorf. The villas here are chiefly inhabited by the wealthy, who come to rest from their labours in the service of Mammon. In the chapel stands the tomb of the last of the godless race of Drachenfels. A dragon and a skull were the ensigns under which these noble lords made themselves a terror to the neighbourhood. A short picturesque path leads us to Honnef, the Nice of the Rhine, the Buen-Retiro of the great, or at least wealthy, people, who build their villas here, and of those delicate constitutions who seek shelter from the rough north-east

wind. Above all, however, it is the rendezvous of families from the Lower Rhine, and for tourists who "do" the Siebengebirge, and after resting in hospitable Königswinter, continue their route to Bonn.

The low-lying fields on either side of us are rich and fertile, as though the bosom of the earth would bestow doubly what the harsh inexorable rock denies. But a feeling of melancholy steals over the



RUINS OF GODESBERG.

CHAPEL, GODESBERG.

traveller as the steamer bears him onward. He gazes back with longing eyes as the mountains gradually retreat, as they grow more and more indistinct, and finally disappear in the impenetrable mist of the distance.

The banks here make no attempt to vie with the wonders of the Rhine paradise whose door is now closed behind us. The traveller surveys with a calm eye the broad flats through which the river ever seems to glide wearily. Inland, the one remarkable object is the ruin of Godesberg, which overlooks Rüngsdorf-on-the-Rhine. It is a picturesque old pile, which the Archbishop Dietrich I. built with the money which he extorted as ransom from the captive Jews. Seed-time and harvest are the only variations which surround us on both sides of the Rhine, and the river-bed itself seems disposed to pass into the character of the lowland plains, until the towers of the Cathedral of Bonn appear between hills and trees.



ENTRANCE TO THE RUINS.

As the steamer passes the beautiful pleasure-gardens on the bank, no one realises that we are before the old Roman city of Bonna, the Castra Bonnensia of which we read in Tacitus. Bonn also must have been founded by Drusus, though this supposition has not been proved any more than has the fact that the Ara Urbiorum stood here. Even before the arrival of the Romans a Celtic settlement was established here, near which the five Roman legions originally erected their station. The one was apparently merged in

the other. Proofs are also wanting that Drusus threw a bridge over the Rhine at this place. It has even been suggested that Cæsar may have crossed the Rhine at Wichelshof in the year 55 B.C. Of the first Roman period nothing is known beyond the numbers of the legions which were stationed here; and, later, we know only of the victorious battle which Claudius Civilis, the Batavер, fought against the Romans in the year 70. The fortifications being destroyed by the Alemanni, were restored by Julian in the year 357, but were again destroyed at a later period by the Huns, Franks, and Normans. It has been asserted that the mother of the Emperor Constantine, the Empress Helena, whose name we meet with frequently on the Rhine, founded the cathedral as early as 316: but this is not at all probable. It is, however, not unlikely that a church stood here under Constantine, on the site of which the cathedral was afterwards built. However that may be, it is certain that in the thirteenth century Bonn had attained to such a pitch of prosperity that the Archbishop Conrad of Cologne granted it the privileges of a city, and fortified it. His successor Engelbert reaped the benefit of these acts when the citizens drove him from Cologne, and he took refuge behind the walls of Bonn. The transfer of the Archiepiscopal Court to Bonn was, of course, a great benefit to the town. The citizens, who belonged to the League, throve in business; the court brought a large amount of trade, and Bonn was very prosperous before war brought to it the usual difficulties.



BEETHOVEN'S MONUMENT, BONN.

One thing which requires explanation is, that under the archbishop already mentioned, who was driven away from Cologne, Bonn was called, not Bonn, but Verona, as we learn from the inscription on the archbishop's tomb. This is confirmed also by the oldest city seal. It may be that only the Roman citadel was called Bonna, while the town itself bore the name of Verona. The place figures also under this name in Master Hagen's *Rhine Chronicle*. In addition, we find the town mentioned at this period by the name of Bern; and, indeed, the lion of Dietrich of Bern is quartered in the arms of the town.

The conversion of Archbishop Gerhard, Count of Truchsetz-Waldburg, to the evangelical religion, and his consequent banishment, were naturally matters which deeply concerned Bonn. When the town was besieged by the Spaniards it was betrayed into the hands of the enemy. It had to pay dearly for its dependence on the bishop; for Gerhard's general, Martin Schenk, took the town by surprise, wrested it from the hands of the new archbishop, and defended himself boldly against the besiegers, the Dukes of Croy and Verdugo. He was, however, at last forced by fire and hunger to capitulate, and the new archbishop cooled his rage on the citizens. The Thirty Years' War brought fresh troubles, and in the year 1689, the French having occupied Bonn, it was besieged by the Elector Frederick III., to whom the town was given up, after it had been almost completely destroyed in the bombardment. Bonn slowly recovered itself, but only to be subjected to fresh trials. In the wars of the Spanish succession the Elector Joseph Clement of Bavaria ceded the town to the French, who were again forced to evacuate it by Marlborough and the Dutch General Coehorn, or Cowhorn, whose terrible artillery the walls were unable to withstand.

The popular wit exercised itself respecting this event by saying that "the walls of Jericho had fallen at the sound of trumpets, but those of Bonn fell at the blast of a Cowhorn." Bonn remained in the hands of the Dutch until it was retaken by the electoral army. In 1717 the walls were demolished, and the luxurious Archbishop Joseph Clement of Cologne laid the foundation of the castle, the building of which was continued by his successor, Clement Augustus I., who also finished the castles of Poppelsdorf and Brühl. In the year 1777 an academy was founded by Maximilian Frederick, and this was raised into a university in 1784. After this the French again invaded Germany, and Bonn became French by the Treaty of Luneville. It did not return to Prussia until the Vienna Congress in 1814. From that moment Bonn made a new start; with a fresh and more secure future before it, it mounted the first step of the ladder which was to raise it to its present important position. Frederick William III. established the university in 1818, when it was opened within the castle-walls. New buildings sprang up in various parts of the town, thus giving it a more modern appearance, and the youth of Germany came from all quarters to hear the wisdom of the professors of the university, many of whom were known for their learning throughout the whole civilised world.

The University of Bonn became one of the first seats of learning in Germany, and was tended by eighty professors, lecturers, and private tutors. It is richly endowed, and the building, which is one of the most beautiful in the country, has accommodation for collegians, a library, a physical museum, an institution for clinical instruction, and a collection of art-treasures. The renown of Bonn brought to it as students young princes and the sons of the noblest families. Among the teachers appear the most renowned names, such as those of Niebuhr, Schlegel, Arndt, Dahlmann, Johannes Müller, Ritschl, Simrock, Kinkel, who were here the teachers of crowned heads, and who gained for themselves immortality as scholars, writers, and poets.


ARNDT'S MONUMENT, BONN.

The prosperity of the town increased from year to year with the growth of the university, and in more modern times its beautiful situation attracted to it another element which added considerably to its importance. Bonn is now almost a colony of English families, to whom the banks of the Rhine has become a second home. The wealthy and prosperous, not only of Germany but from all parts of the world, settle here, and the requirements of their luxurious households has created a new quarter of the town. The traveller who now walks through the promenades can hardly realise that it was here that the huts of the settlers of the Roman legion, with all its military luggage, once stood. We also must take a walk through the town, and first of all to the cathedral, a magnificent pile built of tufa-stone in the Romanesque transition style, and dating from the thirteenth century. It was probably built on the same spot where a church had already stood in the time of Constantine. The history of the cathedral contains few events of importance. Two kings were crowned in it, Philip the Fair and Charles IV. of Bohemia; and four Archbishops of Cologne are buried there, including Engelbert II. and Ruprecht von der Pfalz.

Before the church stands the bronze monument to Beethoven, which was modelled by Hahnel in Dresden, and cast by D. Burgschmied in Nuremberg. A stone tablet informs us that this great man was born in No. 7 in the Rheingasse. This is not correct, for the honour belongs to No. 20 in the Bonngasse, where, for the last four years, a similar tablet may have been observed. Another and no less interesting monument stands on the old "Zoll," a former bastion on the Rhine—the monument of Arndt, erected in 1865. A memorial tablet on a little house here reminds us that P. J. Lenné was born here in 1789.

The university in the old Electoral Palace is of so great an extent that the building almost entirely occupies the south side of the town. It is the Alma Mater not only of the German youth thirsting for knowledge, but also of the town itself. We are already acquainted with the chief points in its history. A well-known avenue leads us from the university to the Poppelsdorf Palace, formerly called Clement's Rest. It is the same which we have already mentioned. Joseph Clement laid the foundation-stone in 1715, and



AVENUE LEADING TO POPPELSDORF, BONN.

Clement Augustus completed it in the year 1746. Frederick William III. presented the castle to the university for their natural history collection. The well-stocked botanical garden was first laid out in 1820. The agricultural academy opposite is of a later date, having been opened in 1847.

Kreuzberg, a resort of pilgrims, lies at a short distance from Poppelsdorf. A church was erected in the place of the first chapel in 1627, and there is also the old monastery of the Servite Order. The former is interesting on account of its richly-decorated porch, which represents the front of the palace of the Roman governor Pontius Pilate, and also depicts the sufferings of Christ. In the church screen about thirty steps lead up the "holy staircase," which is an imitation in marble of the Scala Santa in the Lateran, which can only be ascended by the devout on their knees. A collection of wonderful relics was formerly shown here, consisting of the bodies of Servite monks which had been kept like mummies—the oldest of them having been preserved upwards of two hundred years. It would hardly be possible here to enumerate all the convents and shrines in the neighbourhood of Bonn, but we will mention the Jesuit Church on account of the legend which Simrock connects with it. This story relates that the devil was once passing here in



BONN

company with the wind. The devil took occasion to ask his companion to wait a moment for him outside as he had something to do in the house. The devil, however, never re-appeared, and so they say the wind has been waiting for him there ever since.

We must proceed, however, and sit once more under the awning of the steamer, absorbed in the impression which the wondrous Rhine Valley makes on us. We glide smoothly and quietly past the banks on both sides of the river; no neighbour's telescope disturbs us, no passenger jumps up to shut out the prospect from us. The sunshine lies idly on the river and on the luxuriant meadows, and the mountains of the so-called Vorgebirge gradually recede from us. One object only attracts our attention, and that is the lofty rock on the right bank, which commands the whole of the valley from Bonn. On it formerly stood the Abbey of Siegburg, and under it the busy railway passengers rush without paying any attention



CHURCH ON THE KREUZBERG, BONN.

to its beauties or historic interest. Up above there, in the dwelling which the State now gives as an asylum to those who are doomed to intellectual darkness, there once lived a monster in human form, namely, the ruler of the districts of Mayfeld and Auel, the Count-Palatine Henry the Furious.

The castle once stood near the Sieg, which rushes from the mountains to the Rhine, but its history is veiled in darkness, except that it took its name of Sigiberg from the Sigambri upon whose territory it stood. The earliest historical records of the eleventh century are connected with the monster already named, who quarrelled with the Archbishop Anno, or Hanno, of Cologne, about territory and land, fell upon his property, massacred all before him, set fire to the town, and drove the wretched inhabitants into Cologne. The archbishop outlawed the wicked, bloodthirsty count-palatine. Henry, becoming weary of banishment, begged pardon, presented Siegburg to the bishop as a sin-offering, and retired into a monastery. He soon reappeared, however, collected a new army, and again fell upon the possessions of

the archbishop. Just when he had confronted the archbishop's troops at Kochem, on the Moselle, he quarrelled with his wife, killed her on the spot, and then ran out laughing loudly to tell his soldiers what he had done. Upon this his army became disorganised, and Henry was seized and again shut up in a monastery, where he passed the remainder of his wicked life under a rigorous guard.

In order to purify the place where Henry had dwelt from the curse which his evil deeds had brought upon it, the archbishop made Siegburg into a monastery. A legend relates that an angel appeared to him and advised him to prepare a grave for himself on the hill, as his end was approaching. According to another legend, a great golden cross appeared in the sky above Siegburg, and this the bishop took for a warning from heaven. Thus the building of the church and the abbey was begun in 1064, and they were consecrated a few years later. Hardly twelve years afterwards, Archbishop Anno, who made this his favourite residence, was buried in the convent. The opinions his contemporaries expressed concerning this man are very contradictory. At Cologne he is called the "Eye-piercer," because he had the punish-



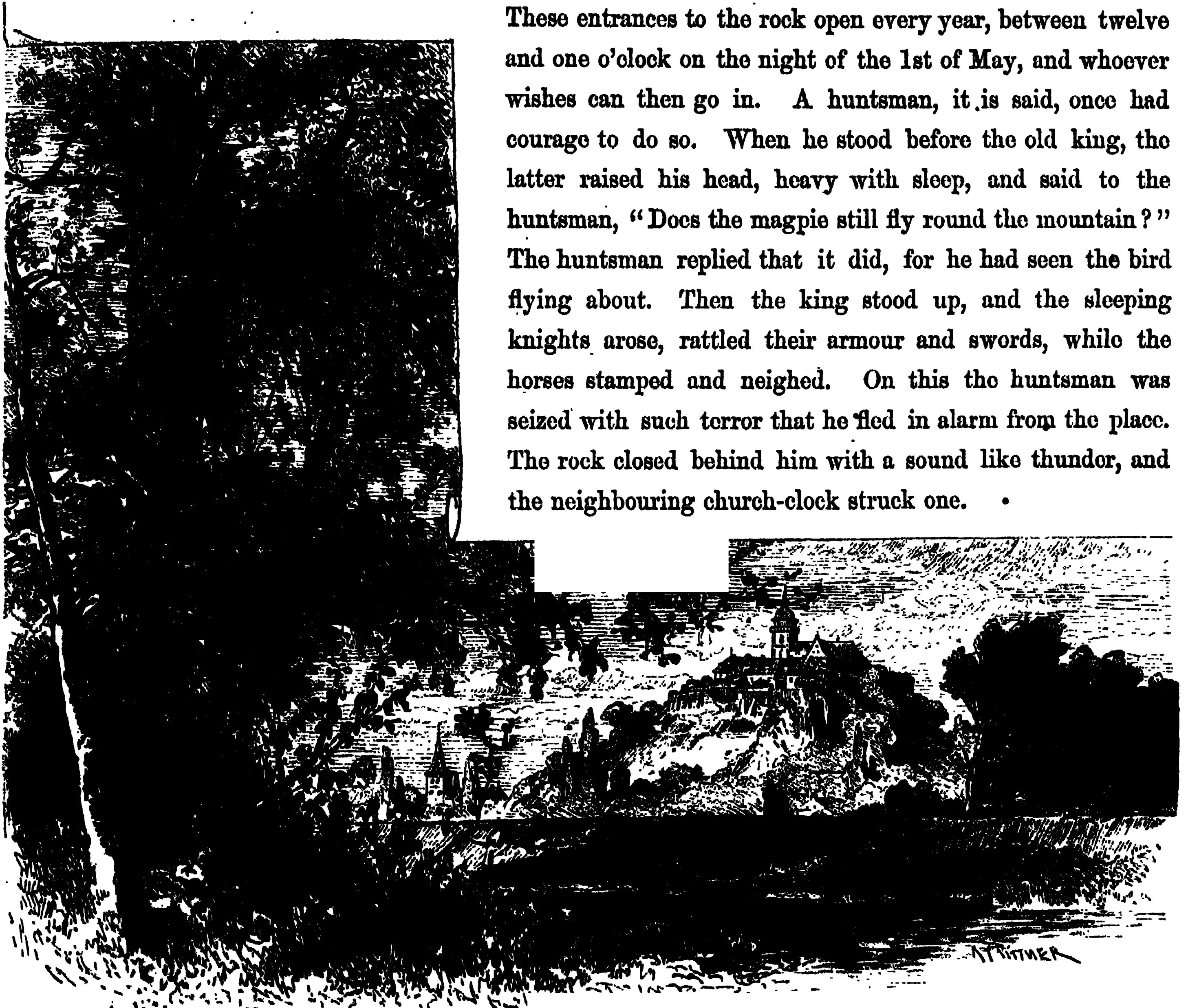
ON THE SIEG.

ment of loss of sight inflicted with cruel severity; while, on the other hand, the provost of tolls of Siegburg, about a hundred years after Anno's death, informs us that he was so good and pious that he had performed four hundred and thirty well-known miracles!

In the meantime the abbey became powerful both in influence and possessions, and was richly endowed by the nobility and the emperor. It became so rich, and withal so avaricious, that it gave occasions for quarrels with the archbishops, who had long viewed with displeasure the presumption of the Abbot of Siegburg, who was favoured with privileges derived directly from the emperor. After many disputes, and under the pressure of war, its privileges were put an end to in the year 1676; at the same time the newly-discovered instruments of war destroyed the strongly-fortified walls, behind which the monks, whose numbers had gradually increased to upwards of two hundred, sought protection. The abbey fell to the share of Jülich Berg. The soldiers of the French Revolution levelled to the ground what was left of the proud old building; and, finally, Frederick William II., the founder of the University of Bonn, gave the existing buildings for an asylum for the insane.

That the monks of Siegburg did not confine themselves exclusively to the service of Heaven, may be proved from the circumstance that when the abbey was abolished a heavy wine-bill remained to be paid, and the Abbey of Altenburg, which belonged to Siegburg, had to be given over to the creditors to liquidate the debt. The monks had also planted vines of their own, which, however, did not suffice to satisfy their thirst. Such was the lamentable end of this once-magnificent old institution.

Two legends are connected with Siegburg and its neighbour Wolsberg, both of which, however, are repetitions or imitations of similar legends in other places. Local tradition loves to associate well-known stories with the places lying nearest to it, if they are suitable. The pious Erpho, the first Abbot of Siegburg, is said, like the young monk of Heisterbach, to have been much puzzled over the words of the Psalmist, "A thousand years with the Lord are but as a watch in the night." What was the result of his cogitations, however, we are not told. At Wolsberg it is said that an old king, with a long grey beard, sits asleep on a block of stone in a cave, with both his hands leaning on the handle of his great sword. At the entrance to the cave lie armed knights, also sleeping, and near them stand richly-caparisoned chargers, which paw the ground impatiently with their feet. These entrances to the rock open every year, between twelve and one o'clock on the night of the 1st of May, and whoever wishes can then go in. A huntsman, it is said, once had courage to do so. When he stood before the old king, the latter raised his head, heavy with sleep, and said to the huntsman, "Does the magpie still fly round the mountain?" The huntsman replied that it did, for he had seen the bird flying about. Then the king stood up, and the sleeping knights arose, rattled their armour and swords, while the horses stamped and neighed. On this the huntsman was seized with such terror that he fled in alarm from the place. The rock closed behind him with a sound like thunder, and the neighbouring church-clock struck one.

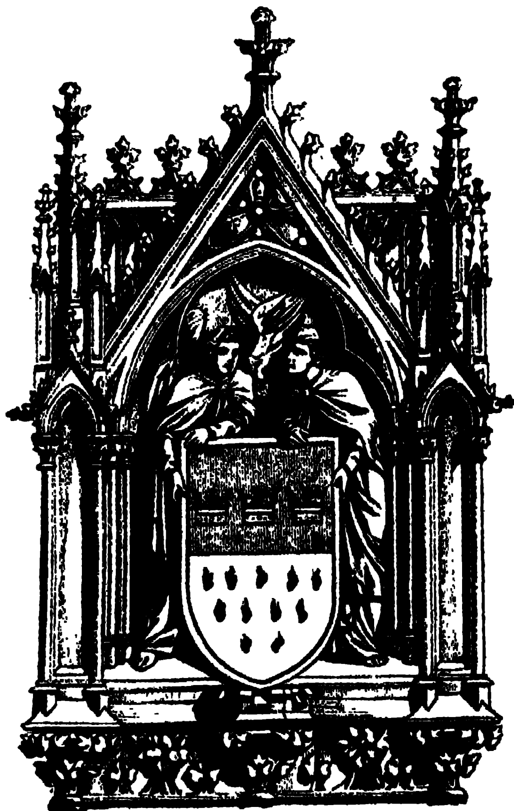


THE ABBEY OF SIEGBURG.



COLOGNE, FROM A DISTANCE.

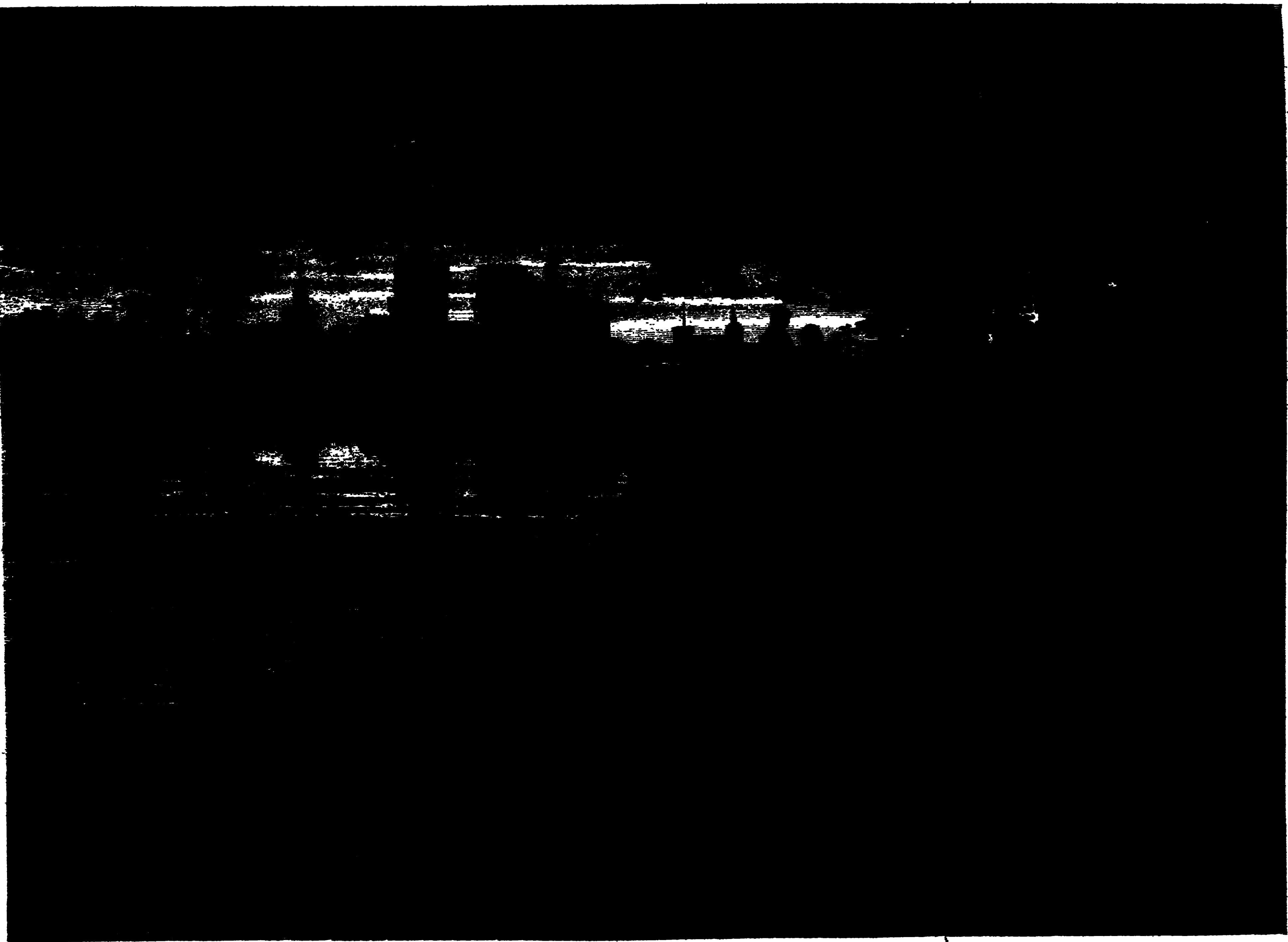
HOLY COLOGNE.



ARMS OF COLOGNE.

WE have now emerged from the majestic circle of the splendid "seven mountains," which is the finest point on the Rhine, with its commanding peaks and sheltered valleys, and we turn northwards, where the broad stream flows at its full expanse between low banks. It has passed through the impetuous days of its boyhood and youth, and has settled down into a busy domesticated condition, content to look after the rye and the wheat, to be interested in the increase in the number of lofty smoking chimneys and clattering railway trains, and to remark with satisfaction the growth of the shipping before the wealthy and busy commercial towns.

With the remembrance of the rock-girt valley through which we passed but yesterday fresh in our minds, we look round us with astonishment on finding the whole landscape completely changed, as if by the touch of a magic wand. A boundless plain stretches before us. To the east the Taunus, the Westerwald, the Sauerland mountains retire visibly, and to the west Hunsrück, the Eifel, Upper Venn, and the Ardennes form with them a mighty half-circle, whose foot was once bathed by the waves of the ocean. At that epoch the wild mountain-torrents rushed down on all sides, and brought with them



COLOGNE FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK.

deposits which, by degrees, in the course of centuries, gradually formed that broad and fertile plain through which the Rhine now flows. This mighty mass of water from the Lower Rhine, which is from twelve hundred to more than two thousand feet in width, and from ten to fifty in depth, glides with majestic repose along the whole of its course. It is here only one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea at the Dutch delta, and the fall is quite gradual, without any break and without any rapids, because its bed along its whole course being on alluvial soil, is no more obstructed by rocks. It receives, on its right bank, the important influx of the Sieg, the Wupper, the Ruhr, and the Lippe; while on its left bank, with the exception of the Erft, from here to Holland it receives but small tributaries. Then the noble stream, with all its mighty past, on entering Holland has the misfortune to lose its venerable



DEUTZ.

name, and to reach the ocean only as a miserable little streamlet, while strange rivers, dividing among them the contents of the German river, bear great ships to the sea on its stolen waters.

Thus the old German stream, as such, is lost to us, and only a poor remnant of the vast volume of the lordly Rhine reaches the sea. The acts of the Vienna Congress, which shut off the free passage of vessels here, spoke disparagingly of the shrunken stream; but that is of little consequence in these days, and it will not interfere with the lofty feelings which always swell our breast when the mountains of the Middle Rhine fade behind us, and we gaze over the boundless plain of the Lower Rhine. Before us lies the open country, with golden cornfields and rich meadows, whence strong brown cattle low at us as we pass, where well-stocked farms lie half-hidden among the great trunks of oak and beech, where villages and towns, charmingly alternating with country houses, churches, and monasteries, adorn the landscape; and where, beside elegant modern buildings, we find eloquent records of antiquity in the grey old castles and the weatherbeaten, broken towers, which, even in their ruins, bear the impress of their former majesty.

So the countries of the Lower Rhine lie before us, like a richly-illustrated book whose designs show us side by side, first the history of the creation of the earth, then the still shapeless footprints of its first inhabitants and conquerors, gradually developing until the Roman civilisation inscribed itself legibly in castles, towers, bridges and roads, and clearly defined the spots where existing towns now populous and flourishing, sprang out of those ancient strongholds. Then we see the traces of later centuries becoming more and more elaborate—from the Frankish and Germanic imperial period, marked by inflexible, bold strongholds, by castles and palaces before the ruins of which we stand lost in wonder, to the magnificence of Christian cathedrals, abbeys, and churches, which appear to us to be the most beautiful things of the kind that it is in the power of the human mind to conceive. We turn the pages and see how the old



"THE LITTLE TOWER," COLOGNE.

cities grew, and surrounded themselves with walls within whose circle citizens and families fought, or else united against their so-called protectors.

We find at the present day the plainest traces of all these warlike civil disputes, as well as of the period of the robber-knights and the noble highwaymen; but their time is past, and to-day the lord of the place is—Steam. Whichever way we look, we perceive it in perpetual activity. We see it pouring forth its cloudy breath from innumerable stacks and chimneys; setting in motion, in one place, millions of spindles, and in another, the gigantic steam-hammer; on the one side working machines of various kinds, and on the other turning the wheels of the narrow steamers on the river, or driving along the banks the rushing locomotive. The great advantage the Lower Rhine has is that everything is so wonderfully combined in it; the metal rests side by side with the coal in the inexhaustible earth; between the great busy manufacturing towns miles of cornfields extend, forming a perfect store of food;

on the boundless pastures, the flocks patiently stand ready to yield their fleecy covering to the woollen manufacturer; and in the midst of all runs the river, the main artery of traffic, incessantly carrying boats and ships, both great and small, from place to place.

We can now either wander along the shore of the river on foot, embark on one of the numerous steamboats, or take the railway which shrieks on both sides of the river. We will choose the agreeable mode of conveyance which will permit us to fly through dull tracts, by means of the railway, and then examine the more interesting objects, villages, and towns from the bank of the river.

We first take the train from Bonn to Cologne, in order to get quickly over the uninteresting neighbourhood between those two towns. A chain of hills, called the Vorgebirge, bounds the prospect to the west, and then sinking into smaller and smaller eminences, gradually loses itself in the plain. About



CHURCH OF ST. GEREON, COLOGNE.

midway between the two towns the railway runs through a beautiful shady oasis, which is Brühl. It has a magnificent castle situated in a fine park, full of gigantic trees, broad lawns, and quiet lakes. The uninhabited castle, however, is not the only object that attracts our eye; we notice also the pleasant villas belonging to the rich citizens of Cologne, with their bright fronts and creeper-covered verandahs, their terraces and balconies, which we catch a glimpse of as we flash by. The first view of Cologne must be obtained from the river-side, in order that the truly elevating sight of the town may have its full and proper effect. Even old Father Rhine himself seems to flow with a satisfied air past the broad bend which the bank forms here, and on which the city gently rises, showing tier above tier of houses, long rows of roofs, ridges of turrets, crowds of small buildings, interspersed with massive piles overlooked by summits and towers, which again all seem to serve as a background to one majestic object, the

cathedral. The latter, with its thousands of points and turrets, its mighty buttresses, its glittering windows reflecting the sunshine, looks like some huge gem standing out above everything round it, and attracting our admiring gaze even from the distance.

At the entrance to the town we are received by a stern sentinel in the form of the Bayen Tower, a



THE TOWN-HALL, COLOGNE.

square-turreted building in the Romanesque style, which was erected in the year 1200. It forms the beginning of the mediæval outer wall of the town, which is still well preserved. This wall has very fine gate-towers, among which the Severins Gate and St. Gereon's Gate may be particularly noticed. It



COLOGNE.

encloses Cologne with a bow, the cord of which is formed by the Rhine. Our steamboat slackens its speed as it makes for the harbour, and thus gives us an opportunity of examining the busy shore as we glide past.

Grey old fortifications and toll-walls on this part of the Rhine cut off the town from the river, and egress is only permitted through a few gloomy gateways, which are generally closed at night. Above these old walls rise buildings old and new, peeping curiously over them with their shining windows. Here and there we see little terraces adorned with a poor attempt at verdure—creepers and evergreens,



THE HARBOUR AT COLOGNE.

and even an unpretending orange-tree. These signs usually indicate an hotel, or one of the numerous restaurants which lie behind the old ramparts, and offer an unobstructed view up and down the river.

Numerous steamers and other boats, which lie on the shore not far from the Bayen Tower, and which are hidden behind green trees, point out the harbour of refuge, an interesting point on the river-side. A rather extensive island was once here, the scanty remains of which have, perhaps, been known to us as Rheinau. It was, indeed, the spot where the founders of Cologne, the old Ubii, first settled. This race even then were given to commercial pursuits, and had so many ships at this place that they were able to make Cæsar the offer of transporting his whole army to the right side of the Rhine. The Ubii had their national sanctuary here, on the right side of the river; it was called Tuits, and was dedicated to Tuit: it is the present Deutz. On our left was their *Ara Ubiorum*, which was undoubtedly the predecessor of the Christian cathedral built here at a later period.

As we glide slowly past the river-island, the fine hotels of Cologne look as though they had grown into the wall we have already spoken of. They alone were frequented by the fashionable world when the Rhine was the principal means of transit, but in more modern times magnificent rivals have risen in other parts of the town, and especially near the railway station. Notwithstanding this, the active life and bustle in the comparatively narrow street between the hotels and the river has not decreased. It seems that there must be something specially attractive that causes such a crowd of busy people and promenaders to pass up and down the road between this place and the Bayen Tower. There is, indeed, a constant surging to and fro, which increases as we approach the pier, beside which the steamers are moored. It seems impossible that our steamboat can ever thread its way among the mass of vessels, most of which are moored to the quay with strong cables or anchored with heavy chains. It is a striking picture of commercial and maritime life.

We leave the busy quay with a sense of relief, and walk quietly on to the pontoon-bridge, from the middle of which we obtain a new and more extensive view of "Holy Cologne," and at the same time see pleasant Deutz lying on the right bank. The sound of music, which comes thence, attracts us onward, and following other pedestrians, we soon find ourselves in Deutz, on the right bank of the Rhine. It is a place of recreation for the people of Cologne, and the magnificent hotels, the Marienbildchen and the Prinz Karl, are specially attractive in the mid-day, on account of their shady gardens, which lie immediately on the river. Military bands play in turn, the Rhine wine sparkles in the glass, or the "Maitrank" in green cups, and having found a front place on the parapet of the wall, we gaze at the beautiful town which rises gently from the shore, and lies, with its hundreds of towers and spires, in a great bow before us.

Over the iron trellised bridge on our right trains run in endless succession, while steamers for Holland, Düsseldorf, the Upper and Middle Rhine lie before us at the free-port. Near them again are those great sailing-ships which come direct from the sea—the same which in our early youth excited our greatest interest, with their tall masts and yards, their intricate cables and ropes.

At the time when the Rhine was divided into two arms here—thus making a small but tolerably elevated river-island—it formed so convenient a place for crossing, that Cæsar, who came hither from the Samber and the Maas, was able without much difficulty to throw a wooden bridge across in ten days. This bridge was, perhaps, built at the same point where Constantine the Great afterwards erected his splendid bridge, having first spanned the small side arm with one arch, and thus diminished the difficulty of building a bridge over the greater arm. Bishop Bruno, for reasons quite unintelligible to us, destroyed Constantine's bridge, and supplied its place with a ferry which was in the hands of a privileged guild. Even after this, however, the place still remained the principal point for crossing the Lower Rhine. Like Cæsar and Constantine, Charlemagne crossed here with his troops on his expedition into Saxony, as did also the Germanic Franks, when they broke loose into Roman Gaul; while the French frequently came the reverse way in their numerous invasions into Germany. The fact that the first railway bridge built over the Lower Rhine was erected here, also testifies to the importance of this place as a ferry.

As the Bayen Tower appeared, from above, to be the beginning of the town, so, from below, does the iron bridge of the Rhenish Railway appear to be its end. But it is only so in appearance, for below

this heavy structure, which lies like a stunted balcony over the river, the town extends for some distance down the stream, and then terminates in strong fortifications and bastions, deep ditches and shady ramparts. These last form a pleasant and beautiful walk round the whole of the land side of the town.

Having reached the entrance of the remarkable old harbour of refuge, we turn and look up the stream, and find the view of the town from this point most picturesque. We have before us the broad river, bearing on its bosom the gliding ships, and the steamers lying at anchor near the shore. The high walls with their arched gateways form a dark foreground, and above them rise numerous towers, among which one particularly attracts us. This is the noble church of Great St. Martin, a bold, strong, and yet elegant Romanesque building, with four lofty corner towers. From this point the heavy form of the iron railway bridge, being foreshortened, is somewhat toned down, and the towers of its piers, with their equestrian statues of King Frederick William IV. and the Emperor William, are brought into prominence.

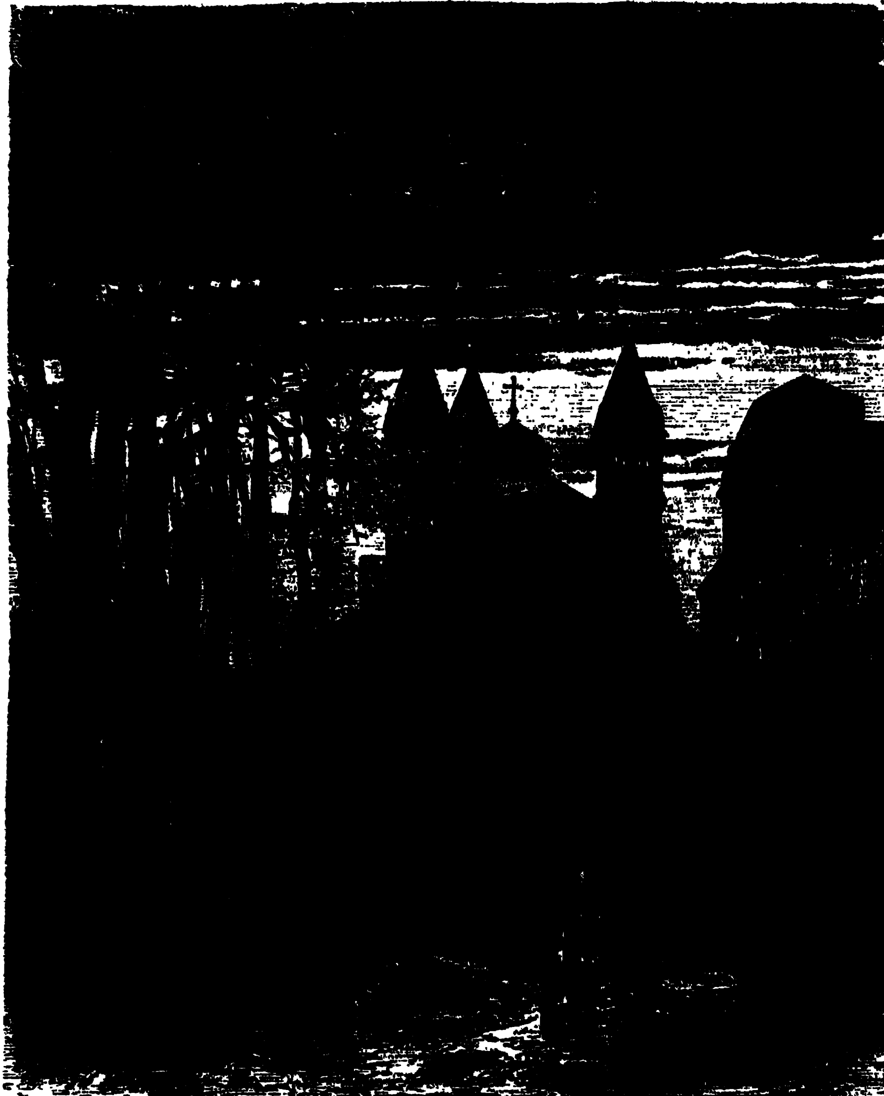
On the west, between St. Gereon's Gate and the Ehren Gate, is the great public garden, with its nurseries, its rooms for taking the mineral waters, and several much-frequented restaurants. It is situated, however, at too great a distance for our evening walk, so we turn our steps over the bridge which crosses the entrance to the old harbour, and passing beautiful gardens and villas, reach the Zoological Gardens, which are laid out with remarkable taste. The animals, which are well-chosen specimens, are in excellent condition, and are comfortably accommodated, their habits and wants being carefully considered.

A little farther on we come to the Botanical Gardens of the Flora Society, one of the most charming and tasteful gardens of its kind. Here the *élite* of Cologne assemble on fine evenings. Ladies in brilliant toilets saunter along the paths to the sound of excellent music, and enjoy the fragrance of the handsome flower-beds, or examine the wonderful growth of the slender palms, tree-ferns, and the succulent leaf plants, which are arranged in picturesque groups. Here the whole of the fine scenery of the landscape to the south is unfolded before us, and has a fine effect, particularly when we hear from the neighbouring Zoological Gardens the sullen roar of the lion.

Unfortunately we cannot remain here long, so we set out along the shady walk of the Thurmchen and St. Gereon's rampart, on the latter of which we come close to a nightingale furrow, and so reach the St. Gereon's Gate, and enter the city through this stately building. It is a magnificent edifice, in form like a citadel and very old, in style Romanesque with Gothic decorations. At the gate we get a foretaste of the bustle of the streets in the labyrinth of arches, winding passages in the walls, and threatening fragments, all echoing under the burden of numerous vehicles. It is, indeed, difficult at some parts of the day to gain an entrance on account of the stream of men, animals of all kinds, riders and carriages, heavy waggons, and those well-known vegetable carts with two large wheels which are so plentiful on the Lower Rhine. On the other side of the St. Gereon's Gate it is pleasant to find that this noisy traffic does not continue, for we take the comparatively quiet road and make our way to the place surrounded by trees where the Church of St. Gereon stands, in order to examine this quaint mediæval foundation. On the oldest portion, a round tower, unmistakable signs of its Roman origin are to be recognised, while its ten-cornered nave is Gothic, and its elongated choir Romanesque. The building is the work of centuries, parts having been added from time to time when others were pulled down. The choir was enlarged, as well as the arch of the entrance, when the two square towers were built. If, however, St. Gereon presents the most varied styles of architecture, it still remains one of the most interesting

churches of Cologne, and is furnished with legends from the earliest Christian times. The oldest part of the church was built by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, to the memory of the martyrs of the Thebaic Legion who, with their captains Gereon and Gregory, died for their faith in the great persecution of the Christians in the year 286.

In regard to such stories, legends, and histories, few towns are so richly stocked as Cologne, and whichever way we turn we find some testimony or record of the past. It may be the fragments of an old pillar, or of an old tower, or a curious head grinning on us from some lofty building, such as the



THE APOSTELKIRCHE, OR CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES.

"Jabbeck" on the town-hall, which opens its mouth at every stroke of the clock; or else the two horses' heads which look down from over the window of a fine house in the New Market.

The New Market is one of the largest public squares of Cologne, and is planted all round with trees. At noon the guard parades here amid the sound of military music, and the place when filled with gay and shining uniforms presents a very brilliant appearance; but in the evening it is tolerably deserted and quiet. The last rays of the setting sun play among the branches of the trees, and gild the tips of the Church of the Holy Apostles, and show us in a most favourable light, through the branches of the trees, the beautiful architecture of the treble-naved basilica, with its slender corner towers, its square main

tower, its choir, and the wings of its eastern transept, with their great round apses. These apses are adorned with two rows of round blind arches, and above them is a dwarf gallery.

We make use of the remainder of the fast-waning daylight to pay a short visit to the neighbouring Church of St. Peter, which possesses as an altar-piece one of Rubens' most important works—the



THE GÜRZENICH, COLOGNE.

"Crucifixion of St. Peter." In the meantime night has fallen, and as we consider no time more suitable than the twilight to wave our magic wand, we beg the reader to pardon this fancy, and to follow us with confidence when we pass suddenly from the warm, close summer evening to a bright, clear winter's morning. The branches of the trees are bare, and a light covering of snow lies on the roofs and on the

broad, open place filled with the picturesque bustle of the Carnival, which has its beginning here in the New Market.

A platform has been erected on the eastern side of the square, and is decorated with red and white banners, and with the colours of all the towns that intend to send a deputation to this fools' assembly. The old city guard, called the Cologne sparks, on account of their bright red uniform, form the guard of honour. The sentinel under arms, who stands before the platform, has leant his old musket against the rail, and is knitting a huge stocking. Near him we see the headquarters of the "sparks," their guard-room, their lock-up, the sutler with her donkey, and the commandant of this venerable army sitting on a barrel, eating his modest breakfast. Ten o'clock has struck from all the church-towers: this is the hour when processions from all parts of the town set out for the New Market, where they meet. After the crowd, which has already collected, has been frequently deceived by loud cheers, or the false alarm of "Here they come!" there appears at length, accompanied by the deafening sound of trumpets, a stately cavalcade composed of the city militia, in red and white, the colours of Cologne. They are accompanied by a carriage drawn by four horses, containing the committee who organise the festival, and who immediately review the guard of the "sparks," inspect all the preparations, and then send mounted escorts to each of the four corners of the square to receive the various processions which arrive simultaneously from all sides.

The great square is now filled with people, either mounted or on foot, and with carriages drawn by four or six horses, brilliantly draped with all the colours of the rainbow, and containing persons in rich and elegant costumes, attired so as to humorously satirise some weakness of the age, or comically to represent some well-known contemporary event. Among these we remark examples of a more sober description, such as bands of knights in the correct costume of some bygone time, and figures which are special to the Cologne carnival, remaining always the same, and having a sort of historical importance. At the beginning of the slowly-forming procession is one of these specialities, who is the leader of the train. He is a little, unimportant figure in a red-and-white costume, bearing on his left arm a shield, and with his right brandishing a wooden sword. It is the old renowned fool Berndchen, a figure which has become historical from the oldest days of Cologne. As soon as the cavalcade is set in motion, the fool Berndchen moves on, not gravely or proudly, but with a gay motion and dancing step keeping time with the measure of the drums and fifes which follow him, and with the music of another element which also appears at every carnival, namely, the various associations of boys and girls in old-fashioned burgher costumes. The girls wear large white caps and aprons, the boys broad three-cornered hats, knee-breeches and black stockings. They go in pairs, and imitate the step of the fool Berndchen, dancing to the tune of the old national march of Cologne.

It would not be uninteresting for us to follow this procession, or to watch it pass by from a window or the base of some street-cross, or even to follow the carnival train through the streets of Cologne, and join in the well-known cry, "Geck los, Geck elans!" We have, however, other duties, and are unfortunately not able to be present at the brilliant masked ball in the town-hall or in the Gürzenich. We can only just look in and take a glance at the brilliant and richly-decorated hall with its huge proportions. On such an occasion as this it is capable of containing from five to six thousand persons. The gay carnival soon passes from before our eyes like a dream from which we awake, and we stand before the



A CARNIVAL IN COLOGNE.

colossal building where the festivities are held, and learn that the Gürzenich, which is one of the finest and oldest of the non-ecclesiastical edifices of Cologne, was erected in the fifteenth century. It is surmounted all round by battlements, and furnished at six points with elegant little watch-towers. It takes its name from the Gürzenich family, who built it for the same purpose which it now serves, and festivities of all kinds have been held in the great hall, which occupies the whole of the upper story. The place is particularly lively during the presence of the German Emperor in the town.

Before going farther we must here mention the Town Hall, which is built in the most elegant style of the Renaissance, and is only a few paces from the Gürzenich. Passing between dark-looking, old-fashioned houses we reach the quiet little open space in front of it, and nothing disturbs our meditations while—standing before the entrance with its beautiful porch—our fancy peoples the place with the forms of men clad in black cloth or velvet, with white neckcloths and gold chains of office, who pass in and out and guard the privileges of their town.

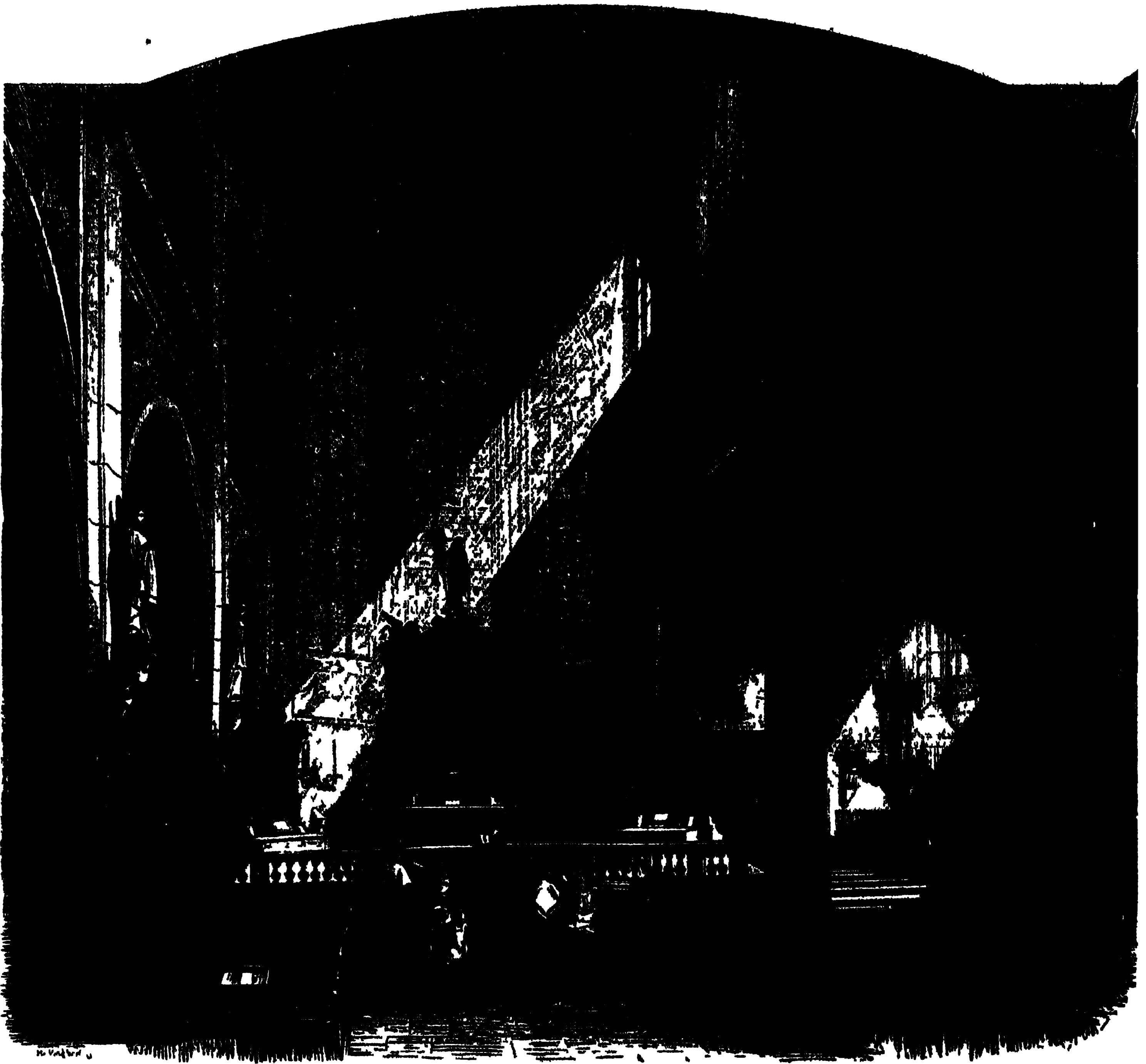
We are reminded of the quarrels which lasted for many years between the citizens of Cologne and the Archbishop and Electors, by the heroic figure of the Burgomaster Gryn on the porch of the Town Hall. The story relates that this upright man, who was hated by the priests, was invited by two of them to partake of their hospitality. These men kept a lion, and after the meal was over the burgomaster was taken to see the animal. The hosts, with apparent politeness, requested him to go first, and then took the opportunity of pushing him into the den of the hungry beast, who immediately flew at the intruder. Gryn, however, instantly wrapping his cloak around his left hand, thrust it into the open mouth of the lion, whilst with his right he drew his sword and plunged it into the animal's heart. The citizens released their favourite, and hung the two miscreants at the gate, which has ever since been called the Priest's Gate.

We still see the combat with the lion represented in stone over the portico, through which we now enter the venerable building, and reach the great Hall of the League by a broad flight of steps. From this hall we have a good view of the low-lying part of Cologne, on the river-side, and also of the lively bustle of the Old Market, which forms a cheerful picture with its great piled-up stores of fruit and vegetables, the noise of the salesmen, and more especially that of the saleswomen, with their well-known volubility of tongue, in their dark cotton cloaks and white caps. From the market-place the tower of the Town Hall rises in lofty stateliness. On it is the gargoyle before mentioned, which opens its mouth every time the clock strikes.

At the time of the disputes between the imperial city and its archbishops, the great room of the Town Hall must have been the scene of many negotiations with that violent archbishop, Conrad of Hockstad, who made the most arbitrary encroachments on the rights of the town. He struck coins, which he had no right to do; he levied an unlawful tax on the Rhine; and he had any citizen of Cologne who displeased him seized and imprisoned by his troopers. He stirred up the common people against the patricians, and when he was driven out of the town he endeavoured to destroy the ships lying in the river by means of Greek fire. In this way he roused a general disturbance, and according to records, chronicles, and songs, the homely citizens in these quarrels performed remarkable deeds of heroism. The disputes at last ended by the two parties being reconciled, after three bishops had been slain by the men of Cologne. A compromise was effected, but such was the popular feeling that these violent and over-

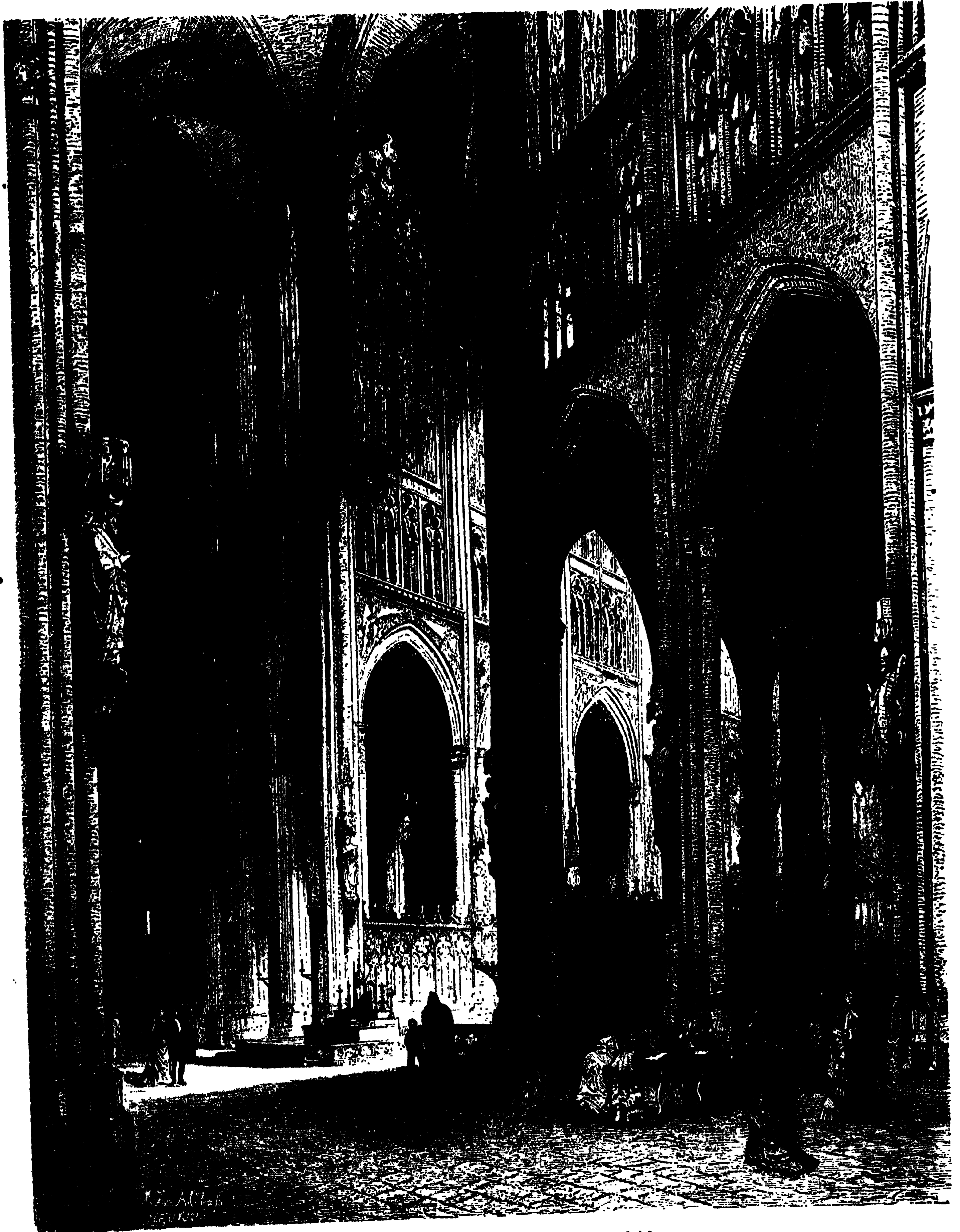
bearing prelates, when they came to visit Cologne from Bonn, the seat of the archbishopric, dared not remain a single night without the permission of the magistrates.

When we consider what Cologne had then become, we cannot wonder that its powerful merchant-lords were unwilling to submit to clerical insolence; for among these great merchants were men like Mathias Overstolz, who in virtue, power, courage, and nobility of mind, may be compared with a Lorenzo



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, COLOGNE.

de Medici. Cologne was then the centre of commerce between Greece and Hungary, East and South Germany, on the one side, and France, England, and Denmark on the other. The merchants of Cologne possessed an important warehouse in London, which they considered the germ of the League. The civic constitution and rights of Cologne served as a pattern for the legislation of many other towns, and its coinage, measures, and weights were accepted everywhere. Ships from Cologne sailed on every sea; and when we consider that even at that time the town had eighty thousand looms at work, we can have some



INTERIOR OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

idea of its importance. It was no doubt sufficiently powerful to induce a man like the Archbishop Conrad to make every attempt to restrain its liberty.

But with all his violence, his name is handed down to us in a worthy and beneficent way, for he was the founder of the cathedral, which was begun in the year 1248. He only lived, however, to see the beginning of the magnificent edifice, for the choir was not consecrated until seventy-five years later. The walls of the adjacent nave were built as high as the crown of the windows, which are filled with splendid painted glass; the south tower rose in its heavy masses, covered with exquisite architectural details, to the height of the choir, and showed the great crane as we now see it, and as it has for



BURGOMASTER GRYN OF COLOGNE.

centuries darkly overtopped the masses of houses, looking like an ensign of the city. From a distance, and indeed also from close proximity, it presented the appearance of an imposing ruin. The choir, it is true, was completely built, but it seemed to have but slight connection with the low nave, which in its incomplete state was barely protected from the weather. The huge half-built south tower had already begun to show signs of age, moss and weeds growing between its stones, and fine trees waving on its summit; while the north tower was little more than a bare heap of stone. Under these circumstances it is little to be wondered at that this building, which in its details was a magnificent work, was used as a depôt for forage in the French wars at the end of the last century. It was only when Prussia took

possession of the Rhine lands that the work of restoration began. At first it was intended simply to preserve what was already standing, till, one fine autumn day in 1840, a huge flag bearing the word "Protectori" waved from the great crane, and Frederick William IV., under a tent garlanded with vines at the south porch of the nave, laid a foundation-stone with three blows of his hammer, and gave his word to do all in his power to help to complete the building. The building was at that time superintended by Zwirner; it afterwards passed into the hands of Boigtl, the present architect. The work has made such progress under both these masters, that we have great hopes of seeing the cross shining on the point of each of the towers within the space of a few years.

We can now enter by the principal door, and standing in the subdued light of the great area, may to-day, centuries later, sympathise with the artist who created it, and imagine the pictures which peopled his imagination, as we wander through this wonderful building. The beauty of the nave and choir, with their ascending arches, is of majestic simplicity, and is quite beyond the power of description. The



THE FLORA SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

groups of slender pillars rise to an enormous height, like the trees of some primæval forest of palms, whose elegant fronds intertwining at the top form pointed arches, among the intricate lines of which the eye loses itself. We know that the boundlessness of the universe cannot be sensibly represented within a finite space, but there is in the ever-ascending lines of these pillars and walls something which the imagination may easily extend into infinity. Everything that surrounds us is harmonious in this splendid cathedral. The delicate proportions of the vaulting above the mighty pillars; the rich glow of the painted windows, the effect of which is all the finer when we see them from the somewhat dark body of the church, especially when a stream of sunlight is kind enough to throw an exact representation of them on to the grey stones at our feet; the mysterious vaulting of the choir, which looks gigantic though lighted by long narrow windows filled with painted glass, and which we walk through with astonishment; the rich chapels of which we see a row one after another; the tombs of Electors, bishops, and knights, whose effigies in stone or bronze lie stretched here; the shrine behind the high altar containing the golden coffin in which rest the bones of the three holy kings,—the view of which, however, is obstructed



COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

by an artistic iron railing which seemed to us, with its gold and sparkling gems, like a fairy vision from the "Thousand and One Nights;" and, finally, the tomb of the sainted Engelbert, with its wonderful chased work of gold and silver, are all in perfect harmony and beauty. We are so deeply and peculiarly affected by these combined beauties, that we feel almost grateful when the deep tones of the organ peal through the lofty aisles. We are, as it were, awakened from a dream and restored to reality, which meets us in a somewhat prosaic fashion, as we approach the door, in the person of the so-called Swiss, a tall figure in a long red coat. He murmurs a few words, the meaning of which we only understand when, with a solemn gesture, he taps with one hand a silver plate which he holds in the other. He is begging for a trifling contribution to the cathedral building fund, which we gladly give.

If the reader is now willing, after this rapid and somewhat imperfect walk through Cologne, to take a little change, we invite him to accompany us to the Central Railway Station, which lies a few steps only from the cathedral. We have not brought him to this place merely to see how well an enormous traffic can be carried on within a small space by means of admirable arrangements and strictly carried out orders, but to take him with us in the train which is just starting for the old imperial city of Aix-la-Chapelle.



AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.



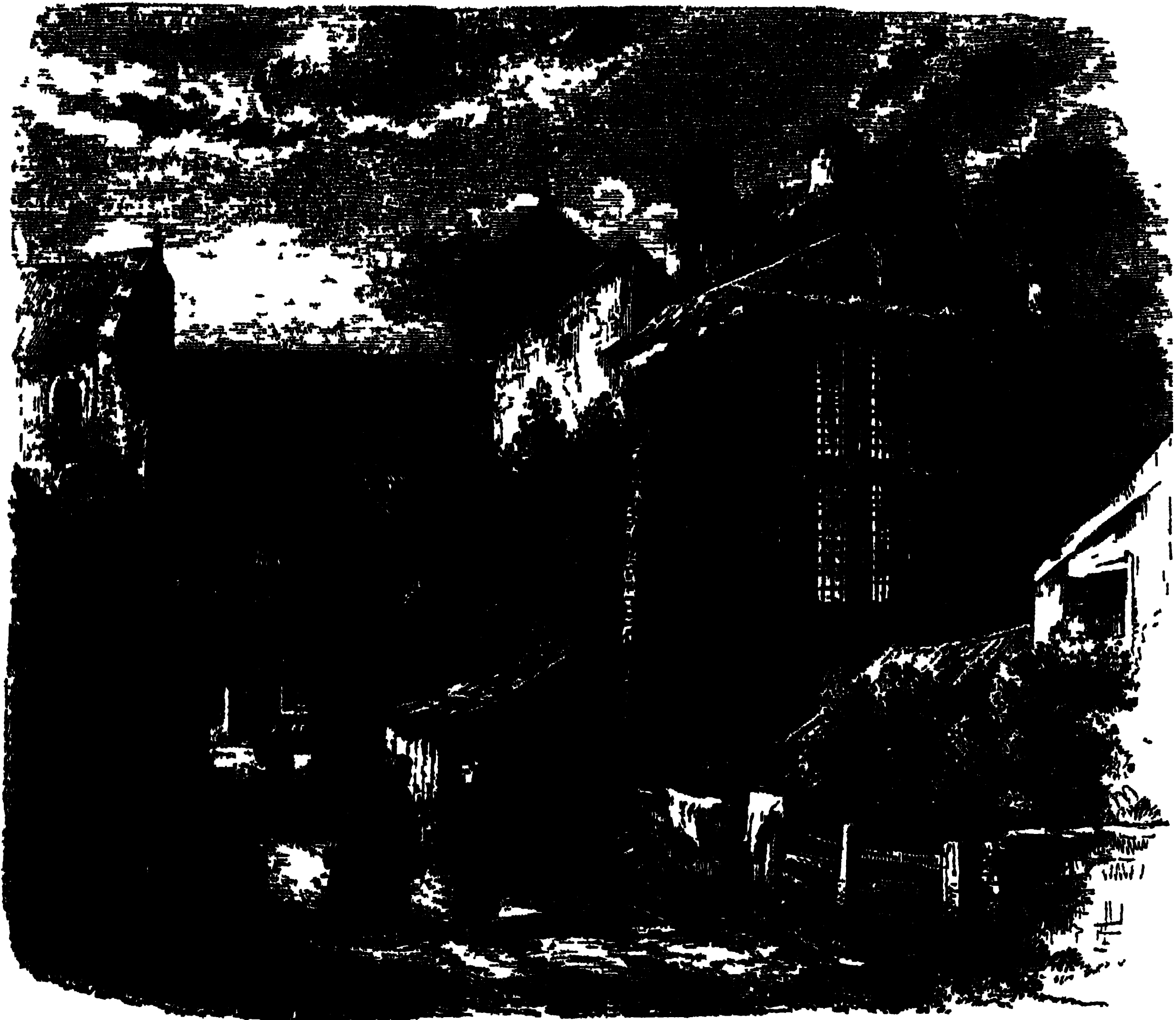
DURING the short journey from Cologne, we cannot help expressing our astonishment at the immense number of chimneys which we see, in whichever direction we turn our eyes; and we may learn from our travelling companion much that is well worth noting of the industrial life of the Rhineland. What treasures the earth yields when properly sought, and how these treasures are here turned to account! Taking a circle from Eupen to Unna, with a diameter of about ten miles, the area is covered with coal-mines, iron and glass works, cotton, wool, and silk manufactories, and, in fact, its commercial industry makes it one of the richest districts of the earth.

We continue our way through the long Königsdorf tunnel, and pass busy Düren with its cloth, carpet, flax, paper, and iron works, and then cross the river Roer by a beautiful bridge, when we have our attention called to a little village, the birthplace of the renowned imperial general John von Werth. The lowland of the Erft, with its lovely pastoral green, is followed by a landscape of a more severe character. At Eschweiler and Stollberg are wooded hills between heaths and sand, which look almost mournful on account of the black coal-dust which forms the soil, and the innumerable lofty smoking chimneys of the glass and iron works. We feel it to be a pleasant change when we soon after plunge into the beautiful fertile valley, surrounded by lofty sloping hills, in which stands the old imperial city of Aix.

These hills are covered almost entirely with thick forest, while meadows and cornfields form an inner circle round the town; the limits of which we find to be still sharply defined by old walls, towers, and gates. Above the houses rise numerous pinnacles and domes; amongst the latter that of the lofty minster, the tomb of the emperor whose relics we meet with everywhere, and also that of his paladins, round whom are woven the garlands of poetry and legend. Here stands the old castle, the Frankenburg, surrounded by quiet, motionless water, which the emperor held in thrall by a charm; up yonder, in the depth of the forest, is the ivy-covered ruin of Emmaburg, where, according to the legend, Charlemagne's daughter Emma carried her lover Eginhardt through the snow, so that his footprints might not betray their love.

On our right, near the northern part of the town, two eminences rise close to the walls. They are

Lousberg and the hill on which stands the pilgrim church of St. Saviour. On every side old watch-towers, abbeys, churches, chapels, villas, castles, and great factories look down into the valley. Towards the south-west the town is overshadowed by spurs of a great forest, which are connected by means of the Upper Venn with the Ardennes. These woods are the scanty remains of that hunting-ground, the proximity of which probably induced the great emperor to found a town here, in the wooded and hilly district near the warm springs of healing waters. The German name of the town (*Aachen*) may be traced from the old German word *Aha* (water), and this probably was itself derived from *aqua*. The power of these warm springs was known, no doubt, to the Romans; who, however, have left no more traces of



COURT OF THE CORN-HOUSE, AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

themselves in castles or other remains than have the Merovingians. We know that the latter race existed here, for King Pepin celebrated the Christmas and Easter festivals in Aix in the year 765.

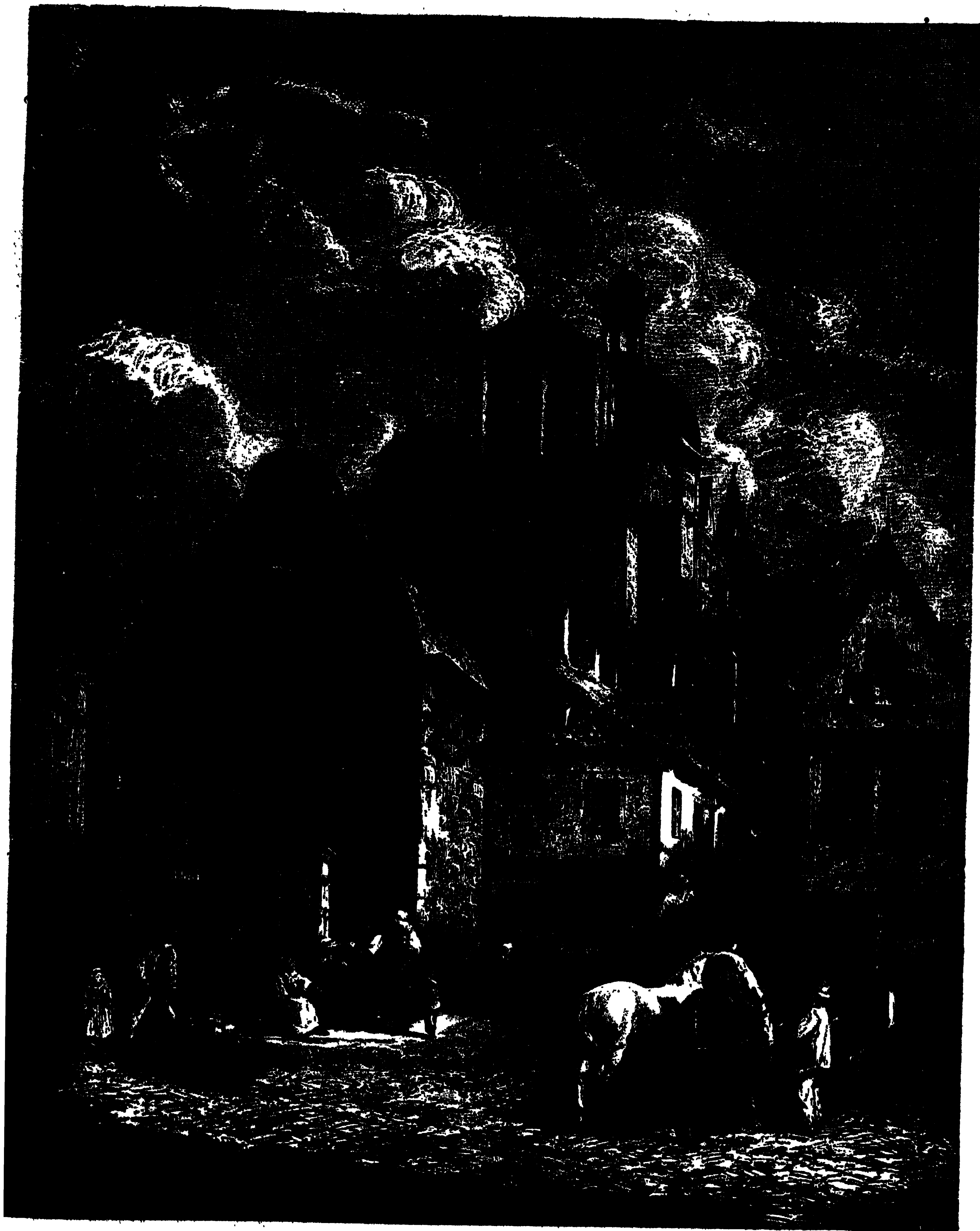
We learn from his private secretary and biographer, Eginhardt, that Charlemagne built here a cathedral of great beauty, and adorned it with gold and silver, with windows, screens, and doors of pure brass. Near it, and situated rather higher up, was the imperial palace, which was connected with the cathedral by a corridor. Here, we are told, the traditionary paladins sat at the emperor's table, together with the wise Archbishop Turpin, the brave Roland, William of Orense, and many others, whose heroic deeds are known to us through the popular ballads. It was from this place that the great military

expeditions set out which the mighty hero undertook against the Saracens in Spain, against the Saxons in the east, and against the Bavarians and Hungarians in the south. It is true that nothing now remains of all the splendour of the old imperial capital—except, perhaps, the Grain Tower at the Town Hall, and of the cathedral, the octagon which lies beneath the eight-cornered dome; of the great imperial bath, in which more than one hundred men could swim at one time, there does not exist the slightest trace,—and yet the memories of those splendid days have been most vividly preserved. There is the emperor's old ruined castle with the quiet lake, which it is said he held motionless with a spell; his image in brass and stone, and his relics which have been preserved in the sanctuary of the cathedral. Among these are his arm, his skull set in gold and jewels, and his hunting-horn, a splendid piece of Oriental ivory work. Whether we look up to the wooded heights where he hunted with his paladins, or down to the hot springs which still come from the earth steaming and beneficent as they did a thousand years ago, we see the old imperial city before us like an open book full of beautiful pictures.

After the death of the great emperor his body, clothed in imperial state, was lowered in an upright position into a vault, where it rested upon a marble seat. This tomb, with its association with the great ruler, caused the town to be chosen as the coronation place of the German emperors. From Louis the Pious in 813 to Ferdinand I. in 1531, eighty-seven princes were consecrated in the old cathedral, and there received the imperial and royal sceptre. It is well known that the grave of Charlemagne was opened, first in 1001 by Otto III., and afterwards, in 1165, by Frederick I., who removed the remains of the emperor because the antipope Paschal had canonized him. It is not known at the present day where the grave stood, but the marble seat in the aisle of the octagon in the "Hochmünster," which was afterwards used at the coronation, is said to be that on which the body of Charlemagne rested.

Seventeen imperial assemblies and eleven provincial councils were held in Aix, and as the coronation town it long maintained its power and greatness. At one time it contained more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, but this number quickly decreased when the coronations were removed to Frankfurt. War also reduced the number, especially the religious disputes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the great conflagration in 1636, which destroyed four thousand houses, still further diminished the population. The French dominion was not beneficial, but when the town came into the hands of Prussia, and when its fine manufactures of cloth, needles, and machinery developed, Aix and its neighbour Burtscheid, on account also of their medicinal springs, became celebrated watering-places. In all parts of the town a sudden desire for building developed itself, and a new district quickly arose with handsome houses, broad, pleasant streets, charming promenades, and brilliant shops, which offer to the stranger a more imposing appearance than the old Aix, which fifty years ago seemed to sit behind its high walls, deep ditches, and echoing gates, brooding over its long-faded splendours.

Aix-la-Chapelle, like most other watering-places, had its gaming-tables, but they were abolished some years ago, without much influencing the number of visitors. The rooms where the ball rattled for *rouge et noir*, and where the gentlemen of the bank carried on their mysterious tricks of *trente et quarante*, are now made into restaurants, reading-rooms, ball-rooms, and concert-rooms. The latter, especially, exercise a great attraction for the music-loving people of Aix. A pretty, shady garden unites the old Kurhaus with the new Kursaal, which is built in the Moorish style; and, very weary with our long walk, we are glad to rest here in the afternoon, with pleasant company, excellent coffee, and good music.



THE CATHEDRAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, FROM THE FISH-MARKET.

The power of music to call up before us scenes appropriate to the place in which we find ourselves, is particularly great in spots that are full of historical interest. It is, therefore, not difficult in imagination to fill the old garden behind the ancient Kurhaus with such figures as have probably actually been in it. Though we do not certainly know whether the ambassadors of Louis XIV., at the first Treaty of Aix, came here in their long perukes to sip their glass of warm water, we do know, from eye-witnesses, that at the time of the Vienna Congress of 1818, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, with Hardenberg, Metternich, Nesselrode, Wellington, and other distinguished personages, wandered about here and assembled at select banquets in the great ball-room.

Now we turn our steps to the cathedral, and arrive at the square before the venerable church with its majestic domes and towers. We walk round to the west door, and there see one of the wonders of the cathedral. At the side of the door stands a she-wolf in bronze with a hole in her breast, and apparently howling piteously, while opposite stands her soul in the form of a huge pineapple. While standing here we listen to the story of the wolf. As often happens in the course of erecting large buildings, money began to fail; and there came a time of such difficulty that though the great bronze doors of the cathedral—on which we gaze in wonder—were cast, yet on account of their weight they could not be hung for want of funds. Under these unpleasant circumstances what could be more natural than to apply to the devil for help? The latter was immediately ready, but, as usual, he would not undertake to give any service for nothing, especially for such a purpose as the building of a church. He therefore imposed the modest condition, that the first soul which entered the completed cathedral should belong to him. As frequently happens also, however, the devil was very shabbily treated, for when the building was finished, instead of a human being, a poor she-wolf was sent into the cathedral. The devil seized it, and in intense anger hurled it through the one wing of the great bronze door; whereupon, it is said, its soul took flight.

To-day the door is shut, so we walk round the church, and see with pleasure that in the extensive restoration of the building, the disfiguring additions made in a period of formalism have all disappeared. The sheds and outhouses which were formerly so delightful to the juvenile population have also been removed. These once were allowed to stand between the pillars of the octagon, and exhibited for sale an interesting collection of toys, sweetmeats, wax tapers of all sizes, images, consecrated flowers, medals, crosses, and rosaries.

Quite a brisk trade was carried on here, especially at the time of the exhibition of the relics, which occurred every seven years. At those periods, not only the cathedral square and the streets abutting on it were crowded, but every part of the town from which the balcony of the cathedral tower was visible was thronged by a compact mass of thousands of devout human beings, who prostrated themselves with prayers and crossings when the relics were shown from above by the clergy in their splendid vestments. These relics are preserved in Charlemagne's Chapel in the cathedral, and include a garment of the Holy Virgin, the swaddling clothes of Christ, and the blood-stained cloth in which the body of St. John the Baptist was wrapped.

We cannot now examine these relics, nor those other interesting objects from the time of the great emperor which we have already mentioned as lying near his sacred person. We feel, however, constrained to look again at the interior of the imposing dome and the mighty pillars which support the upper

rotunda, the so-called "Hochmünster." These pillars, which are of unequal length, were brought here from Italy, principally from Rome and Ravenna. On the balustrade of the upper aisle stands the marble seat on which the body of Charlemagne rested for more than three hundred years, and which was afterwards used for the coronation ceremony. In front of this, hanging from the roof by a strong chain, is the well-known interesting Romanesque candelabrum. Each of its branches represents the encircling walls of a town with its towers and gates. It is marvellously worked, and richly chased in embossed and graven copper. This splendid chandelier, the form of which indicates the great founder and ruler of towns, is contemporary with the building of the octagon, and so is the marble tablet that lies far below it on the ground, and bears the simple inscription, "Carolo Magno;" the lofty domed chapel itself was the grave and monument of Charlemagne.

It is only natural that the historical ground of Aix-la-Chapelle should have favoured the development



PONT GATE, AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

of legend and tradition. A large amount of popular legendary history has formed itself round the person of the great emperor. The story of the smith of Aix is, perhaps, not quite so well known, though it has been poetically treated by O. F. Gruppe, and we will therefore briefly relate it. Count William of Jülich, after having unsuccessfully attacked Aix, was with his sons endeavouring to escape from the town, to evade the pursuit of the citizens. Near Jacob's Gate they were observed by a smith, who was engaged with his men in fashioning spears and halberts for the defence of the city. Without a moment's hesitation the smith approached the disturber of the city's peace, slew him and his sons with his huge hammer, and then returned quietly to his work.

The streets of old Aix run in curves, almost forming circles, but they contain but few important buildings of former ages. Our attention is most attracted by the old Town Hall, where, in the banqueting

room, we admire the fine frescoes of the great master Alfred Rethel, whose brilliant career was so pitilessly stopped by his premature death. Not far from the cathedral stands the half-ruined Corn House, also called the Grass House. In very old times, the imperial court of justice was held here, and here afterwards the counts-palatine publicly administered justice. Passing this, we turn towards the north end of the town, and approach the Pont Gate, which was erected in the fourteenth century. It is massively built in the mediæval style with fortified wall, pinnacles, and towers. The ditches have been filled up and turned into pleasant walks, one of which we follow to the eastern part of the town, where we reach the station



THE SMITH OF AIX.

of the Aix and Maestricht Railway, casting on our way a glance at the fine building of the Rhenish-Westphalian Polytechnic.

We can shorten our walk in a very pleasant manner, for a train has just entered the station, which, cutting through the precincts of the town by a serpentine course, takes us to the station of the Rhenish railway between Aix and the pleasant, busy town of Burtscheid. The principal street of this place is very steep, so much so that when children we regarded the story of an officer who once drove a light vehicle down it with considerable incredulity. Descending as we proceed, we reach the lower town with its excellent baths. The earth is so rich in springs here, that not only has each house one of its own, but the overflow forms a considerable stream running down the street, with constantly spouting hot water, which is particularly convenient for cooking eggs.

On the shady promenade there are some good hotels; and here in the summer a peculiar fête is held,

the main feature of which is the shooting of birds with a mediæval cross-bow. To-day it looks lovely and quiet, and the water simmers and seethes in the drinking-fountain as we pass by. Ascending the wooded hill in front of us, we descend on the other side into a quiet valley, and before us lies the tract of country from Burtscheid to Frankenburg, the former hunting-castle of Charlemagne, which we see after a short walk, lying in its little quiet lake. One ivy-mantled tower still remains; the other buildings have been restored and made habitable at a later period.

It was here that the last scene of the beautiful story was played, which tells us how the great emperor, after the death of his tenderly-loved wife Fastrada, would not part from her body, but sat near her couch and talked to her as if she were alive. This was the work of a charm, and the wise Archbishop Turbin, after a long search, found a ring which Fastrada had hidden under her tongue and took possession of it. When the emperor returned to the room, he seemed suddenly to recover his consciousness; he turned from the body of his wife, and from that time followed the archbishop wherever he went with striking affection and love. The wise man perceiving this to be the case, and dreading lest the ring should at any time fall into dishonourable hands, threw it into the lake. On this the emperor was irresistibly impelled to build a castle close to the water, and there he frequently used to sit at the window gazing into the lake, and thinking mournfully of his beloved wife.

We are able to take a hasty look at the little town with its numerous tall chimneys, and the meadows lying all around between the great factories, where we see long lines of dark and coloured cloths hung out to dry. We have the best view from the Benedictine abbey, an old stately building founded by the emperor Henry II. about 1018, which overlooks Burtscheid with its high domes, and towers above the houses like an ensign on a hill.



ARMS OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.



NEUSS.

FROM DÜSSELDORF TO THE DUTCH FRONTIER.

HAVING returned to Maestricht we take the train, but only as far as the first station, where we alight in order that we may reach Düsseldorf by way of Gladbach. At this junction we meet again with the tall chimneys of the collieries, and pass through a district as black as that of Eschweiler. Then we branch off into the well-wooded, cheerful Wurmthal. At the Abbey of Klosterrath we see the boundary of the old Duchy of Limburg, and we pass through the fruitful, undulating fields of the rich Jülich land. We see Erkelenz and Rheydt, or rather catch a glimpse of them from the station. We are now in the midst of that great manufacturing district which lies between Gladbach, Viersen, and Crefeld, and which supplies many countries with the products of its industry, in the form of cotton and silk fabrics, both plain and fancy, velvet ribbons of various kinds, and numerous other articles of fashion and luxury. Of the towns named above, the most important as regards wealth and population is Crefeld, which is a pleasant, quiet place. The annual value of its manufactured goods is said to be about three million sterling, and the quality and taste of them hardly inferior to the French fabrics. They have a

large sale in England and America. The only historical memorials which Crefeld has to show are a modern column raised to the memory of Cornelius de Greiff, the great benefactor of Crefeld, and a beautiful monument in the old churchyard, raised to the memory of the men who fell during the wars of 1813 and 1814.

After making this little digression we return to Gladbach, whence the railway carries us to Neuss, passing on the way through flat meadows and pastures, interspersed at rare intervals by solitary hills covered with trees, and sometimes crowned by a ruined castle. Neuss is the *Novesium* of the Romans, so often mentioned by them as a town of considerable importance. Picturesque traces of the Roman period



OLD CHURCHYARD IN CREFELD: MONUMENT TO THE MEN WHO FELL IN THE WARS OF 1813 AND 1814.

have been preserved at the Upper Gate in the ruins of the Drusus Tower. This town was a place of great importance in the Middle Ages. It belonged early to the League of the Hanse Towns, and had a wide commercial and civil influence. Its outward appearance, even at the present time, exhibits something of its past greatness. Its towers and churches form a remarkable *silhouette*, which attracts our eyes as we gaze from the window of the railway carriage. St. Quirinus, with its lofty tower, especially rears itself over the mass of houses; and near it is a beautiful church, which is built partly in the Romanesque and partly in the Gothic style, and forms a broad-naved basilica with a tower above the centre square. Passing over the new railway bridge at Hamm we reach Düsseldorf.

The towns that stand on the Rhine generally present from the river a picturesque and characteristic appearance; but at Düsseldorf this is not the case. We see the buildings on the bank, the old creaking pontoon bridge, the narrow Rhine gate, and the high grey walls stretching along the quay below the houses to the former electoral palace, which itself looked like a ruin even before the great fire in 1872. All these things lead us to expect an old town like Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, while in fact gay, pleasant Düsseldorf hides, as with a mask, its true appearance with this dilapidated unsightly river-front, behind which we hear it merrily laugh and talk, as soon as we have passed through the narrow



NEUSS: UPPER GATE, WITH THE DRUSUS TOWER.

unpicturesque gate already referred to. We then traverse a gloomy street, and emerge all at once into the lively bustle of a market-place of the Lower Rhine.

How picturesque and full of life are all the accessories of the market—the saleswomen with their gay cotton dresses, white aprons and caps, and the men generally in blue smock-frocks! The low carts are specially peculiar: they are sometimes drawn by donkeys, but more frequently by dogs, which lie wearily on the pavement blinking their eyes, and often adding to the general hubbub by snarling and barking. The noise from those who sell and those who buy, mingled with the laughter, the jesting, and the quarrelling of hundreds of business men and women, becomes sometimes almost deafening. The market-

place is as interesting as we could possibly wish, and presents to us scraps from various epochs. Looking to the left we see the noble Town Hall, built in the style of the Renaissance, with two high gables and a projecting square tower. Next to it is the theatre, built in no style at all. After having observed the stiff, huge statue of the Elector John William, and, perhaps, given a passing thought to Heinrich Heine, who was born in a little house near the market-place, we turn our eyes to the gay shops and warehouses, in which are exhibited goods of the latest fashion. These not only occupy one centre side of the market-place, but also extend along the Bolkerstrasse, which opens into it. Near this is the Kurzenstrasse, in which a memorial tablet points out to us the house in which Peter Cornelius, the master of the later German school of painting, was born. When the Düsseldorf Academy, which had been founded by Charles Theodore, was re-organised, in 1822, Cornelius was appointed director; and it is to him, and his successor



DÜSSELDORF FROM THE RHINE.

William Schadow, that Düsseldorf mainly owes its renown as the nursery of so many distinguished artists.

A short distance farther on we find ourselves in front of the blackened ruins of the Academy of Arts, which was burnt down some years ago, when, fortunately, the once-famed gallery of old masters, which still contains several rare treasures of art, was uninjured. We are now in the older quarter of Düsseldorf, which runs down to the bank of the Rhine. If we pass from here up one of the busy and populous streets, such as the Ritterstrasse, we shall reach pleasant park-like gardens, which surround the rarely-used harbour at the north end of the town. From the top of a belvedere we obtain a nice view of the new part of Düsseldorf, with its broad streets and avenues, its gardens and parks, its stately palatial buildings, surrounding the old gloomy Rhenish town as with a broad green garland. The old town is one



MARKET-PLACE, DÜSSELDORF.

of the few of any importance at the present day on the Lower Rhine which have no past history. It was not till the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that it achieved the position of a town; but it became of greater importance when in the sixteenth century the Dukes of Berg, and later the Princes of the Palatinate, took up their residence here. The fact that the river here forms the Rhine harbour, has assisted much to extend



THE OLD GARDEN OF JACOBI, DÜSSELDORF.

the business of Düsseldorf, in consequence of the rapidly-increasing industrial district of the Wupper, and indeed of the whole neighbourhood of the Lippe and Ruhr, with Wesel, Ruhrort, and Duisburg.

It was only in recent times that Düsseldorf became a manufacturing and commercial town. The numerous railways which intersect each other here makes it a centre of traffic, which is advantageous

also to the Rhine with its shipping. We need not remain long on the belvedere to see how often it becomes necessary to open one of the arches of the pontoon bridge, in order to give passage to steamboats and sailing ships, and especially the numerous tugs from the Ruhr.

But we will stroll back towards the town through the pretty, tasteful gardens; and then follow one of its principal arteries, the Alleenstrasse, as far as the Hofgarten, when we shall find ourselves in the park. Passing well-kept lawns, flower-beds, trees, and the rippling water of the Düssel, we follow a straight path planted with four rows of fine trees, in order to reach a picturesque garden. This rests in poetic



ELBERFELD.

repose with its venerable giant trees, its well-shaded park, which is fortunately still entirely uninjured, and reminds us of that golden age of German literature and that time of social intercourse of congenial contemporaries—namely, the days which the great master Goethe spent here with Jacobi, the founder of these gardens. At the beginning of the year 1850, before the new town had stretched out thus far, the Jacobi Garden at Pempelfort was almost as retired a spot as when Goethe, who was here in the year 1792, after the French campaign, related that he had taken a drive with Jacobi from Pempelfort to Düsseldorf, which was not far distant.

Inexorable trade, however, has since cast her greedy eyes upon the place so splendidly situated for her objects. The ancient trees could be made useful, as well as the flowing waters of the clear Düssel which run beneath them. Upon the spot where in quiet solitude the memories of a great and beautiful period rustled among the branches of the trees and whispered for such as had the sense to hear them, out of the murmuring water of the river a factory with smoking chimneys has been allowed a footing, so that the green velvet of the moss and turf gives place to grimy coal-dust. In this state of affairs a little band of public-spirited artists joined together, and after a long struggle with the government, they at length received permission to procure, by means of a picture lottery, funds to

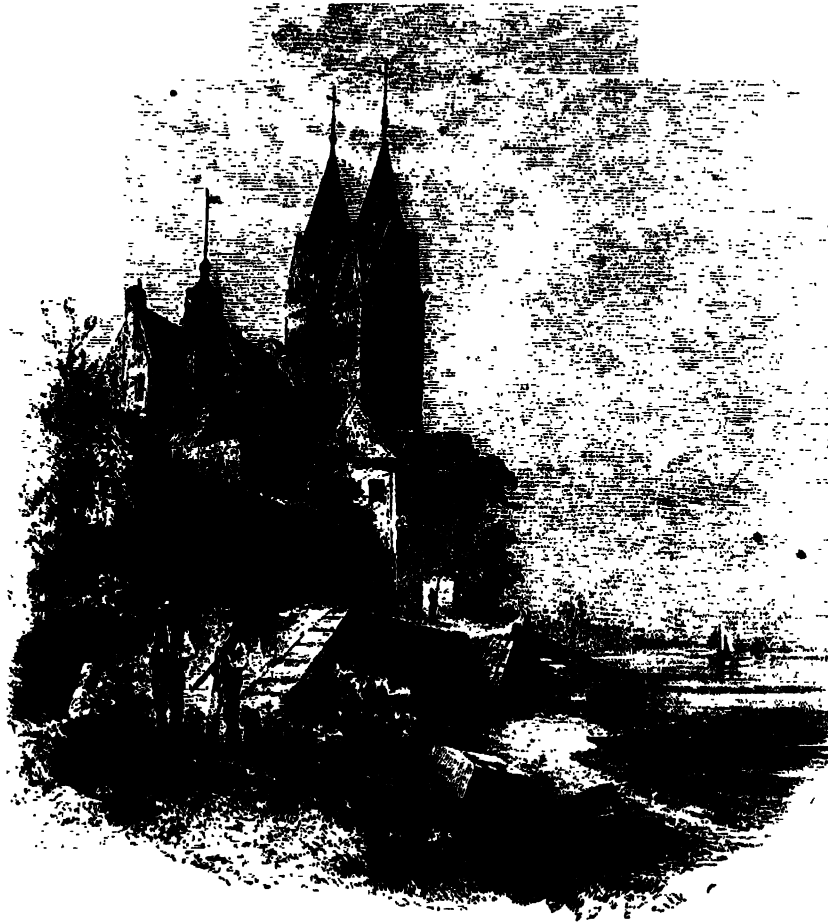


RUINS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE OF KAISERSWERTH.

preserve the Jacobi Garden, which is now the finest gem of the Rhenish city of the Muses. We see with true astonishment the full extent of this undertaking when we visit the rooms of the Düsseldorf "Malkasten" Artists' Society.

It need hardly be said that the venerable trees were preserved with the greatest care; and if the too luxuriant underwood was correctly cut and thinned, it was only done to make the gently winding walks passable, and to give access to retired spots, often of historical interest. All the work was superintended by the artists themselves; and so this charming whole became as we now see it—a judicious restoration of the old with pleasant and delightful additions. Convenient seats are placed

everywhere, a bowling-green has been laid down, swings have been erected, quiet resting-places abound with lovely statues which peep out from among green leaves, or look almost living in the moonlight, like the marvellous "Venus of Milo" in our illustration. The prettily situated dwelling-house belonging to the time of Jacobi was also preserved—a fine building being added, and the former orangery turned into the pleasantest reception-room imaginable. So, properly imbued with the bright sociable artist-spirit, we are most comfortably impressed by these rooms, surrounded with dark panelling, splendid gobelins, and antique candelabra. We soon learn that the capacious wings and glasses are not merely placed upon their stands by way of ornament; and if we have the good fortune



MONASTERY CHURCH IN KAISERSWERTH.

to assist at one of the theatrical representations, or the tableaux, or the excellently arranged entertainments which are given here, we may promise ourselves an exceedingly pleasant evening.

The first of the great Malkasten festivals was celebrated on the 28th of July, 1858, on the occasion of the departure of C. F. Lessing for Carlsruhe; and if we are not mistaken in the date of this highly important historical event, it was then that the great Rhine wine-bowl, from the legacy of the Jacobi family, was used for the first time. This beautiful drinking-vessel is said to contain eighty bottles of wine.

After such an entertainment it is somewhat difficult to tear ourselves away from pleasant Düsseldorf and to proceed down the Rhine, whose flat banks have less attraction for us than have the light hills to the east of the town. These rise out of the picturesque districts of the Wupper and Ruhr, and induce us to



GARDEN FÊTE OF DÜSSELDORF ARTISTS.

make a short excursion to Elberfeld and Barinen, two towns which extend in an unbroken line on the slope of the mountains along the river for a distance of several leagues. Their rapid rise in wealth and importance, which dates from the latter half of last century, is principally due to their great commercial industry. Their manufactures of velvet, silk, yarn, ribbon, soap, and chemical products are of sufficient importance to place them in the front rank among the commercial towns of the Netherlands. The little river Wupper, the mountain stream that runs so blithely and rapidly along in the early part of its course, becomes here but a pitiable object, for, being forced to receive the blue, black, and red outpourings of the



BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE AT HOCHFELD.

dye-works, it constantly changes its colour, like a chameleon, and glides along covered with vapour. A little farther on it falls into the Rhine at Rheindorf, not far from Benrath.

This Benrath is a remarkable little royal castle between Cologne and Düsseldorf, which we should have seen from Neuss, had we not made a detour round by Aix-la-Chapelle and Crefeld. We have, however, not lost much by avoiding this part of the Rhine, for the low banks present little that is noteworthy. The same may be said of the neighbourhood on both sides of the stream, with its scanty villages, isolated castles, such as Benrath which we have just mentioned, and other country houses situated among trees.

The district is so flat that even the long lines of poplars which border the high road form an agreeable change.

Such being the case on going down the river from Düsseldorf, we must endeavour to give some sort of charm to the notorious neighbourhood by recalling its historical associations. Old Kaiserswerth, with the ruins of its royal stronghold, artistically illustrates for us that harsh period when, in the year 1062, young Henry IV. was carried away to Cologne by the Archbishop Hanno II.; and the young prince, who was unwilling to leave his mother, made a futile attempt to escape by leaping into the Rhine. Nothing is now left of the castle except the ruins of the outer wall, which are gracefully overgrown with foliage. As



BERLIN GATE AT WESEL.

in many other of the Rhine towns, an island in the river here was the point where the earliest settlers established themselves. St. Suibert first preached the Gospel here in the year 710, and built a monastery, as the old name, Insula Sancti Suiberti, testifies. The bones of the saint are still shown, in a costly silver shrine in the old monastery-church, built in the twelfth century in the Romanesque style, and which towers above Kaiserswerth.

A short journey takes us to Uerdingen, a lively little town with a busy trade, and a few manufactories close on to the river. The breadth of the stream here decreases in a striking manner to a thousand feet, and makes this a favourable point for crossing. This fact, and the position of the

place on a bend of the stream, caused the Romans to pitch a camp here, the Castra Hordeoni; of which, however, there is no more trace than of the island on which it was built. Not far from Uerdingen, between Rheinhausen and Hochfeld, our steamer slackens speed, and gives us an opportunity of admiring the fine iron bridge which spans the river with four great arches, and carries the railway to the renowned iron-works of Essen, and to the places beyond.

We have before stated that with the exception of the Erft, all the important rivers flow into the



WILLIBROD'S CHURCH, WESEL.

Rhine on the right bank—as, for instance, the Sieg, near Bonn, the Wupper at Rheindorf, and lastly, the most important of those rivers, the Ruhr, the mouth of which we now soon reach, and with it one of the most interesting, picturesque, and busy districts of the Lower Rhine. Its soil is rich, both in coal and ore; it has great historical associations, and it is connected with wealthy and important towns, among which Arnsberg, Altena, Iserlohn, and Hagen are situated along the river.

The river comes from the eastern edge of the Rhenish-Westphalian plateau, and runs through the

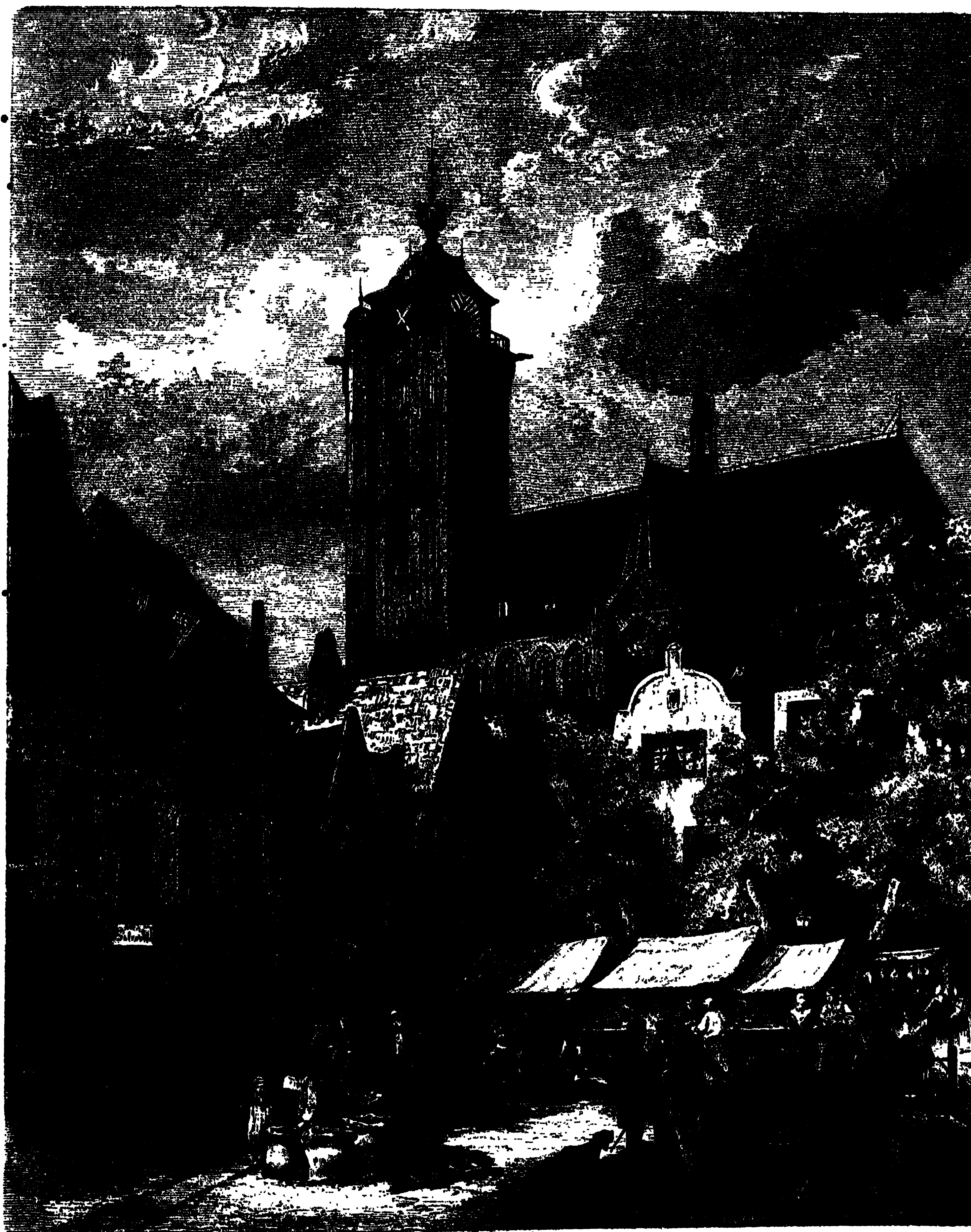
hilly district of the Ruhr, surrounded on both sides, almost to its mouth, by mountains and hills, which near the Netherland plains form the last watch-tower of the German land. It shows us on its course the tall chimneys of forges and rolling works, watch-towers from the Roman days, castles and fortresses of the old races whose names have still a noble sound. It causes us to make a digression into the sober Sauerland and on to the red earth at Dortmund, where we can seek for traces of the



CASTLE-GATE AND SWAN TOWER, CLEVES.

"holy Vehm." It indeed offers us a constantly varied succession of most interesting pictures, now pleasant, now stern, which unroll themselves before us as we proceed along the shore.

The mouth of this river lies before us on the right, among numerous dark, smoking chimneys, and at the mouth we see two towns, Ruhrort and Duisburg, which bear to each other, with regard to their past and present condition, the relation of the two sides of a pair of scales—the one ascending when the other is weighed down by increased importance and wealth. Duisburg was a renowned spot at the beginning of the Middle Ages, and may possibly have been the place where stood Despargum or Duispargum, the favourite castle of the Frankish general Clodio, a predecessor



THE MARKET, DUISBURG.

of Chlodwig, and the place whence the first expedition against Gaul set out. There was here at all events, during a long period, a residence of the Frankish princes, which was fortified by Charlemagne during his campaign against the Saxons, in order to command the Rhine. Here the German emperors held many diets and councils, and granted the imperial city many privileges. All that time Duisburg



CASTLE IN CLEVES.

was situated close to the bank of the river, and was on that account of considerable importance as a Rhine town: we are told by the chronicler that its ships covered the whole Rhine from Strasburg to Holland.

But at the same time that the sorrows and distractions of the Thirty Years' War came upon the

place, the Rhine began to alter its course, and withdrew half a league westward from the walls of the town. As the prosperity of Duisburg declined with this desertion, so did that of its neighbour Ruhrort increase; and from an unimportant little town which was used simply as a harbour and boat station for the great merchants of Duisburg and Mülheim, it became, by slow degrees, one of the busiest commercial towns on the Rhine. Immediately at the mouth of the Ruhr we see one of the best, safest, and largest harbours on the German part of the Lower Rhine. Here are docks, harbour-sheds, and canals, as well as building docks, and the shore being covered with vessels of all kinds, we have before us a perfect forest of masts. In comparison to Ruhrort, Duisburg now appears quite unimportant; but still it has achieved some renown even at the present day by its manufactures, iron-works, and dock-



THE OLD RHINE AT CLEVES.

yards, the last of which are situated on the Rhine and Ruhr canal. The church of St. Saviour is one of the finest Gothic churches of the fifteenth century. We must visit its lofty vaulted interior for a few moments, in order to see the grave of the great geographer Mercator.

After a short journey we approach the fortress of Wesel, which stands on the right bank of the Rhine. On the left side is the celebrated Castra Vetera, the present Xantem, the headquarters of the Roman army, and the point whence they started on their expeditions against the Germanic races in the north-east. Drusus, Germanicus, Tiberius, and Varus crossed the Rhine here, and then sailed up the Lippe, which flows into the Rhine at Wesel, as far as the Teutoburgerwald, where Varus met with his sad end, in the battle with the Germans, among the narrow passes of the mountains.

Learned men have not yet agreed as to the spot in the Teutoburgerwald where the battle took



LOHENGRIN'S FAREWELL

place; but we are nevertheless quite satisfied with the fine open position where the gigantic German figure, the work of the brave sculptor Bandel, towering above the summits of the trees, looks out over the country. He does not appear to be threatening his neighbours, but merely shows them a mighty sword, wielded by a powerful arm, which is always ready to strike down intruders. The great bronze statue of the prince is especially appropriate in this spot, as a memorial of numerous battles, massacres, and devastations; for no other river in the whole of Germany has seen so many or such various bands of warriors on its banks. At the present time the mouth of the Lippe has long since ceased, we hope for ever, to re-echo the din of war. Flat boats glide down the river, and along its banks the railway-engine rushes. From the deck of our steamer, which lies beside the pier, we see yonder the Brüdericher Island, with the walls of Fort Blucher; and above us, on the right bank, the walls of the strong fortress. A sentinel, on duty on the edge of the bastion, is looking down upon his comrades,



WAHRSCHAUKAHN, OR DIVINING-BOAT.

who are busily engaged in hanging fluttering garments on a line to dry; and the whole forms a suggestive picture of military life in time of peace.

This reminds us of an occasion when, many years ago, we took part in the military games which were held on the Spellner Heath, about a league from Wesel, where the united batteries of the 7th Artillery Brigade assemble annually for practice. We passed out, on the occasion we refer to, through the Berlin gate, in the grey light of the early morning, and we can remember with what interest we examined the monument of the eleven Prussian officers who were shot here by the French in 1809. The monument stands beyond the glacis of the fortifications on the exercise ground, and is surrounded by trees. The town of Wesel also was very interesting, and made a pleasant impression on us, with its pretty streets bordered with trees, and its gabled houses in the later Gothic style and their bright Netherlandish window-sashes. We remember also the lively, and in many respects foreign, effect of the market, on which the ancient Church of St. Willibrod looks down. This church is a fine Gothic edifice of the twelfth century.

Below Wesel the Rhine takes a bend to the west, and here Xantem stands straight before us, and we notice the light chain of hills which runs down to the bank of the river. On these hills, now called Fürstenberg, stood the renowned camp of the Fourth and Thirtieth Roman legions, and the prætorium of Quintilius Varus. The simple lines of the landscape, however, form for us the background of a period, later, it is true, yet more legendary, and also more full of poetry than that which saw the warlike life of that victorious host. We refer to that period of which we catch the echo in the sounds of the Song of the Niebelungen, when Siegfried the dragon-slayer was born; when he went forth to become the hero of the rose-garden of Worms, the husband of Chriemhilda, and finally to be slain by the fierce Hagen, and carried lifeless over the Rhine at Worms. Here, on the boundary of the Netherlands, we once more enter a district rich in legend and romance. At Cleves the Rhine country again rises into noble hills, which surround the town and are covered with parks, gardens, and villas, forming beautiful walks, and extending to the splendid Reichswald, whose stately trees of gigantic oak and beech not only afford a pleasant shade to the pedestrian, but also preserve the memory of the pleasing story of Otto, the marksman.

But our eyes are involuntarily attracted to the Swan Tower, that great building which overlooks the town. And here, on the boundary of Germany, we listen to the whispering of the breeze and the creaking of the swan which serves as a vane upon the tower. We seem, indeed, almost to hear, in imagination, the most beautiful of all the legends which are interwoven, like a garland, along the course of the Rhine—namely, the legend of Lohengrin, which has been so simply and so beautifully told by Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter.

Cleves is a pretty, pleasant town, which, on account of its quietness and cheapness, is much frequented by such visitors as have led a weary and laborious life. The strangers who visit Cleves are principally Dutch people, who find in the lovely hills, with their shady woods and sweet valleys, natural beauties such as the uniformity of their own flat country cannot offer them.

The Delta of the Rhine now extends immeasurably before our eyes as we sail past Emmerich, that pleasant Rhine town where the introduction of the Dutch element becomes plainly perceptible. The ferry, formed of boats chained together, glides leisurely from one shore to the other, we see numerous vessels carrying the Dutch flag, and we hear the cheery peal of the bells in the old grey tower of the cathedral ringing us a welcome to the Netherlands.

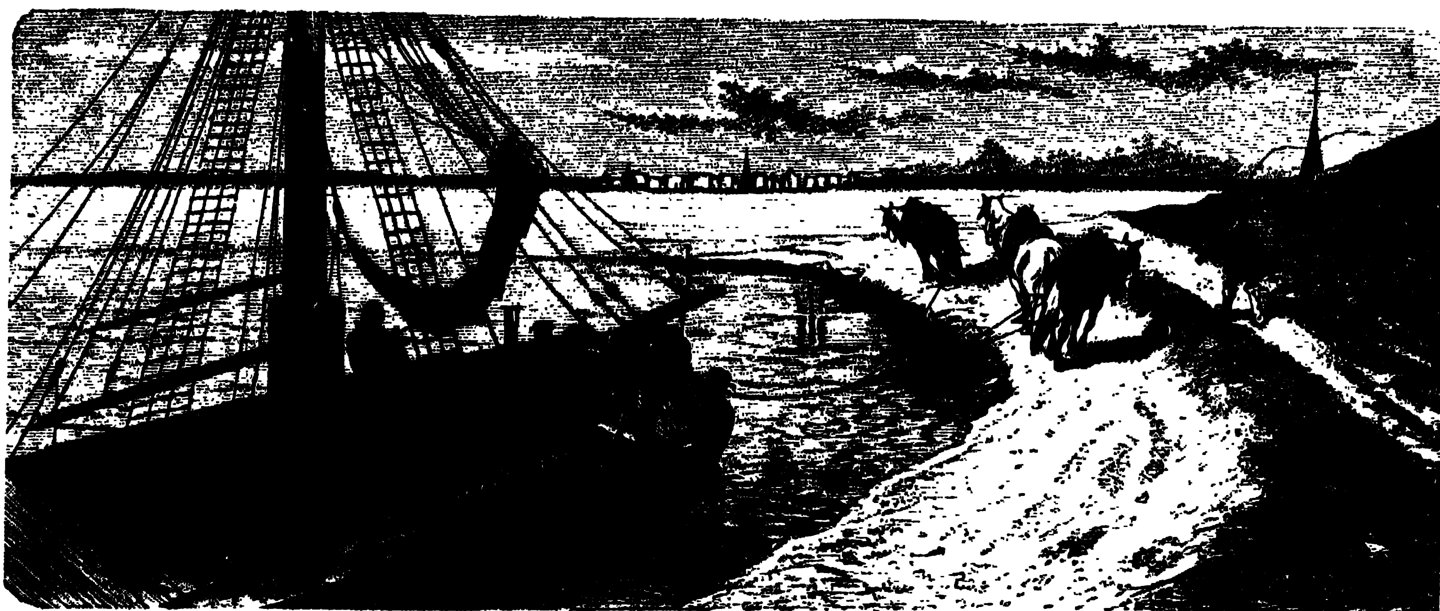
Here, on the farthest limit of the German land, where only a boggy remnant of Rhine—the half-dried Oude Rhyn or Old Rhine—gives us a foretaste of the river's ultimate fate, we will cast one look behind us to the point where the town of the Knight of the Swan is fast vanishing from our sight. The artist has not shown us the landscape in its summer robes of green, but in its wintry covering of snow. He has done this, perhaps, with the laudable intention of making our parting from the Rhineland less difficult.



ER



A LANDSCAPE ON THE MAESE.



UP THE RIVER.

HOLLAND.

THE Rhine, up to this point, has from its source flowed constantly with graceful windings towards the north. It now takes a sudden turn to the west, and seems to our imagination as though, finding the parting from its native land too hard, it would make a last effort to return to it; but, on seeing that a complete turn is impossible, it breaks up hopelessly into threads of rivers, and so forms a delta in which the real Rhine comes to an end, whilst its smiling heirs—the Waal, the Yssel, and the Leck—dance freshly and merrily to the sea. This sudden turn to the west occurs also in the Maese and the Scheldt, the rivers which run parallel to the Rhine through this lowland district. It has been, therefore, probably produced by some peculiar formation or inclination of the earth in its primitive condition, perhaps by sand-hills, or the new direction may have been given to the stream by a high deposit of diluvium. It may be that the tedious work in the old days of damming and dyking the river, and preserving its rich mud within stakes and reservoirs, may have conduced to make its course uncertain and variable, so that, being much hindered and contracted, it not only threw out little arms here and there, but sought an entirely new course for the mass of its waters, leaving the former one exhausted and dried up, as we now see it in the Oude Rhyn. Kohl, in his excellent book of travels, tells us how the so-called Old Rhine was reduced to its present condition. Below Emmerich, where the first division of the Rhine into two arms, the Waal and the Rhine, occurred and had continued for centuries, the two arms were connected by the Pannerden Canal, which, drawing off the great mass of the waters, soon became the principal arm, and left the Rhine proper half dried up, and thus was the prime cause of the river here losing its beautiful name.

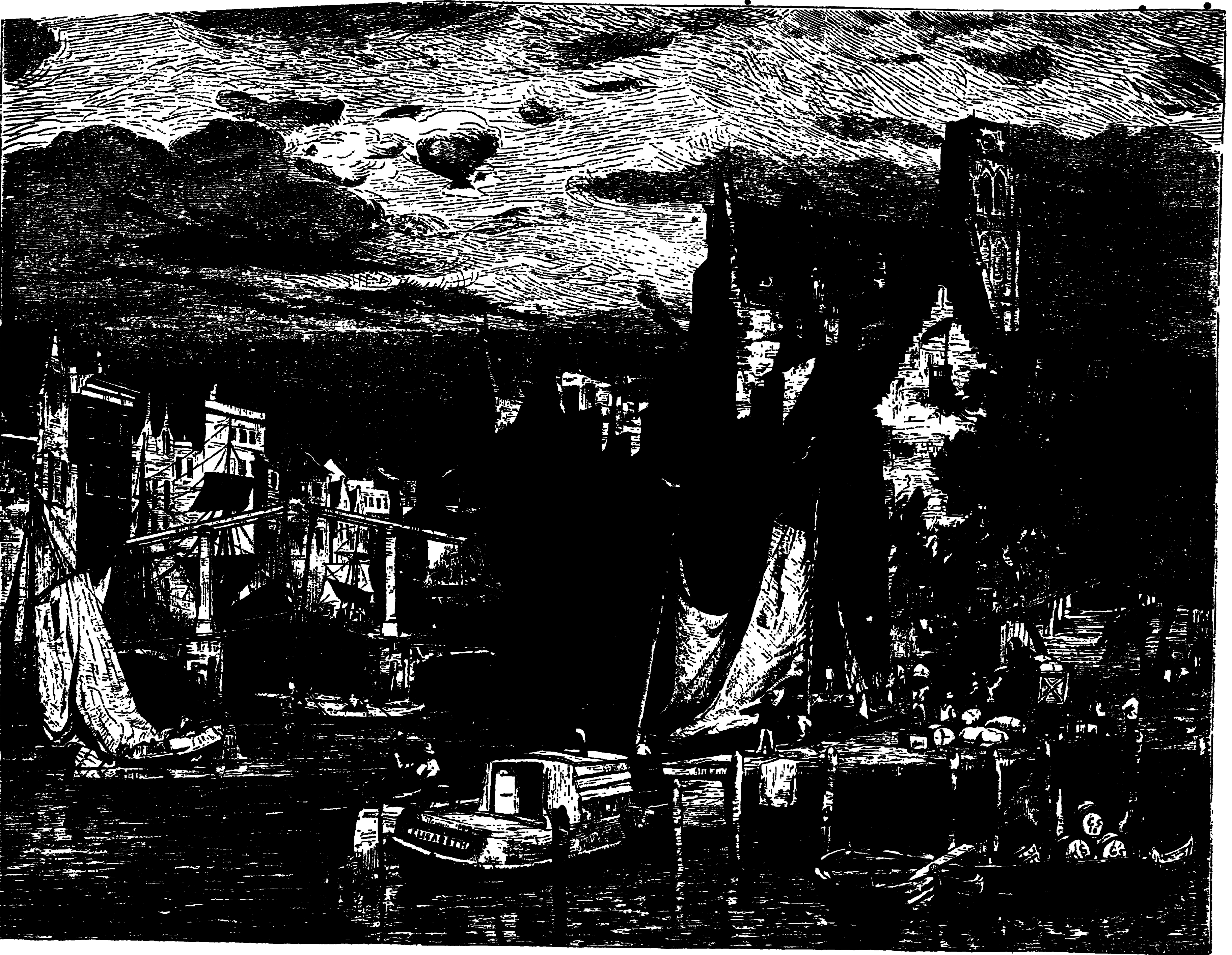
But though it becomes, in this way, no longer the Rhine itself, it is still the waters of the German river which make the principal source of the wealth of the Netherlands. A thick network of marshes and streams surrounds and intersects endless green flats covered with luxuriantly cultivated meadows; rivers and canals intersect the country in all directions; the latter often being so dammed up that the boats and barges which sail along them, or are towed by horses, look as though they were gliding over the meadows or sands. The great arms of the river flow past wealthy commercial towns, bearing to them life and business, and forming for us delightful pictures of canal and harbour life. The lively markets on the paved quays, too, are very picturesque with their varied mixture of costumes, amongst which those of the sailors stand out prominently, their red jackets and gay caps showing to great advantage between the dark-green trees and the grey old-fashioned houses. Sailing and rowing boats connect the ships which lie out in the stream with the shore, and above all rise slender church towers and massive buildings bearing the arms of the Rhine. All these things we have seen elsewhere, but here in the Netherlands they appear to us to have a peculiarity of form, figure, and movement, and to be entirely different in



LANDSCAPE AT ARNHEIM.

colour and combination. We remember principally the canal streets, which are so new to us, especially those of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. There is in the whole of Holland something that may be called undecided, the limits of the chief natural features being in no case sharply defined, everything as it were flowing together, and merging one into another. An old writer has said that all the elements here are only sketched in; the water is sketchy, losing itself among sand and moor-land, like a ravelled out fabric, neither running in rapid streams nor collected in calm lakes; the land is sketchy, scarcely rising above the level of the water—indeed, lying lower than the surface of the sea, ingeniously won, boldly defended, and anxiously watched; and finally, the air even is sketchy, being nearly always veiled in mist and fog.

If the foundation of the land is difficult to understand, and if geography consequently finds it hard to explain how it is kept together, so is it little easier for history to accurately apprehend and represent the spirit and fate of this remarkable people. Without firm cohesion, like the land and water, the people also were divided for centuries into the most varied interests, and their state and civic forms were held together only by numerous internal and external relations. There is to us something remarkably vague in the



ROTTERDAM.

history of the Batavi, so wily, and at times so deceitful in their dealings with the Romans, with whom they were alternately allies and enemies. Holland first makes a mark on the page of history with Charles V., and the people of the Netherlands made a glorious first appearance upon the world's stage with the war in defence of its liberty and religion. This era fills a whole epoch with its glitter, and the little band of brave sons of the sea soon placed itself at the head of all the great undertakings of Europe.

This is Holland which we actually entered at Emmerich, and through which we will hastily pass, as far as is possible in the brief space still left us, in order that we may trace our river actually to the sea. Following the Waal, as the principal arm, we come at Nymwegen once more to the most northerly spur of the West Rhenish range of hills. It is a gentle eminence on which the town stands, surrounding an angle of the river which is very safe for shipping. The town has old towers and fortifications, and forms, as it were, a pillar of the gate through which the Rhine flows to its fertile delta land; while we may describe Arnheim, which is not far distant on the Leck, as the other pillar. It was at this last-mentioned place that Drusus made his famous canal to connect the Yssel with the Flevo. The canal carried off the great mass of the Rhine water, and in the course of time with the lower part of the Yssel formed that great arm which became a highway for traffic with the North, and so made Arnheim the chief town of the country.

Passing through the fresh landscapes of the Netherlands, by villages and quaint old towns, we at length see Rotterdam rising before us, with its mass of houses surrounded by green gardens, and straight avenues intersected by canals and water-streets, the great wealthy commercial town presenting the life-like picture of a true Netherlander. We gaze with astonishment on the grand buildings of the Admiralty on the bank of the Maese, on the numerous ships which the Rhine, the Moselle, the Main, and the Neckar have sent here, to take in and carry home the produce of distant climes, brought here by the great dark two- and three-masted East Indiamen lying yonder. Among these the busy steamers are in constant motion, keeping up communication between the harbours and bays of this forest of masts, forwarding goods to the warehouses, tugging boats and great ships in and out, sending forth their clouds of steam, and ringing bells, sounding whistles, and cries of warning to the smaller craft. All these, and a hundred other things which we cannot enumerate, have such a noisy and deafening effect, that we are glad when we have reached the quay to escape from this confusion of sights and sounds. Having entered Rotterdam, we seek one of those streets through which the canal runs, and which impress us with the characteristics of this great nation. Red brick houses, with lofty picturesque gables, rise high into the air, sometimes half hidden among elms and maples, whose branches spread over the dark water, along which flat heavy barges laden with goods for the warehouses glide one after another, so closely that it is hardly possible for a lighter boat, and especially a sailing ship, to thread its way among them.

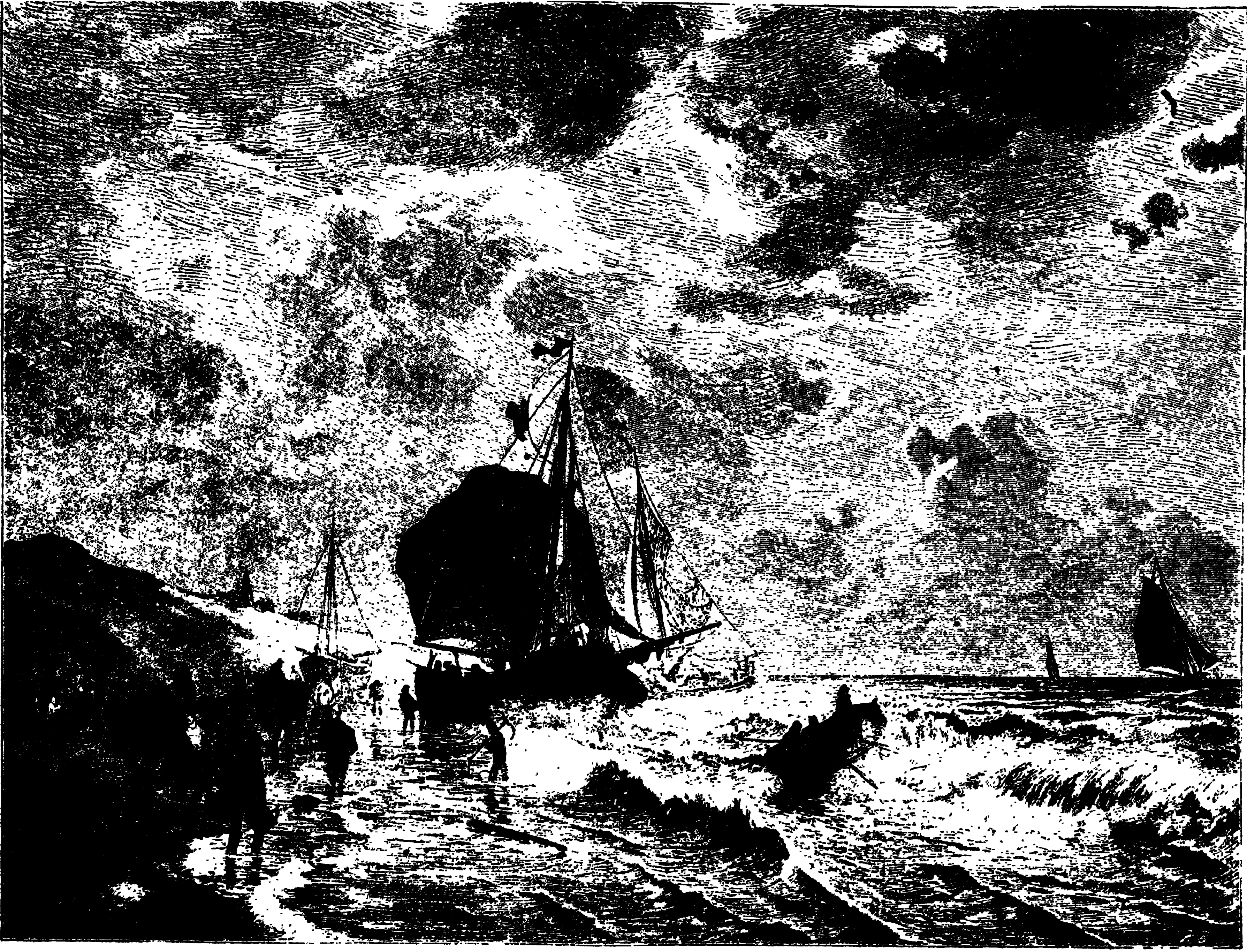
If time permits, we can mount the huge tower of the "Groote Kerk," the cathedral, from which we obtain an interesting and extensive view. The first object which attracts our eye is the sea shining in the distance, with its white dunes or sand plains. At our feet lies the town, surrounded on three sides by wide pastures, intersected by canals; a little farther off we distinguish numerous villages, enclosed by a garland of sheltering trees, high roads, avenues, apparently endless railways with rushing engines, numerous lakes of all sizes, which shine like mother-of-pearl in the sunlight; and here, on the south side

of the town, the broad river, with its hundreds of ships of all dimensions and belonging to all nations. If the short space which we can spare for the Netherlands will permit us to look still longer, we can see from this point towns, small and great, of much historical and commercial importance. To the north yonder is wealthy Amsterdam, the Venice of Holland, and the village of Saardam, where the hut is still



THE GROOTE KERK (CATHEDRAL), ARNHEIM.

shown in which Peter the Great dwelt while learning the art of ship-building. Not far from this last is Brök, which has become almost proverbial for its cleanliness; and then comes the pleasant town of Haarlem, in the environs of which a large number of wealthy Dutchmen have built their country-houses, and at the sound of whose name we involuntarily see before us gay-coloured well-kept garden-beds.



THE COAST OF SCHEVENINGEN.

Nearer still is old Utrecht, where the villas of many noble Dutch families may be seen, and where King Louis dwelt for a time. As the little river which we stand by here preserves in its title of Oude Rhyn the name, though only the name, of the German river, we will follow its banks as far as Leyden. Near this town, at Katwyk, the river glides into the sea, or rather is allowed to do so, when the sluices are open. It now appears as an ordinary Dutch canal, the water of which is for the most part motionless. Before



THE CATHEDRAL, ROTTERDAM.

this canal was made, it actually lost itself in the sand and bog. It is a pity that we have not space to describe these coast towns, Leyden and Haarlem, or to relate the admirable heroism with which the citizens fought against the Spaniards and conquered them. We are unwilling also to pass by Delft, where William of Orange was murdered, without entering the church and gazing on the tomb of the silent prince. This Delft is at the same time the St. Denis and the Pantheon of the Netherlands. Here lie buried

the great celebrities of the United Provinces, Orange, Grotius, Tromp, Peter Hein, Leeuwenhoeck, and others.

But already the fresh sea breezes play about our faces, and in a short time the railway bears us to Gravenhaag, familiarly called the Hague, the royal capital; the great village, as it was long called; and the Versailles of Holland, as it was, and to a certain extent still is. Gravenhaag was truly, indeed, formerly only a large village, and it has to thank the house of Orange for having become, in the course of time, what it now is—namely, a wealthy and beautiful town; though, in comparison with some other places near, it has but little important trade and business. In its streets we hear, not the traffic of the world, but the progress of the Court; and this makes it a particularly pleasant residence for strangers from the neighbouring town of Scheveningen. From this place every kind of conveyance is to



HAMLET IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ROTTERDAM.

be met with, so that it is easy for the people, after their sojourn at this bracing sea-bathing place, to reach and to enjoy the comforts of the wealthy and beautiful capital.

But we must go onward to the bright dunes on the margin of the everlasting sea, and we take the road through a charming forest tract between the Hague and Scheveningen. This is called The Bush; and it reminds us, with its great primeval trees, its boundless roads and winding paths, of the German woods we have left behind us. What a contrast when, on leaving the subdued light and the silence of the forest, the bright dunes lie before us! We stand still as if in expectation, and from the distance we hear the roar and thunder of the sea. All the details of this neighbourhood,—such as the soft sand, with its wooden bridges, its overturned boats and fishing-nets hung out to dry,—prepare us for scenes of coast life which we come to farther on. In the fishing village of Scheveningen we are struck by the characteristic appearance of the pretty little houses, which are generally only one story high, and contain from three to five windows in their breadth. We remark here a number of bakers' shops, quite disproportionate to the few taverns and plain lodging-houses round about. Here and there we see behind



ON THE SCHEVENINGEN STRAND AFTER SUNSET.



COSTUMES IN THE ISLE OF MARKEN, ZUIDER LAKE.

the small panes of a modest window a few mussels, seaweed worked in various ways, or wooden models of boats and windmills, exhibited for sale. Tea and coffee shops also abound, as we learn from the frequent inscription: "Hier zeet man coffig en Thee." Dried fish for sale are more or less banished to the back streets.

If we enter one of the private dwellings mentioned above, we shall be astonished to find how much the furniture of the rooms, and all the household arrangements, remind us of the sea. The beds are hidden by screens or curtains, the number of chairs and tables is limited to what is strictly necessary; a most primitive ladder leads from the ground-floor right into the garret; great beams cross the ceiling in every direction; the doors are low and narrow, and the windows heavy and deep-set, to preserve them from storm and rain. Only in the best room is there any attempt at comfort; and the principal feature in it is the chimney-corner and hearth-stone. The back of the chimney is covered with white porcelain tiles. The



ON THE DUNES.

kettle hangs before it on an iron hook, and perhaps there may be a couple of comfortable chairs for the two old people of the house. The husband may be the proprietor of a sailing-boat, or the pilot of a larger vessel. We would willingly tarry here for a while, and let the old man spin a yarn about his various adventures; but we are drawn onwards to the dunes, which are washed by the salt waves of the sea. At this moment we have neither inclination nor time for the open place behind Scheveningen, on which two churches stand—one Protestant, the other Catholic—nor for the fine bathing establishment which stands higher up, with its beautiful terraces and colonnades, for before us the mighty ocean rages and tosses. Another step and we stand beside the sea, and once more our gaze is fascinated by the mighty, boundless current into which we gaze long and silently, with feelings which cannot be described.

The uniform grey-green of the dunes stretches right and left of us, the sandy undulations looking like petrified waves. To the north we see faintly the towers of Katwyk, which is the only break in the

frame of this huge picture. The waves slowly form in the distance, roll nearer and nearer, and finally cast themselves on to the sand at our feet, each one coming closer to us, as though striving in sport to outdo one another.

At some distance out, a sharply defined stripe of greenish yellow shows the boundary where the dangerous sandbanks cease and the deep water begins. The smoke of a passing steamer, or the white sail of a ship, is rarely seen here, and then only when in the winter the English steamer cannot get up as far as Rotterdam, or a Scotch herring-boat gets astray here. It is only the small fishing-boats that are safe on this dangerous coast.

Sometimes, indeed, after a wild night of storm, or during a long-continued prevalence of sharp irresistible north-west wind, a sail comes in sight, approaching the sandbank with fatal haste, being carried out of its course by the storm, and driven nearer and nearer to the coast. It is attentively watched by the coast-guard, one of whom is depicted in our illustration, standing at the window with the telescope in his hand. He does not yet quite know whether the brig, which is running along under one half-reefed storm sail, has been fortunate enough to escape the far-stretching sandbanks of the coast. The next quarter of an hour must decide, and in the meantime the other watchers retain the classic repose in which we see them. The young boatman sleeping on the bench is carefully watched by his dog, who sits in front of him; the old man, who has apparently been often in storm and shipwreck, gazes thoughtfully into the fire, while his indifferent neighbour lights the tobacco in his long pipe. Then, perhaps, a faint cry is heard by the man at the window, who makes a hasty movement, and the picture of the coast-guard station is instantly changed; the old man throws his coil of rope over his shoulder, the smoker seizes a grappling iron, the young man springs from the bench, seizes the horn which is hanging above him, and whilst he lustily blows it outside the door, the dog, driven sideways by the power of the storm, rushes frantically down to the shore. That shore in the space of a few minutes presents an active, comforting picture of self-sacrificing human love. Busy hands bring out the lifeboat, and its brave crew, after a hasty fervid parting from wife and child, trust themselves to the raging sea, in order, at the risk of their own lives, to take help and safety to those outside.

But to-day we need fear no such anxious moments, for a clear, cloudless sky looks down on to the broad sea; the water is smooth and peaceful, and glitters out yonder with a dazzling metallic lustre. Up to the very shore at our feet it exhibits a gradation of tints infinitely harmonious, and yet superlatively rich; yonder it is a deep blue, gradually becoming of a bluish yellow, then light green merging into yellow, till right on the beach it attains that exquisite iridescence which is indescribable, and which ends in a delicate line of foam, creeping up with a gentle ripple to our feet. And how beautiful, how marvellously beautiful, is the play of the light! We may gaze for hours without ceasing to discover something fresh, and marvellous pictures on which the eye seizes, and poetry which is complete, unlimited, inexhaustible.

Whenever we have stood upon the margin of the sea and gazed into the expanse of its ever-moving waters, an intense and even a melancholy feeling of solitude has fallen upon us; and to-day this feeling comes with double intensity, for here must we part from our courteous reader who has followed us thus far. We must do this not without secret misgivings that the part of guide may not have been altogether



COAST-GUARDS.

properly performed: good intentions, at all events, have not been wanting; and if our readers have been dissatisfied, we offer them the elegant swift sailing-yacht depicted below to make the journey back again up the Rhine over the same ground. She has the excellent quality of immediately obeying any wish expressed, and in her name, "The Hope," lies our cordial wishes that our readers may have a pleasant journey homeward, and that we may meet again.



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